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*Lecture*  
*on the*  
LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

OLIVER CROMWELL,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION

OF CLEVELAND,

ON THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28, 1847,

BY

SHERMAN B. CANFIELD,

PASTOR OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CLEVELAND.

WITH ADDITIONS AND NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

CLEVELAND:

STEAM PRESS OF M. C. YOUNGLOVE & CO.

1850.



25-10-19

THE first thirty-two pages of this lecture, with the accompanying notes and indicated additions, were printed soon after it was decided to publish it. Then an unexpected pressure of other labors together with a temporary failure of health, prevented the writer from furnishing any more copy till after an interval of several months; when thirty-two pages more were committed to the press. By this time the local and transient interest excited by the discussion of the subject in this city, had subsided; and it had, meanwhile, been made to appear quite obvious that the mis-statements and objections which were the immediate occasion of the writer's consent to publish the lecture, had been too inconsiderately made, to render their correction or their further exposure a matter of any urgent importance. Hence the remaining portion of the lecture with the additions and notes have been prepared for the press without any special stimulus or incitement to the task, the attention of the writer being, in the mean time, necessarily directed mainly to other pursuits. Indeed but for the fact that so considerable a part of the printing was already done, he would now have deemed it unadvisable to proceed with the publication.

Nevertheless to guard against misapprehension he feels bound to say that the additional examination which he has been able to give the subject, has served not only to increase his interest in it, but also to confirm him in his views as expressed when the lecture was delivered. He sees no cause to retract any opinion then uttered, but reason rather, as the notes manifest, to speak even more strongly on some of the very points upon which his views were, by a few, called in question. This declaration he makes, however, with a deep sense of his liability to err and with a full and cordial recognition of the right of others to think for themselves and to give utterance to their thoughts.

S. B. CANFIELD.

CLEVELAND, MARCH 28, 1850.

A LECTURE  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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CLEVELAND, FEB. 10, 1847.

*Rev. S. B. Canfield*—DEAR SIR : Regarding the views presented by you, in your Lecture on the ‘Life and Character of Oliver Cromwell,’ as highly interesting and important, and believing that their promulgation will subserve the cause of truth, we respectfully request a copy of the lecture for publication.

Yours, very truly,

S. J. ANDREWS,  
R. HITCHCOCK,  
H. V. WILSON,  
J. A. FOOT,  
JAMES M. HOYT,  
H. C. KINGSLEY,  
H. B. PAYNE,  
W. D. BEATTIE.

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CLEVELAND, FEB. 11, 1847.

GENTLEMEN,—The lecture of which you request a copy for the press, was prepared amid pressing engagements and with no expectation or thought of its publication. Had I wished to publish my views of the life and character of Oliver Cromwell, at all, I should have preferred to exhibit them more fully than the limits of a single lecture would permit, and with a larger space for the presentation of the facts and arguments on which those views are based. The lecture was prepared and delivered in the hope rather of exciting inquiry than of gaining the immediate assent to my views of all who might happen to hear me. It was not to be expected that all minds would be prepared at once to admit the correctness of a picture of Cromwell, so unlike the horrid caricature—drawn by political and ecclesiastical partisans—from which alone not a few Americans as well as Englishmen have received their impressions of that extraordinary man. But it seemed proper, in a lecture intended solely for the audience to which this was delivered, to ask in behalf of the man who was intimately associated, in the cause of civil and religious liberty, with Hampden ; and who, by his liberal and magnanimous policy, as well as by his pre-eminent abilities, won the confidence, the friendship, and the admiration of Milton, a rehearing—a re-examination of his history in the light of all the facts which have now been made accessible, and with a proper scrutiny of the statements of prejudiced writers.

Such having been the object for which the lecture was written, it is with extreme reluctance that I consent to furnish a copy of it for publication. Indeed, I should have felt constrained to decline doing so altogether, but for the fact that the sentiments and arguments of the lecture have, in some very important points, been so grossly

mis-stated through the medium of the press, as to render it due to myself as well as to the cause of truth, to present to the public, in some form, at least a correction of those mis-statements. For the attainment of this latter object, the most direct method seems to be, to let the lecture speak for itself. Imperfect as it is, it may perhaps be sufficient for this end. Certainly, no equivocation, ambiguity, or obscurity was intended in its composition.

Yours, very respectfully,

S. B. CANFIELD.

Messrs. S. J. Andrews, R. Hitchcock, H. V. Wilson, J. A. Foot, J. M. Hoyt, H. C. Kingsley, H. B. Payne, and W. D. Beattie.

## LECTURE.

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IN undertaking to discourse upon the life and character of Oliver Cromwell, I am not conscious of yielding to any sectarian impulse. I have never regarded the character of the denomination of Christians to which I belong as vitally associated with the fame of Cromwell. His memory might shine in the glory of noble principles vindicated, and of heroic deeds performed, or turn dark in the infamy of righteousness betrayed with a kiss, and of humanity outraged in the name of religion, and yet our standing before the world be not on the one hand greatly exalted, or on the other materially lowered. Probably it has occurred to very few minds, occupied with the question of uniting with a Congregational or Presbyterian church, even to enquire whether the great Lord Protector of England was a good or a bad man—a sincere Christian or a designing hypocrite. And does not a similar remark apply to the position of the Protestant Episcopal Church in relation to the character of Charles I? What to her is the shining of one star—even if that were a star—when she may point to a constellation? A magnanimous Church will desire to wear no false jewels in her crown. A great religious denomination can afford to have historical justice rendered to all whose names are, in any way, connected with it.

Entertaining these sentiments and doubting not that others, too, cherish them, I intend to utter freely, though, I trust, candidly, my thoughts on the subject which has been announced.

It is unnecessary for me to say to this audience that the opinion which I maintain in regard to the character of Cromwell is, on the whole, far more favorable than that which writers, not a few, have expressed. The circumstances, and still more the manner, in which, until quite recently, the mass of English historians have spoken of the acts and the principles of the mighty leader of “the great Puritan Revolt,” ought long since to have excited, at least in all American minds, a strong suspicion as to their truthfulness and fairness. Since the reins of government fell from the feeble hands of his son Richard, there has been no great party, whether of Church or State, interested to take his good name into kind and safe keeping. Prelatists have anxiously sought to make him appear a hypocrite, and iconoclasts have labored to exhibit him in the hatefulness of an ambitious usurper and tyrant. Even the Dissenters have, in general, been

either too little acquainted with the real facts of his history or too strongly devoted to the reigning dynasty and too anxious to avoid the suspicion of disloyalty, to be his bold and efficient defenders. At the very first, the industrious malice of the cool and artful Clarendon, the base ingenuity of the scurrilous Denham, and the low but labored wit of Butler, concurred to misrepresent his motives and principles, and to hold up his character and life to derision. Since which, six generations of authors dependent, with few exceptions, on the great, for needful favor, and writing for their daily bread, have missed no opportunity for coupling his name with odious epithets.

Meanwhile the credulity, not to say the injustice, of the reading public, has been passing strange. There has been, until quite lately, little cross-questioning. The common-sense principle—"he that is first in his own cause, seemeth just; but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him"—has, by multitudes, been overlooked. Clarendon or the echoes of Clarendon have been heard, but not the noble Milton.\*

Ribald and pensioned wits have had the public ear but not men who periled their lives for God and liberty. Garbled extracts and sayings, reported without regard to dates and explanatory circumstances, have been read far and near; but the actual speeches, letters, and other documents, which would have spoken for themselves and exhibited the man as he was, were mostly suffered, during nearly two long centuries of busy detraction, to lie unexamined and unpublished. Very many persons deemed intelligent, have unwarily received the statements and, with little or no abatement, adopted the opinions of

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\* I refer, 1. To Milton's Pamphlet or Treatise, entitled "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates: proving that it is lawful, and hath been held so, through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked King; and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death; if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it." This tract was published a few weeks after the execution of Charles 1. It explains and defends with great clearness and conclusiveness the principles on which that punishment was inflicted. 2. To his tract entitled "*Eikonoklastes* or *Image-breaker*," written in reply to a book or pamphlet falsely purporting to be from the pen of Charles, and designed to convey an exceedingly favorable impression of the King's character, motives, and actions. Milton's tract was so named, in allusion to the title of the pamphlet replied to, to wit: *Eikon Basilike* or *Royal Image*. By reading this reply of Milton—in which he most ably and eloquently exposes the tyranny, duplicity, and hypocrisy of Charles—it will be seen that the "*Royal Image*," which some even in this age and country seem disposed to venerate, is broken into rather small and unseemly fragments, representing no longer either a saint or a good king. 3. To Milton's great tract entitled "A defence of the People of England," in answer to Salmasius' "Defence of the King." This treatise, which, though it defends the infliction of capital punishment upon a king, won, by its pre-eminent ability, the applause of some monarchs and of many dignitaries in Europe, deserves, as do most of the author's prose works, to be not only read but studied by all the educated men of this country. Milton was not a mere poet. Had his peculiar *poetic genius* been taken away, there would have remained more than enough to make a Clarendon, with the exception of Clarendon's meanness. The topics which Milton discusses, in most of his prose writings, are those with which it is good for the soul to grapple—those with which all *republicans* ought to be familiar. And they are treated in a style of such beauty, force and magnificence as to command the admiration of the best judges. The tasteful and eloquent Channing said, a little more than twenty years ago, "We rejoice that the dust is beginning to be wiped from his prose writings, and that the public are now learning what the initiated have long known, that these contain passages hardly inferior to his best poetry, and that they are throughout marked with the same vigorous mind which gave us *Paradise Lost*." And one year earlier, the brilliant Macaulay had said, "It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff, with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works, in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'"



Hume, the high-tory and insidious maligner of all religion. Three things unfitted this elegant historian for doing justice to the Puritans: his indolence, which often kept him from needful research; his opposition to constitutional liberty, which led him sometimes—as Charles Fox and later writers have demonstrated—to forge facts where he needed them, and to suppress facts where they confronted him; and his hostility to religious zeal, which prompted him to brand intelligent scriptural devotion to God with the odious name of bigotry or fanaticism.\*

The violence of party spirit in England during the life-time of Cromwell, and in the age following, has never found a parallel in our own happy country, unless we view the Whigs and the Tories of the Revolution as constituting opposing political parties. Let us try to imagine what would have been the reputation of Washington and his associates, if that revolution had so far failed as to take the opprobrious name of rebellion, and all the high dignitaries of Church and State, with a crowd of hireling wits and calumniators, had been anxiously laboring during the whole period which has since elapsed to make them appear either fearfully odious or supremely ridiculous! †

No democrat, no whig, in our country during the last fifteen years,

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\* Let it be noted here, that this stricture upon Hume's History of England stands word for word as it did when it was delivered before the 'Young Men's Association.' His credibility and authority, as to matters of fact and matters of opinion relating to the Puritans, are not objected to solely nor chiefly on account of his *infidelity*—indeed, I may say, not at all on account of his *scepticism*. Even "his hostility to religious zeal" is the last and the least of the *three* grounds of objection urged against him. As I have not space to detail the facts which I regarded as justifying this stricture, I will refer to the opinions of some eminent writers upon the points above specified. Gibbon describes Hume's History as "elegant but *superficial*." A powerful writer in the (London) Quarterly Review—evidently a Church-of-England man—says, (after mentioning a jocosely allusion of Gibbon to Hume's indolence,) "the only glimpse we gain [respecting H.'s manner of writing history] is through a story told by a late venerable Scottish crony. Some one having hinted that David (Hume) had neglected an authority he ought to have consulted, the old gentleman replied—"Why, mon, David read a vast deal before he set about a piece of his book; but his usual seat was the sofa, and he often wrote with his legs up; and it would have been unco fashionable to have moved across the room when *any little doubt* occurred." "All who oppose Hume's *political* principles—Towers, Stuart, Brodie, Fox, Laing, Allen, Smyth, Macaulay—reproach him with unfairness and insincerity—correct his misrepresentations, brand his crafty perversions of truth. The most lenient and yet in some respects the most severe of his critics, Prof. Smyth, warns us to be '*ever suspicious*' of the historian's *particular prejudices*.' "

Hume's hostility to Christianity, in all of its forms, is also exposed by this writer. "When reading Hume's History, we must carefully keep in view the meaning of the terms which he employs; his technical language must be translated by turning to his own dictionary. Religion is with Hume either *Superstition* or *Fanaticism*. He so applies and counterchanges these opprobrious terms as to include every possible form of Christianity. In the Churches of Rome and England *superstition* predominates; in the Calvinistic Churches, which he detested most, *fanaticism*; though all are equally assailed. When he bombards St. Peter's, his shells glance off upon St. Paul's. His spear pierces through Archbishop Anselm and pins Archbishop Howley to the wall. The filth with which he bespatters the Lateran Council, defiles the General Assembly. But, alas! each religious body, viewing only the damage done to its opponents, has been insensible of the hurt which its own cause receives from the bitter enemy of their common Head." *This testimony is true.* And let not *religionists* of any class be over anxious to strengthen and perpetuate an influence pernicious alike to all; and let not *republicans*, though no friends to religion, forget that in David Hume *popular institutions* have had a most bitter and insidious enemy; and that whilst he hated the *piety* of the Puritans, he abhorred also their strenuous advocacy of the great principles now embodied in our system of *democratic republicanism*. Those who desire to know how "Hume and His Influence upon History" are now regarded by *very many* besides the advocates of the Puritans, would do well to read the article on that subject in the Quarterly Review. It may be found in the Eclectic Magazine for July 1844.

† We know that in Washington's day there were those even in this country—and at one time many—who violently opposed his measures, slighted his services, impugned his motives, and vilified his character; and we know too that at the time of the Revolution, the dress, the personal appearance and manners of the officers and soldiers of our army were the subject of almost as much merriment in the camp of Sir Henry Clinton, and in some of the British theatres, as those of the Roundheads were at the head-quarters of Prince Rupert and afterwards in the gay and profligate circles of Charles II.

would have been willing to have the character of Andrew Jackson or of Henry Clay go down to posterity as described by the most bitter and unscrupulous members of the opposite party. Yet the wrong which would thus have been done, falls far short of the injustice to which the good name of Cromwell has been exposed. Nevertheless, all the abuse heaped upon his memory has been insufficient to hide entirely his great and noble qualities from the view of his countrymen. His illustrious actions could not be wholly concealed or misrepresented, nor the splendid days of his Protectorate—coming as they did between two ages of deep national infamy—be altogether forgotten. “Driveling fanatic”—“base hypocrite”—“barbarous usurper”—were phrases which could not but lose much of their significance when applied to the man with whom those days came and with whom they passed away. “His character,” says a most intelligent and candid British writer, “though constantly attacked and hardly ever defended, is popular with the great body of our countrymen.” I do not wish to render to Cromwell anything more than truth and candor require. A character which shines in spite of two centuries of dark calumny, surely needs nothing more. Could the great man now come up from the grave and occupy one of these seats and direct in regard to the portraiture of his life and character, he would doubtless say, “*Describe me as I was:*” he would exhibit the same noble spirit which he displayed when, as Lord Protector, he sat to young Lely for his picture—“*Paint me as I am.*” Said he, “If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling.”

The account which may be given of Cromwell, in a single lecture, must of course be exceedingly brief and meagre. With the prominent events of his life, and especially the views ordinarily taken of his character by the class of writers already mentioned, I must suppose you all to be more or less familiar. I shall confine my attention to the more important and characteristic facts of his history.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, in St. John’s Parish, a few miles north of Cambridge, on the 25th of April, 1599. His father was Robert Cromwell, youngest son of Sir Henry Cromwell and brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell; both of whom, we are told, dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous style, near by at the mansion of Hinchinbrook. His mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esq., of Ely, a man of wealth and a kind of hereditary farmer of the Cathedral tithes and Church lands round that city. The genealogists affirm that she was descended from the royal Stewart family of Scotland, and “they explain in intricate tables how she the mother of Oliver Cromwell was indubitably either the ninth or tenth or some other fractional part of half a cousin to Charles Stewart, King of England.” I mention this circumstance not because it is to be deemed any great honor to Cromwell, but because I think it but fair to state any and every fact which may, even remotely, reflect credit upon the Stewart family. They certainly stand in need even of small favors. Cromwell himself never, even in the days of his grandeur—when his enemies were misrepre-



sending and denouncing him as of low origin—showed the least desire to have his parentage thought more respectable than it was. In this respect he exhibited a more uniformly healthy tone of mind even than Napoleon, who, when his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, proposed to employ certain genealogists to trace his lineage to some decayed branch of Italian royalty, nobly discouraged the attempt, saying, “I am the Rodolph of Hapsburg of my family.”

Cromwell’s mother is described as a woman of ardent piety and excellent sense. She was an intelligent, large-hearted and zealous Christian—just the mother to train a son for usefulness and honor. Towards her, Oliver ever manifested a profound respect—reminding us of Washington’s reverence for his mother. A sister of Oliver Cromwell’s father was Mrs. Hampden, mother of the illustrious John Hampden. “In short,” says Carlyle, “the stories of Oliver’s ‘poverty,’ if they were otherwise of any moment, are all false, and should be mentioned here, if still here, for the *last* time. The family was of the rank of substantial gentry and duly connected with such in the counties round for three generations back.”

Of Oliver’s childhood, the writer just quoted speaks thus : “His biographers, or rather Carrion Heath, his first biographer, \* whom the others have copied, introduce various tales into these early years of Oliver : of his being run away with by an ape along the leads of Hinchinbrook, and England being all but delivered from him, had the fates so ordered it ; of his seeing prophetic spectres ; of his robbing orchards and fighting tyrannously with boys ; of his acting school plays ; of his &c. &c. The whole of which grounded on ‘human stupidity’ and Carrion Heath alone, begs us to give it Christian burial once for all. Oliver attended the public school of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a Dr. Beard.” “He learned, to appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places ; went through the universal destinies which conduct all men from childhood to youth in a way not particularized in any one point by an authentic record. Readers of lively imagination can follow him on his bird-nesting expeditions,”—“social sports and labors manifold ; vacation visits to his uncles, to aunt Hampden and cousin John among others : all these things must have been ; but how they specially were, is forever hidden from all men. He had kindred of the sort above specified ; parents of the sort above specified ; rigorous yet affectionate persons and very religious, as all rational persons

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\* James Heath, called “Carrion” Heath, from the character of the book he wrote, entitled “*Flagellum or the life and death of O. Cromwell the late usurper.*” The circumstances and the spirit in which he describes or rather misrepresents Cromwell, may be guessed from the following remarks of Carlyle. “When restored potentates and high dignitaries had dug up ‘above a hundred buried corpses and flung them in a heap in St. Margaret’s Church-yard,’ the corpse of Admiral Blake among them and Oliver’s old mother’s corpse ; and were hanging on Tyburn gallows, as some small satisfaction to themselves, the dead clay of Oliver, of Ireton and Bradshaw ;—when high dignitaries and potentates were in such a humor, what could be expected of poor pamphleteers and garreters ? Heath’s poor brown, lying *Flagellum* is described by one of the moderns as ‘a *Flagitium*,’ and Heath himself is called ‘*Carrion* Heath,’ as being an unfortunate, blasphemous dullard and scandal to humanity ;—blasphemous ; who, when the image of God is shining through a man, reckons it, in his sordid soul, to be the image of the Devil and acts accordingly ; who in fact has no soul except what saves him the expense of salt ; who intrinsically is Carrion and not Humanity.” Which seems hard measure to poor James Heath. “He was the son of the King’s cutler,” says Wood, “and wrote pamphlets, the best he was able, poor man.”

then were. He had two sisters elder, and gradually five younger ; the only boy among seven. Readers must fancy his growth there in the north end of Huntingdon, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, as they can."

When he was seventeen years of age, he entered the University of Cambridge. Here he pursued his studies a little more than one year, and then discontinued his connection with the University in consequence of his father's death. Providence now called him to take his father's place at Huntingdon, and it was befitting his circumstances that he should, as soon as possible, qualify himself for the duties of a county magistrate and the responsibilities of a gentleman-citizen. The universal and very credible tradition is, that he soon after went to London to attain some knowledge of the law. "The stories of his wild living while in town, of his gambling, &c., rest," says Carlyle, "exclusively on the authority of Carrion Heath, and solicit oblivion and Christian burial from all men." "Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about town or elsewhere, there exists no particle."

Whilst at London, he became acquainted with Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir James Bouchier. To her he was married in Aug. 1620. He was now twenty-one years of age. His law-studies as such, gave place henceforth to the duties and cares of active life. Having returned to Huntingdon, he continued there for almost ten years, farming lands and discharging "the civic, industrial, and social duties in the common way : living as his father before him had done." Whatever may have been his habits while he was reading law at London, it is certain that very soon after his return to Huntingdon, he became a zealous and exceedingly active professor of religion. He spent much time in studying the word of God, which, in the present authorized English version, had then been published only about ten years. He was intimate with the Puritan preachers ; he made his house their home ; and sought by their labors and by every means in his power, to diffuse among the people a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. He prayed, he exhorted, and he expounded. Even those who credit the stories of his irregular deportment at London, admit that after his return to his home and his making a profession of piety, he thoroughly reformed his habits and even refunded the money which he had won by gambling.

Here let the date of his profession of religion, according to the faith of the Puritans, be carefully marked. Let those who affirm that he put on religion as a cloak to his ambition, observe that his piety dates back twenty years prior to the opening of the civil war—that he became a zealous Puritan at a time when Puritanism, instead of looking up with ambitious aspirations to the high places of power and honor in England, was sighing rather for an asylum in this western world. Men then knew not what we know. The morning of a brighter day was, indeed, about to dawn, but to mortal eyes it was now the darkest hour of night. The day-spring of English liberty was still hid behind a fearful cloud. When no eye but the All-seeing could discern the changes which thirty years were to bring, the plain,

unassuming gentleman-farmer of Huntingdon, allied himself to a despised and persecuted cause. The Pilgrims, only a year or two before, had taken up their abode on the bleak shore of Plymouth. And eight or nine years after he began to pray and to exhort men to embrace Christ as their Saviour and to take the word of God, instead of bewildering traditions, for their life-lamp, another colony of his Puritan brethren—among whom bloomed the noble, the beautiful, the devoted Arbella Johnson—went almost from his very neighborhood and laid the foundation of Boston. Do any say, “Cromwell was a keen, far-sighted observer, and he may have seen coming events even through the gloomy shadows going before, which hid them from the ken of ordinary mortals?” I answer, that to suppose him to have descried even the table of contents of the wonderful chapter in the book of Providence, which was to be held up to the view of Christendom, during the next third of a century, is to invest him with the attributes of a prophet. The fact is undeniable that, in respect to evangelical Protestantism and to the cause of civil liberty, the state of things not only in England but throughout Europe, was at that time exceedingly unpromising.

It is indeed true, that one hundred years anterior to this date, Luther, Zwingle, and Calvin had lifted up their voices, preaching justification by faith, individual responsibility directly to God, and the consequent right of private judgment; and had awakened millions to a consciousness of what they owed to their Creator and to themselves. It is true too that the revival of literature—closely connected with the religious revival of the Reformation—had brought light to multitudes who before were sitting in great darkness, and that the mass of European mind, like an ocean moving under the breath of the Almighty, had been heaving to and fro with an agitation which shook thrones and hierarchies, and at one time gave signs of a readiness to “make all things new.” It should be conceded, moreover, that for a long period—in England extending back at least to the wars of the Roses—a new power in the state had been gradually coming into notice—the *Middling Class*. And commerce, aided by manufactures, and, of late, stimulated with the unwonted energy infused by the discovery of the new World and of the passage to the East Indies by the cape of Good Hope, was multiplying the sinews of power and the sources of political importance in the hands of this class. But since the death of Luther, the Reformation had, in general, either stood still or retrograded. The Protestants, instead of continuing to preach the doctrine of justification by faith,—in which their whole power lay—had been wasting their strength in pernicious controversies. And Rome, having called into being the society of the Jesuits, had multiplied her schools and colleges, and incited the potentates subject to her sway, to draw the sword and kindle the fires of persecution, and had won back half of all that she lost during the life-time of the great reformer. Meanwhile, even in Protestant countries, kings, nobles, and hierarchs, fond of power and alarmed at the spirit of revolution, before which thrones were tottering and traditions falling into contempt, had begun, many years since, to regard and to

treat with bitter hostility those who were laboring to perfect the work of religious reform and to diffuse the love and hope of liberty among the people. Not only so : after the quickening breath of the Father of Lights, which constituted the life of the Reformation, ceased in a great degree to be breathed upon the agitated mass of European mind, a cold, selfish scepticism, rendering multitudes distrustful of a righteous, overruling Providence, and cowardly, grovelling and frivolous, had, far and wide, taken the place of faith and hope ; and of that courage too which owes its energy to thoughts awakened in the soul, by the celestial splendors descending upon it from the face of the Sun of Righteousness. And the mighty Middling Class, dreading the many-headed tyranny of a feudal aristocracy, had been rushing into the jaws of absolute monarchy. In Spain and Portugal, in France and many of the States of Germany, in Denmark and Sweden, the tendency was to despotism. The republic of Holland stood like the unconsumed, burning bush—strangely, gloriously preserved, because the strength and life of God were yet in the hearts of her citizens. In England, the open battle between freedom and despotism had hardly begun. Heretofore there had been suffering, petitioning, and sometimes a remonstrance on the side of those who sighed for freedom ; on the other, there had been insolence, cruelty, and a manifest determination to keep whatever power it possessed and to gain as much more as it could.

No man could tell how the struggle would end. James I. was still on the throne ; and how his son Charles would rule, or whether he would live to rule at all, was known to no mortal. And who could predict who were to be his chosen advisers or what they would advise ? Who could foretell what would be the temper of the people of England, or whom a revolution, should it occur, would exalt and whom it would put down ? What angel was permitted to hold up to the view of that obscure country gentleman, a bold Parliament resuming and exercising lost and dormant rights, demanding justice against delinquents, and finally appealing to arms against a king proved false, cruel, and unworthy of trust ; and then enabled him to gaze upon the triumphs of Marston Moor and Naseby, the fall of the monarchy, the infliction of the death-penalty upon the king ; the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, and the glories of the Protectorate ?

But we have more direct proof that Cromwell did not thus penetrate the future. A fact related by Neal, Hume, Keightley, Guizot, and many others, is conclusive. In the year 1637, not only Hampden, Pym, and Haslerig, but Cromwell had actually prepared to leave their country and were on board a vessel engaged to take them to New England, when a proclamation, emanating from the short-sighted bigotry of Archbishop Laud, prevented their leaving. He had now been a praying man for fifteen years ; and rather than throw off what some imagine to have been a mere cloak, assumed for the sake of promotion in England, he was willing to forsake his country and retire to a wilderness !

As shedding light upon the question of Cromwell's sincerity, his



letters deserve mention. A hundred and forty-seven of these, written, some to members of his own family, some to other near relatives or intimate friends; some to public bodies or to persons in official stations, and nearly all penned in haste and evidently not intended for publication, have recently been given to the world by Thos. Carlyle.\* What do we find in these letters? Does hypocrisy betray itself in any one of them? No. After a thorough perusal of them all, I affirm that those which were written to his most intimate friends, and obviously with the least caution, are the letters in which the Christian spirit is the most conspicuous, whilst they are all without exception in perfect keeping with the tenor of his public profession. His letters to his wife and to his children are all marked with the same habitual reference to the providence and will of God, the same cheerful yet solemn sense of the divine presence—in short, with the same religious fervour which we find him exhibiting in addresses and communications of a more public and less confidential nature.

These letters throw a flood of light on many important points in his history, hitherto either entirely unknown or the subjects of gross misrepresentation. They exhibit him in the interesting relations of private as well as of public life—as a husband, a father, a neighbor, and a professor of Christianity, as well as an actor in scenes where he was exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of the world. Indeed, no person should now feel qualified to pronounce an intelligent judgment upon the religious character of Cromwell, who has not thoroughly read both the letters and the speeches—which are published in the volumes of Carlyle—and examined them too with a careful reference to the dates and all the circumstances, and especially to *the views and the prevailing spirit of the Christian world in the age when he lived*. In the light alone of such an examination, may any person of ordinary capacity see how a thousand insinuations and charges against the sincerity of Cromwell are set aside, as not only not proved, but disproved.†

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\* Were Carlyle "an infidel," his testimony *in favor* of Cromwell and the Puritans, whom infidels have been so much in the habit of abusing, might be regarded as an important *concession*, and as such, possessing an additional element of credibility. When a hater of religion, like Hume, *maligned* the fervent piety of religious men, he speaks in *accordance with his prejudices*; but were he to *praise* such piety, he must do so *in spite of his prejudices*. But whilst I do not object to Hume as a historian solely or mainly on account of his infidelity, I lay no stress on Carlyle's testimony as the concession of a foe to all religion. That Thomas Carlyle should not be confounded with Richard Carlile—who, for blasphemy, was fined and imprisoned, in the city of London, in the year 1819, and as late as the year 1826 continued to glory in his punishment and in "his shame,"—is perhaps sufficiently evident at least to all men who are conversant with the current literature of the age. Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclesham, in Scotland, in the year 1795. He was devoting his energies to the German literature, in those years when Richard Carlile was undergoing prosecution and punishment for retailing the blasphemy of Thomas Paine and others of a like spirit. Thomas Carlyle commenced his career as an author by his "Life of Schiller" in 1825. (See Sup. Vol. of Encyc. Am.) That he is not "a blasphemer," might be inferred from the mere fact that he has been an admired contributor to such periodicals as the Edinburgh Review, Fraser's Magazine, the Foreign Quarterly Review, the Examiner, and the London and Westminster Review, for twenty years, as well as from the respectful manner in which several of his works have been noticed within a few months past, in some of our most ably and cautiously conducted religious newspapers and reviews. That he is not an infidel, in any received sense of the term, will be evident to any person who shall be at the pains to read through his article on Voltaire, his "French Revolution," or his "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell."

† The war against the good name of Cromwell has been carried on mainly by means of abusive epithets, by innuendoes, by the grouping of facts or what purport to be facts, without regard to dates or explanatory circumstances, and by gathering up all the idle or malicious reports of his sayings, either garbled or misconstrued, as if they deserved to be received as the

Probably no man living has more thoroughly investigated all the documents which unfold the real history of Cromwell than Thomas Carlyle. This writer expresses his admiration of the straightforwardness and prudence with which he pursued his way through so many difficulties and temptations without being guilty of "one proved falsehood." Encompassed with enemies, the most unscrupulous that the world ever saw, he did, indeed, often leave men "*uninformed*," but there is no evidence that he ever left them "*misinformed*." He was unquestionably sagacious and far-sighted; and he, no doubt, knew well, when to speak and what to speak. And the same is true and must be true of every man fit to be intrusted with the management of public affairs. It was certainly a characteristic of our own Washington. He too possessed much of what some one has styled "the great talent for silence." Cromwell had studied the book of Proverbs, and knew that "a fool uttereth all his mind," but that "a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards." That he never dissembled, is more than ought to be affirmed. Exposed, as he was, to such fearful trials of integrity, as few public men were ever called to meet, he must, by the transparency of his life, have surpassed all the statesmen, heroes, and patriots whose names adorn the pages of history, never to have been guilty of an act of dissimulation for which "he was to be blamed." Yet I feel constrained, in view of the whole tenor of his life,—of his letters, his real conversations, his speeches, and his habitual deportment,—to declare my unwavering conviction that dissimulation did not characterize him. The symbol which truly represents him is not the fox, but the lion. His magnanimity and daring frankness have extorted acknowledgment even from his defamers. When in the tremendous struggle of the civil war, many

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unchallenged statements of well authenticated history, instead of being treated as "the cast off slough" of a shameless partisan literature. The character of Cromwell has suffered on the whole much less from extended narratives than from short sketches. In the former, the force of epithets and insinuations is, in a considerable degree, neutralized by facts which show them to be absurd or ridiculous; in the latter, there is all of the poison with much less of the antidote. His character, as exhibited or rather as half-darkened in the pages of such writers as Hume, is inexplicably mysterious, not to say incredibly unreal. Had a writer of fiction conceived such a character, all readers would have exclaimed, "*How grossly improbable*." The following are some of the elements of that character, as described by Hume. "Rustic buffoonery"—"vein of frolic and pleasantry," "he himself was at bottom as frantic an enthusiast as the worst of" "the military fanatics," whose "ignorance and low education exposed them to the grossest imposition"—"uncontrollable fury of zeal," "cruel policy." "The murder of the king, the most atrocious of all his actions, was to him covered under a mighty cloud of republican and fanatical illusions; and it is not impossible but he might believe it, as many others did, the most meritorious action that he could perform." "His extensive capacity enabled him to form the most enlarged projects." "In proportion to the increase of his authority, his talents always seemed to expand themselves; and he displayed every day new abilities, which had lain dormant till the very emergency by which they were called forth into action." "A friend to justice," "His magnanimity undervalued danger." "He was carried by his natural temper to magnanimity, to grandeur." "Eminent dexterity." "Signal military talents." Hume himself seems a little staggered at a compound made up of such uncombinable ingredients, and admits that Cromwell's character "does appear *extraordinary* and *unusual* by the mixture of so much absurdity with so much penetration," and "by his tempering such violent ambition, and such raging fanaticism, with so much regard for justice and humanity." Had Hume been half as eager in this instance as he was in some others, to reject the "*unusual*" and the "*extraordinary*," he would not have hesitated to add, "It is less improbable that historians should falsify than that a character so contrary to the course of human nature should ever have really existed."

A remarkable example of grouping facts or pretended facts, without regard to dates and circumstances, and of gathering up from their hiding places, stale and loathed calumnies, which were sinking into oblivion, may be found where many would least expect to find it, in that spitefully uncandid work entitled the "Life of Oliver Cromwell," contained in Forster's "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England." And yet the American editor of that book speaks of him as "the devout, God-fearing and strong-hearted Cromwell."

resorted to the flimsy legal fiction, that they were making war against the king "for the king," he astonished feeble spirits by saying openly, "If the king should meet me in battle, I would as soon fire my pistol in his face as in that of any other man." They were really at war with the king, and Cromwell's magnanimous spirit would not stoop to impertinent trifling with truth and fact. And this was characteristic. If he spoke at all, he spoke boldly—often vehemently. Indeed, it is worthy of remark, that the very writers who say so much respecting the duplicity and cunning of Cromwell, accuse him of great violence of manner in his conversations and speeches, and even make mention of his "*uncontrollable* fury of zeal."

Already has it been remarked that Cromwell, soon after his marriage, became a professor of religion according to the faith of the Puritans. This may require some explanation; for possibly it may appear to some to be tantamount to accusing him of gross fanaticism and bigotry. Morose, fanatical, austere, are terms which have been in large use in a certain class of books relating to the Puritans, which many read more than they do the authentic history of that people. These epithets are, to be sure, ordinarily employed with a very prudent omission of the particulars in which their moroseness and fanaticism were exhibited. Having had some suspicion as to the propriety of the application of these terms to the Puritans, I have looked into a few of the books where I supposed due information might be found—I mean into books written by the enemies of the Puritans. Keightley says that the Puritans, in the reign of James I., "had been gradually converting the Christian Lord's day into a gloomy, sullen day of hearing sermons and shunning all innocent recreations." "The Catholics naturally took occasion to censure the reformed religion for this gloom and morosity; and the king and his clerical advisers thinking differently from the Puritans on the subject, a proclamation was issued, forbidding any one to prevent the people from having, after divine service, dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, and other manly and harmless recreations, as also maypoles, may-games, Whitsunales and morris-dances." \*

Let it be observed that opposition to such sports—after Divine service on the Lord's day—as are here named, is the only specification which this writer gives under the sweeping charge that the Puritans "were harsh and morose, inquisitorial and censorious, absurdly scrupulous about *trifles*, and the enemies of all pleasure and *innocent recreation*." †

You are all aware that a poem called *Hudibras*, intended to hold up the Puritans to ridicule, was published in the time of Charles II, and greatly admired. Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Butler," the author of this poem, lauds it in high terms—for no doubt it gave joy to his

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\* History of England, Vol. II, p. 40.

† It must not be supposed that all the members of the Church of England denounced the Puritans for endeavoring to prevent the Christian Sabbath from being perverted into a demoralizing holiday. Then, as now, there were 'two manner of people' in that Church. The good Archbishop Abbot strongly sympathized with the Puritans, and forbade King James' 'Book of Sports' to be read in his presence at Croydon.



high-tory spirit to see the political as well as the religious principles and peculiarities of such a people caricatured and exposed to contempt—and declares that “much of that humor which transported the seventeenth century with merriment is lost to us, who do not know the sour solemnity, the sullen superstition, the gloomy moroseness and the stubborn scruples of the ancient Puritans.” For the purpose of enlightening our ignorance touching their fanatical peculiarities, Dr. Johnson, himself the hero of the Cocklane ghost-hunt—the sage who once for several weeks, while in Scotland, refused to enter any of the houses of worship, because they had not been consecrated by a bishop; and who commended the piety of a man for no better reason than because he took off his hat while passing a church—kindly mentions the following particulars: “We have never been witnesses of animosities excited by the use of mince-pies and plum-porridge; nor seen, with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year, would shrink from them in December. An old Puritan who was alive in my childhood, being, at one of the *feasts of the Church*, invited by a neighbor to partake of his cheer, told him that if he would treat him at an ale-house with beer brewed for *all* times and seasons, he should accept his kindness, but would have none of his *superstitious* meats or drinks.” Now any person who will attentively read 1 Cor., VIII, may see the ground of the old Puritan’s scruples. It is evident from Dr. Johnson’s own statement, that the Puritan regarded the drinking of ale and the eating of mince-pies as, in themselves, matters of perfect indifference; but that when he saw them converted into a *religious* observance,—into an unauthorized and therefore *superstitious* service, subversive of the purity and scriptural order of Christian worship—he would not countenance them *as such*. And what enlightened, evangelical Christian even at this day would? The only other specification of their fanatical peculiarities, furnished by the strong memory of Dr. Johnson, is in the following words. “*One of the Puritanical tenets, was the illegality of all games of chance.*”\*

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\* In connection with the above specifications, the Doctor does indeed attempt to convict the Puritans as a body of gross stupidity and ignorance. He asks: “What can be concluded of the lower classes of the people, when in one of the Parliaments summoned by Cromwell, it was seriously *proposed* that all the records in the Tower should be burnt, &c? But he seems to have forgotten that no such silly proposition was *adopted*, or would have found favor with one in a thousand of the Puritans, even if it had been, by some strange freak, passed by a majority in Parliament. That was an age of discussion and of great freedom in declaring *individual* opinions. There were undoubtedly hanging upon the skirts of the Puritan party a few fanatics, a few ‘levelers,’ a few fifth-monarchy men, a few men of a wild, destructive spirit; but to say that these constituted the great body of the Puritans in general, or of the Independents in particular, is just about as near to the real truth of authentic history as it would be, two hundred years hence, to say that in 1843, the Congregationalists of New England *were* *Millerites*, or in 1846, *Fourcrites*.

Suppose that some member of our National Legislature should *propose* a measure equally absurd with that mentioned by Dr. Johnson, would this prove that there is no wisdom in our Congress, and would it be fair to conclude that the mass of the people of our country are fools? Those who desire to learn what were really the distinguishing principles and usages of the Puritans, would do well to read Hall’s excellent work on that subject; Neal’s History; Vol. I. of Bancroft’s Hist. of U. S.; De Tocqueville’s ‘Democracy in America,’ especially Chap. II.; and Bacon’s Historical Discourses—particularly the second discourse, in which the author most clearly and eloquently exposes not merely the falsity but the ridiculousness of the charge that the Puritans were an illiterate people and the enemies of learning. Those who have derived their views or impressions of the Puritans from sources like Butler’s *Hudibras*, or some of Sir Walter Scott’s Novels, or certain works styled histories but dealing largely in fiction,—such as Peter’s ‘History’ of Conn., containing the real *original*—not copy—of the famous code of “blue-laws”—may be surprised to learn that Lightfoot, Gale, Selden, Pym, Hampden, Owen,

The uninformed would, surely, expect to learn that all others who lived in England in the age when this amazing fanaticism was rife, were comparatively free from everything savoring of bigotry or of absurdity in the things of religion—that they dwelt, in fact, in the unfailing sunshine of good sense and sober truth. How this really was, may be conjectured from a few sentences extracted from the diary of that distinguished luminary, Archbishop Laud, the exceedingly influential and potent “Primate of all England” during the reign of Charles I. Noting from day to day the events which most deeply impressed his lofty mind as worthy of record, this clear-headed leader of those who were afterwards transported with merriment at the remembrance of Puritanical fanaticism, tells us how his picture fell down and how fearful he was lest the fall should be an omen; how he dreamed that King James walked past him; that he saw Thomas Flaxage in green garments and the Bishop of Worcester with his shoulders wrapped in linen. Early in the year 1627, the sleep of this great light-bearer was disturbed—if we may credit the solemn notices in his diary—repeatedly. Do not understand me as blaming him for dreaming. As it was at that season of the year when his holy Christmas mince-pies had doubtless been receiving many proofs of his august regard, these night visions could not well be helped. But that such a man should tell us on paper what he dreamed—that he should inform us how he dreamed he saw the Bishop of Lincoln jump on a horse and ride away—that he gave the king drink in a silver cup and the king refused and called for a glass, is, indeed, surprising:—especially is it strange that he should make the following record. “I dreamed,” says he, “that I had the scurvy; and that forthwith all my teeth became loose. There was one in especial in my lower jaw, which I could scarcely keep in with my finger till I had called for help.” I will not ask in the style of Dr. Johnson, what can be concluded of the lower classes of the people, when a dignitary so much venerated as Archbishop Laud, was thus sunk in superstition, but inquire if it would not be well for all those at least who dwell in this land, which is so much indebted to the Pilgrims, and others of like spirit and principles in the old world, to learn what were the exact grounds on which the Puritans were charged with austerity and moroseness?

In the age under review, they were the great reforming party, both in Church and State. If they were scrupulous about some things which are now considered trifles, it should be remembered that the Puritans themselves viewed them as intrinsically unimportant, and as calling for their stern opposition solely on account of the superstitious consequence attached to them by persecuting prelates and kings. If they were rigorously exact in their observance of the fourth Com-

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Howe, Baxter, Charnock, and Milton, were all Puritans, and true representatives of the different phases of the Puritan mind.

Bancroft says that the Puritans “founded national grandeur on universal education,” and that “of all contemporary sects they were the most free from credulity, and, in their zeal for reform, pushed their regulations to what some would consider a sceptical extreme. So many superstitions had been bundled up with every venerable institution of Europe, that ages have not yet dislodged them all. The Puritans at once emancipated themselves from a crowd of observances. They established a worship purely spiritual.” (*Hist. of the U. S.*, Vol. I., p. 464—8.)

mandment, it should not be forgotten that they were zealous for an exceedingly important precept of God's law, and justly regarded themselves as called upon by the voice of the Divine word and Providence, to take an unflinching stand in behalf of an institution, on the maintenance of which depends the prosperity, physical and moral, individual and social, of man. Then, not unfrequently, were principles and measures denounced as fanatical, which are now cherished as obviously scriptural and momentously important by all classes of evangelical Protestants,—by Dr. Tyng and the accomplished Bishops of Calcutta and Ohio, no less than by the venerable Beecher, Stuart, and Alexander.

Nay; intelligent men, though of no religious profession, and regarding institutions only in their temporal bearings, are fast coming to the conclusion that the Lord's Day observed—not according to the prescriptions of King James' "Book of Sports," but according to the directions of the word of God—is indispensable to our well-being in this world: that the Sabbath appointed amid the singing of the morning stars and the shouting of the sons of God over the finished work of creation, was made for man. They are beginning to judge the tree by its fruits; the fountain by its streams; the great principles of the Puritans by their results. They are learning to regard those men, so long mistaken for fanatics, as the true moral heroes of their age—to see that their minds, looking up to the Father of Lights, through his word, apprehended, their lips asserted and their arms vindicated those truths instinct with the energy of immortal life, which have in a measure regenerated England and given light, glory, and prosperity to the free States of this Union.

Those who desire the coming of the day when freedom, nurtured and preserved through the benign operation of Christian principle, shall encircle the earth with its blessings, behold now with joy the healthful current of Puritan influence flowing out farther and farther upon the world, one of the noblest of the streams which make glad the city of God. In our own land, spreading far and wide, from Plymouth to the Falls of St. Anthony, they see, wherever it flows, colleges, seminaries, free-schools and churches, well indoctrinated and put in possession of the arguments and defences of revealed religion, springing up and flourishing as willows by the water courses; and imparting strength and hope to the nation in its experiment of civil and religious liberty.

To increasing multitudes, not only here but in other lands, it is beginning to appear—what it always was in reality—ridiculous to impute, especially to the Puritans, infirmities which, if they possessed them at all, they possessed in a less degree than any other class of people of the age; and, ungrateful as well as unjust, to stigmatize as bigotry that enlightened, reformatory zeal, to which the world is indebted for so many benefits.

It was, indeed, the great glory of the Puritans to be free from whatever deserved the name of superstition. They were devout students of the Divine word. They loved to gaze upon the Holy Mount where the Eternal sits enthroned—to meditate on that scheme of



Providence, the ways of which are everlasting ; on the moral government of God and the history of human redemption ; on truths which thrill the hosts of heaven and carry sinking of heart to fallen principalities and powers. To minds thus raised above the sphere of earthly littleness and spiritualized into abhorrence of whatever served to obstruct their view of God's revealed realities, unauthorized ceremonies and uncommanded rites, as connected with worship, were at once puerile and abominable. Penetrated with a profound sense of what was due to them as creatures made a little lower than the angels, and endowed with reason and conscience and the power of voluntary and responsible action, and subject to the hopes and fears which gather around immortality, they felt it to be their right, as it was their duty, to think and to worship, untrammelled by the prescriptions of a fellow man. And gazing habitually on the Lord of Hosts, as the Father and Governor of the whole human brotherhood, and seeing the distance between the highest and the lowest of our race dwindling into nearness and equality, as compared with the interval which separates the most exalted of mankind from the King Eternal, it was natural that they should spurn as absurd and impious the distinctions which human selfishness and folly had reared. Civil government they recognized as the ordinance of God ; but his ordinance not for the benefit of rulers only, but of the whole people. They feared God, and they feared none other. In this consisted their fanaticism—a fanaticism which is giving freedom to increasing millions of our nation and race.\*

I have thus dwelt upon this topic, because unless the character of Cromwell is viewed in this aspect, it cannot be comprehended at all. 'The life and character' of such a man, without his religion, would be like the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out. Cromwell's strongest sympathies and most intimate associations, from the time he first made a profession of piety, were with that branch of the great Puritan family, which was the most remarkable for the characteristics just described—that branch upon which the spirit of devotion to God and to country, and of improvement in whatever truly exalts and adorns humanity, was poured out in a measure altogether peculiar and glorious. What were the principles and what the spirit of the English Independents, may be known by all who will be at the pains to learn what were the principles and what the spirit of the founders of New England.

Cromwell's parliamentary career commenced in 1628. He then took his seat in the third parliament of Charles I., as a member for the borough of Huntingdon.†

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\* Bancroft says, "Puritanism was a life-giving spirit ; activity, thrift, and intelligence followed in its train ; and as for courage, a coward and a Puritan never went to-gether." "The fanatic for Calvinism, was a fanatic for liberty." Speaking of their efforts in England in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, he says, "The Puritan clergy were fast becoming tribunes of the people and the pulpit was the place for freedom of rebuke and discussion." "The precious spark of liberty," says Hume, "had been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone." "Puritanism," says De Tocqueville, "was not a mere religious doctrine but it corresponded in many points with the most absolute democratic and republican theories. It was this tendency which aroused its most dangerous adversaries."

† He continued to reside at Huntingdon till 1631. He then removed to St. Ives ; and thence five years afterwards to Ely.

Here he found himself among men, whose names are now known and honored wherever distinguished talent and ardent patriotism find admirers. His noble cousin John Hampden, the sagacious and eloquent Pym, Sir Robert Philips, Sir John Eliot,—these were of the leading stars then shining on the popular side of the parliamentary firmament. Already had the nation begun to rock to and fro in the incipient tremblings of the earthquake of revolution. Already had it become evident to the more discerning that the King was intent on making the monarchy of England what the monarchy of France and of Spain was already—absolute. This was the lesson which his father had taught him by precept and by example; this was the task to which his wife, the imperious daughter of Henry IV of France, was prompting him with a ceaseless and infatuated urgency; this was the object to which his own selfish and despotic nature was impelling him with an unrelenting and finally desperate determination. Meanwhile England, in her great interests—her religion and literature, in her commerce and manufactures—in her totality of civilization—was outgrowing her old governmental forms—her garments were waxing small—and she was giving some signs of desire to accommodate herself more liberally. But popular revolutions had not then become common events. The sun of American freedom had not then risen. The French Revolution was yet among things to come. The march of modern Democracy—calling potentates to account and overturning thrones and dynasties—was not a thing as yet known and read of all men. On the side of oppressors there was power, and the knowledge how to take it away was not then the comfort of the nations. England must try the great experiment of revolution and of effort in behalf of popular rights.

Lights and shadows strangely commingling in the prospect, caused the hearts of far-seeing statesmen to beat fitfully with the conflicting emotions of hope and fear. There were men in Parliament and out of Parliament, who were deep-read in the living oracles of truth, who had grasped, with an energy and faith known only to souls whom the light of heaven has made free, the principles which lie at the foundation of all good government, and who longed with the steady ardor of profound and earnest spirits for a change which should realize their conception of a commonwealth without king and nobles, and of a church in which prelatical assumption and tyranny should be discarded.\* But at present, the great majority of the nation looked not so far. They sought only the reform of certain abuses and the practical recognition of certain rights.

I will not insult this auditory with an argument to *prove* that the representatives of the people of England had the right to demand of the king the removal of enormous grievances and the acknowledgment of the law-protected liberties of the nation—or that having conceded so much, he was under obligation to keep his word of promise.†

\* See Bancroft's Hist. of U. S., Vol. I. and especially Chap. VIII, and Milton's Prose Works, Vol. I., (as published by H. Hooker, Phil., 1845,) particularly the article on "Reformation in England" and other treatises which immediately follow it.

† Even if in regard to the principle that governments are instituted for the maintenance of

When Cromwell first entered Parliament, the strife with the King had been in progress three years. Parliament after Parliament had been angrily dissolved; one royal promise after another had been broken, and the discerning were fast learning that the liberties of the nation must be abandoned or the perils of a fearful struggle bravely met.

Cromwell's first appearance as a speaker was every way characteristic. With a thread-bare coat and, as some say, with a hat without a hat-band, he made, it is true, a not very promising figure in such an assemblage. Pym had just accused Mainwaring, the royal chaplain of Popish practices. In the course of the debate on this case, Cromwell arose and spoke with a fervor, a boldness, and a power which produced at once a strong sensation. He was not an elegant speaker. He was not always clear and self-possessed. To the very close of his life, his thoughts seemed to come forth not in a flowing, unbroken stream, but rather as a mountain torrent, forcing its way in spite of obstacles. Yet the transcendent power of the man—his mighty intellect, his boldness, his directness of aim, his overwhelming vehemence, made him from the very first a speaker to whom friends and foes listened.

This Parliament—so distinguished for the energetic courage which obtained from the king the grant of the Petition of Right, binding him to imprison no man except by legal process; to leave the cognizance of offences to the ordinary tribunals; to billet no more soldiers on the people; and to raise no taxes without the consent of Parliament; and ventured to lift up the voice of stern remonstrance against certain tyrannical and papistical practices in the high places of the national Church—was soon after dissolved. The King was about to try the dangerous experiment of extorting money from the nation, and of thus reigning without any Parliament.

I will not detain you with a detail of the events of those eleven years of highhanded and lawless oppression, during which Laud and Strafford, wielding the combined terrors of ecclesiastical and of civil power, endeavored with a ruthless and unfaltering energy to carry out the despotic purposes of Charles. Then, contrary to ancient laws as well as the recent stipulations of the Petition of Right, money was wrung from the nation, and soldiers were vexatiously quartered on the people; then, in violation of a royal promise, all the powers of the arbitrary tribunal of the Star Chamber and of the lawless Court of High Commission, were terrifically developed and exercised, and unrighteous judgments, exorbitant fines, unwarranted imprisonments, the pillorying of good men after cutting off their ears and slitting their noses, and other meanly cruel wrongs and outrages were of almost daily occurrence. I will only remark that Charles is not to be held guiltless touching these acts of ruthless tyranny, on the ground

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the rights of the people—such as life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—and derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—we were to admit that it was “self-evident” only in this country and in the year 1776, yet it should be observed that Charles I., for full and ample consideration, solemnly, or at least very formally and explicitly, yielded to certain demands of the nation, e. g., the things set forth in the “Petition of Right.” He had therefore no right to exercise any longer prerogatives which he had thus surrendered, unless it be admitted that kings have “a divine right” to falsify their word!



either of their having been done by Laud and Strafford, or of his having been badly advised. Who entrusted to the hands of these cruel men the power to do so much wrong? Did not Charles? And *why* did he select and retain such advisers? Was it because there were no prelates in the Church who were humane men and pious, that he was under the necessity of clothing so merciless a bigot as Laud with spiritual powers so vast? And was it for want of statesmen of enlarged minds and patriotic feelings, that he made Strafford his counsellor and his chief minister of state? No, he promoted Laud and he lured into his service the eloquent and mighty Strafford, not to be misled by them, but because he saw that in their different spheres they would be efficient instruments of despotism. It is obvious, from facts not denied by historians partial to him, that he was not a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, led to do evil unintentionally, but, on the contrary, self-willed, cold-hearted, artful and imperious.\*

It is true that he was unwise and fickle in his measures. Seeking to accomplish such an object as he did, in such a country as England and in opposition to such a spirit of freedom as was gradually awakened, his general purpose was little short of madness. But to this his own proud, selfish heart was the chief prompter, and his rash and wicked measures were as often adopted against the wishes as with the advice of his friends.†

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\* Witness, for example, his false publication of his answer to the Petition of Right (see Guizot's *Rev.* of 1640, p. 55); his habitual violation of all his promises, which he found it either inconvenient or unpleasant to keep (see Macaulay's *Mis. Art.* Hampden or any history which gives the *details* of his course with his Parliaments, e. g., Guizot's); his angry dissolution of his Parliaments—especially of that which met in April 1640 (even Clarendon condemns this act); and his attempt to arrest by violence and in opposition to all law, five obnoxious members of the Commons on the 3d of Jan. 1642. "This he did without giving the slightest hint of his intention to those advisers whom he had solemnly promised to consult." Even Hume, with all his sophistry, is unable to make Charles appear honest and well-meaning.

† Since the delivery of this lecture, the wonder has in one or more instances been expressed that I did not give Charles credit for his "*many private and domestic virtues*." To this I reply, that my subject required me to speak of Charles only in reference to his public conduct—that conduct which justified the course pursued towards him by Cromwell and other patriots who made war upon him and called him to account as a "tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy." Besides, I must say, with all frankness, that I have for years looked with a feeling akin to indignation upon the attempt to offset a few "household decencies"—against the great crimes of a public life marked with the cruelty, the ingratitude, and "the incurable dissimulation" which characterized the career of Charles I. In regard to the influence which these "virtues" ought to have upon our estimate of his character, I most cordially concur with the Hon. T. B. Macaulay, "a Churchman," a member of the British Parliament and one of the most popular writers of the age. "And what, after all," asks he, "are the virtues ascribed to Charles? A religious zeal, not more sincere than that of his son [James II, who, for his cruel bigotry, was driven from the throne and the realm in 1688] and fully as weak and narrow minded, and a few of the ordinary household decencies, which half the tombstones in England claim for those who lie beneath them. A good father! A good husband! Ample apologies indeed for fifteen years of persecution, tyranny and falsehood. We charged him with having broken his coronation-oath—and we are told that he kept his marriage vow! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates—and the defence is that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him! We censure him for having violated the articles of the Petition of Right, after having, for good and valuable consideration, promised to observe them—and we are informed that he was accustomed to hear prayers at six o'clock in the morning! It is to such considerations as these, together with his Vandyke dress, his handsome face and his peaked beard, that he owes, we verily believe, most of his popularity with the present generation. For ourselves, we own that we do not understand the common phrase—a good man but a bad king. We can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father or a good man and a treacherous friend. We cannot, in estimating the character of an individual, leave out of our consideration his conduct in the most important of all human relations. And if, in that relation, we find him to have been selfish, cruel and deceitful, we shall take the liberty to call him a bad man, in spite of all his temperance at table and all his regularity at chapel." Those who make so much of the conduct of Charles, just before and at the time of his execution, as proof of his piety and previous innocence of life, need perhaps to be reminded that half the felons who have suffered capital punishment, and more than half the state-criminals who have been put to death in England, have died



On the 3d of November, 1640, met that famous Parliament which undertook in hopeful earnestness and with surpassing ability and foresight to redress the grievances of the nation. By calling Strafford and Laud to account for their crimes, by abolishing the irregular and illegal courts in which justice had been so cruelly outraged, by re-affirming the articles of the Petition of Right, and by determining not to intrust the control of the military force of the nation in the hands of a king whose repeated acts of perfidy proved that he wanted only the power to *take back more than all he had conceded*, the friends of freedom soon found themselves exposed to the gloomy horrors of civil war. Cromwell sat in this Parliament as a member for Cambridge Town. Though he did not often speak, yet it is evident from what he did say, as well as from his actions, that he comprehended more clearly and more profoundly the actual condition of the nation in its struggle with tyranny and the remedy which existing evils called for, than the great majority of the distinguished men by whom he was surrounded. Convinced that decisive measures were the wisest and best in such a crisis, he was characteristically bold, energetic and uncompromising. That the Parliament was justifiable in adopting those great measures of resistance to regal despotism, which led to the civil war, is, I trust, too evident to need further proof. Thus far, Cromwell has acted in company with men whose clearness of judgment and purity of motives are not often questioned. The civil war was not brought on by him any more than by Hampden, Pym, and a host of others who had gradually become convinced that they must conquer the tyrant or be crushed and dishonored beneath his arm outstretched for their subjugation. He did not raise the whirlwind. Its furious blasts were shaking the whole realm while he was yet a comparatively obscure and unknown man. At the commencement of hostilities, his position in the Parliamentary army was not such as to create any reasonable expectation that he would become the hero of the war. And there was little probability that "a voice from the whirlwind of battle" would designate him as chosen to occupy the vacant seat of supreme power erected on the ruins of the demolished throne. The Earls of Essex and Manchester, Sir Thomas Fairfax, Hampden, and others had the precedence, and for a considerable time promised to retain it. The man who was to become the first general of the age, had now lived to be more than forty years old without having taken his first lessons in war. He had entered upon the downward slope of active life, and as yet given no signs of an ambition, craving military rule. How strange had been his course of preparation for the part he was about to act! In his boyhood, no mimic battles; in his youth, no military school with its science and its discipline; in his manhood, no service abroad under "the great king of

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far better than they had lived—illustrating the remark that many a person has *died admirably* who had *lived abominably*. One grand defect, however, in the death-scene of Charles, was the absence of all evidence of genuine repentance for those crimes by which he had brought so many calamities upon the nation. Notwithstanding all the force of education and of regal prejudices, he must have known that his perfidy, duplicity, and violence were inexcusably wrong. Macaulay and many other writers friendly to the Church of England, have declared it "absurd" and "ridiculous" to speak of Charles as having died "a martyr" for that Church. It is by many doubted whether that Church was in his view any thing better than a convenient instrument of power, and whether he was even a Protestant except by profession.

Sweden," or other renowned commander, had given him skill or reputation as a player at the terrible game of war. But, says one who knew him intimately and had studied his character profoundly, "he was a soldier disciplined to perfection in the knowledge of himself. He had either extinguished or by habit had learned to subdue the whole host of vain hopes, fears and passions which infest the soul. He first acquired the government of himself and over himself acquired the most signal victories; so that on the first day he took the field against the external enemy, he was a veteran in arms consummately practised in the toils and exigencies of War." \* His long residence in the country had familiarized and impressed his mind with the simplicity, the freshness, the beauty and the grandeur of rural scenery; and his intercourse with men of all classes, and especially of those classes in which character appears with the least disguise, had made him thoroughly acquainted with the feelings, opinions and social condition of the English people. His course of life had furnished an excellent discipline for his admirable common sense which so uniformly kept him from mistaking fancies for facts and misty clouds for everlasting hills. His familiarity with sacred history, with the principles of God's providential and moral government, and with the prophetic descriptions of the knowledge, righteousness, freedom and prosperity of mankind in the days of Zion's glorious enlargement, had given to his views an expansion and to his heart a strength of hope, which no other subjects of thought could have imparted. And his early study of the principles of the Common Law as well as of those inspired Institutes wherein the elements of all law and the true ends of all good government are unfolded, had, in those days of deep excitement and of profound thought, when Laud and Strafford, under the countenance of Charles, were tyrannizing over the nation, wonderfully enlarged and liberalized his mind. His subsequent exhibitions of greatness were indeed the natural result of that self-training and that leisure for meditation on things fitted to expand the soul which had been, to the present hour, peculiarly his. If he had not given his days and nights to the study of the lives of Plutarch's heroes, he had learnt by heart the story of men who, "out of weakness, were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." If he had not glowed over the exploits of Achilles and slept with the Iliad under his pillow, he had devoted many an hour of intense emotion to the triumphal songs of Miriam and Deborah, of Moses and David. If he had not examined with a critic's eye the pages of Herodotus and Thucydides, of Livy and Tacitus, he had studied the book of Divine Providence and read the story of this world in its grand outlines with the spirit of those men of his day who viewed history as "a mighty drama enacted on the theatre of Infinitude; with suns for lamps and eternity as a back ground, whose Author is God and whose purport and thousand-fold moral lead

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\* See Milton's "Second Defence of the People of England." The reference to this work was accidentally omitted on p. 6. It contains interesting notices of Cromwell, Fleetwood, Lambert and others, and deserves to be read by all those who wish to know in what estimation Cromwell was held by one of the greatest, purest and most independent political writers that England has ever produced.

us up to the 'dark with excess of light' to the Throne of God." And if, while gazing upon the bright and awful realities of the unseen world, his soul was excited into a fervency which some men call fanaticism, let it be remembered how grand and thrilling those things are upon which he looked, and that when from above descending, his mind beheld what the world styles great, he was unmoved, for he saw nought but littleness.

Thus prepared, at the age of forty-three, he entered the military service of his country, known at first only as Capt. Cromwell of the Eastern Association.

The war which the Parliamentarians by skillful and decisive measures might have brought, within a few weeks, to a triumphant termination, was tediously protracted. Essex, Manchester, and others were inefficient. When the second year of the struggle was drawing towards its close, the balance of results was favorable to the king. The great and good Hampden, who, in the cause of liberty, had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, was among the slain; nearly all the strong places in the kingdom were in the hands of the Royalists; and despondency and disaffection were spreading among those who heretofore had sided with Parliament. But during this time, Cromwell had been displaying those qualities which could not fail to raise him rapidly to distinction. His public spirit, his courage, his confidence of success and prompt wisdom in the use of means for its attainment, his inflexible decision,—all combining to give him that overpowering energy for which he was ever remarkable—and his aptitude for collecting together and training for victory a host of high-souled citizen-warriors, filled with the fear of God and raised above all other fear, were not long in making him known throughout the nation as a man of incomparable ability. He soon perceived that the Parliamentary troops and especially the cavalry were no match for the proud array of noblemen and gentlemen who composed so large a portion of Prince Rupert's formidable body of cavaliers. Immediately after the first great but indecisive battle, he told Hampden that they never could succeed "with a set of poor tapsters and town-apprentice people against men of honor." To cope with men of honor, he declared they must have men of religion. "It is a good notion," said Hampden, "if it can be executed." The subsequent realization of this conception of an army capable of scattering to the winds all opposition,—a realization on which the cause of English liberty was now suspended—was due, under God, solely to the genius, the energy, and the religious character of Cromwell. In the region within and around Lincolnshire—the old home of our Pilgrim and Bostonian fathers—where the famous Eastern Association was acting with so much energy, he commenced the enlistment and the training of his renowned corps of invincibles, known as the Ironsides. "By the vigor of his genius or the excellence of his discipline, adapted, not more to the necessities of war, than to the precepts of Christianity, the good and the brave were from all quarters attracted to his camp, not only as to the best school of military talents, but of piety and virtue. Hence he collected an army as numerous and as well equip-



ed as any one ever did in so short a time ; which was uniformly obedient to his orders and dear to the affections of the citizens ; which was formidable to the enemy in the field, but never cruel to those who laid down their arms ; which committed no lawless ravages on the persons or the property of the inhabitants ; who, when they compared their conduct with the turbulence, the intemperance, the impiety and the debauchery of the Royalists, were wont to salute them as friends and to consider them as guests. They were a stay to the good, a terror to the evil, and the warmest advocates for every exertion of piety and virtue.” \* Those who imagine that these armed defenders of the liberty of conscience and intelligent asserters of the principle that a king whose government is selfish, burdensome and tyrannical, may lawfully be deposed, were led by a wild and ignorant fanaticism, they knew not whither, betray a singular misapprehension of their real character and history.† The great writer just quoted, described them, after their victories were all won and their character fully developed, as “men of exemplary modesty, integrity and courage ; whose hearts had not been hardened in cruelty and rendered insensible to pity by the sight of so much ravage and so much death, but whom it had rather inspired with the love of justice, with a respect for religion and with the feeling of compassion and who were more zealously interested in the preservation of liberty in proportion as they had encountered more perils in its defence.” “They are not,” says

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\* Milton’s “Second Defence.” Though Prince Rupert’s cavaliers were “all, all honorable men,” yet during the civil war he bore the appellation of “the Prince of Plunderers,” and it has been said with as much truth as wit, that he “commanded the elixir of the blackguardism of three kingdoms.”

† They belonged principally to the sect called Independents. The flippancy with which some at the present day, and in this country, denounce the Independents as “intolerant fanatics,” deserves the rebuke of all men who celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims. Even Hume says, “Of all sects, this was the first which, during its prosperity as well as its adversity, always adopted the principle of toleration.” Clarendon, (B. X. of his G. R.,) speaking of the Independents in 1648 says, “Liberty of conscience was now become the great charter,” and he declares that their clergy (in London) were ‘more learned and rational’ than ‘the Presbyterian,’ and that ‘though they had not so great congregations of the common people,’ yet they ‘infected and were followed by the most substantial and wealthy citizens, and by others of better condition.’ Dr. Murdoch, in a note upon Mosheim says, ‘The Independents uniformly pleaded for the free toleration of all sects holding the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.’ ‘He (Charles I. in 1647) tried to gain over the Independents by promising them free toleration, but they would not accept it *for themselves alone*.’ [What narrow-minded bigots ! The admirers of such liberal souls as Charles I., Archbishop Laud and Co., it is to be hoped will gradually learn to spread the mantle of Charity over the intolerance of men whose fame as pioneers in the cause of religious freedom is fast spreading through the world !] ‘The army demanded free toleration for *all* Protestant sects. When Cromwell came into power, ‘nothing but the engagement (or oath of allegiance to government) was required of any man to qualify him civilly for any living in the country. Hence many Episcopal divines, as well as those of other denominations, became parish ministers.’ To the calumny that ‘the Independents sought to confound all distinctions in society, whether of rank or office, and aimed to bring about a community of goods,’ &c, it is perhaps enough to reply that when they had the sway in England, no such levelling system was introduced or desired. Notorious facts refute the charge. The allegation is manifestly the result of an attempt, on the part of hierarchs and monarchists, to set in an odious light the democratic and republican principles, ecclesiastical and political, for which the Independents, both of Old England and New England, were then distinguished. Those who read English History, need to exercise some discrimination. The people of this country know—or ought to know—what were the principles of the men from whom (according to De Tocqueville, Bancroft, and others, who have been at the pains to examine the subject) we have received our Democratic Republican Institutions. Some writers, like Rapin, (the French Refugee,) have been led into blunders almost ludicrous respecting the Independents, by trusting to the representations of the English and the Scotch Presbyterians, who could not forgive the Independents for foiling the attempt to make Presbyterianism the established religion of England. A few of Rapin’s mistakes are corrected by Dr. Murdoch, but not all. As shedding light on the attitude of the English and the Scotch Presbyterians towards the Independents, see Netherington’s Hist. of the Westminster Assembly and Dr. Bacon’s Life of Baxter, prefixed to Baxter’s Select Works.

he, "a hireling rout scraped together from the dregs of the people, but for the most part men of the better conditions in life, of families not disgraced, if not ennobled, of fortunes either ample or moderate; and what if some among them are recommended by their poverty?—for it was not the lust of ravage that brought them into the field; it was the calamitous aspect of the times, which, in the most critical circumstances, and often amid the most disastrous turns of fortune, roused them to attempt the deliverance of their country from the fangs of despotism. They were men prepared, not only to debate but to fight; not only to argue in the senate but to engage the enemy in the field." The grand secret of their resistless might before which the gentry of England fled in terror or fell as grass at the touch of the mower's scythe, was their lofty and intelligent religious patriotism. It was the fear of a known God and the love of a country whose rights they had studied and comprehended and therefore wished to establish, that fired their souls and lent potency to their exertions in the hour of victorious conflict. Europe had never before seen nor has since beheld such an army. I need not stop to speak of the awful glories of Marston Moor, where opposing squadrons long since surnamed invincible, were made "as stubble to their swords," nor of the greater triumphs of Naseby, Dunbar and Worcester. Yet war was not their trade nor was it their great leader's vocation. Cromwell was not fond of war. The language of his lips and of his conduct was, "Let us by decisive victories bring this civil war to a speedy close." He felt and his army felt that God had called them to battle for liberty of conscience and for deliverance from political despotism. Hence, in the words of Macaulay, "he never fought a battle without gaining a victory. He never gained a victory without annihilating the force opposed to him. Yet his triumphs were not the highest glory of his military system. The respect which his troops paid to property, their attachment to the laws and religion of their country, their submission to the civil power, their temperance, their intelligence, and their industry are without parallel. It was after the Restoration that the spirit which their great leader had infused into them, was most signally displayed. At the command of the established government, a government which had no means of enforcing obedience, fifty thousand soldiers, whose backs no enemy had ever seen either in domestic or in continental war, laid down their arms and retired into the mass of the people; thenceforward to be distinguished only by superior diligence, sobriety, and regularity in the pursuits of peace, from the other members of the community which they had saved." To the very close of the struggle, which terminated in the death of the dethroned king, Cromwell was content to hold a subordinate rank in the military service of his country. He did indeed exert a paramount influence after the first two years of the war, and breathed the breath of new life and hope into the drooping cause of freedom. He was the originator of those great measures by which leaders, whose indecision and imbecility had almost blighted the hopes of the patriotic, were quietly removed from the command of the Parliamentary forces, and by which troops baptised with the spirit of victory, were

brought into the field in place of the dispirited, the mercenary, and the ignorant. And he is justly regarded as having been the presiding, animating, and controlling spirit in those great movements by which England was saved from the calamities incident to an unsuccessful attempt to subdue a tyrant. But his sway over that unequalled army, was due not to official station. It marked the ascendant of a superior genius, directed with consummate energy, wisdom and magnanimity to the attainment of ends which they, no less than he, held dear. He was certainly governed by no vulgar ambition. His speeches, his letters, and his actions, during the eventful and most trying period of which I am now speaking—the period which intervened between the victory at Marston Moor and the resignation of Sir Thomas Fairfax—evinced the modesty, the self-devotion, and the patriotic ardor of a mind intent on the great work to which he felt himself summoned. And yet there has been, touching his conduct or rather his motives during this period, so much surmising of evil intent with so much distortion of facts, that it is difficult for many readers to rid their minds of the impression that there must have been something dark and sinister in his plans; although when properly scanned, there remains no evidence that they were not conceived and carried into effect under the promptings of an enlightened patriotism. It is remarkable that he and those with whom he most strongly sympathised, were then denounced for alleged reasons which entitle them to our admiration. The head and front of their offending consisted really in their unwillingness, after having conquered the king, to make any rash treaty with him, by which all the fruits of their victories would have been blasted and their lives and the great interests for which they had drawn the sword, put in imminent peril; and in their adoption—far in advance of the spirit of the age—of the principle of “free toleration of all sects holding the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.”

A little less than four years from the day (Aug. 22, 1642) on which the king set up his standard at Nottingham, the last of the royal garrisons was surrendered to the Parliament and the civil war brought to a close. Charles was now with the Scots. With them he remained eight months, rather as a prisoner than as a sovereign. Both the Parliament and the Scottish commissioners offered him terms of reconciliation, such as few conquerors, in a civil war, would grant to the vanquished. The friends of Charles besought him to accept of those terms as the best for himself and his partisans which he could reasonably expect. But he continued to act with characteristic insincerity and infatuation. He hoped by fanning into a flame the jealousy of the Scottish and English Presbyterians and the discontent of the Independents, and, thus dividing his enemies, to retrieve his fallen fortunes and exercise again all his former regal powers. He knew that the Presbyterians on the one hand were anxious to see their system extended over England as the only and divinely-authorized form of church government, to the exclusion not only of prelatical episcopacy, but of all the various sectarian forms which had sprung up since the reformation; and that the Independents, on the other, were seeking a general toleration—a toleration not for themselves



only but for all who held the sacred Scriptures to be the only rule of Christian faith and practice. Hence, in addressing himself to the Scots, he sought to alarm them by showing the probability that the Independents would secure a toleration in opposition to the provisions of the covenant, which aimed at the establishment of Presbyterian uniformity and the extirpation of heresy; and he proposed that if Episcopacy might be continued in four of the dioceses of England, the Presbyterian discipline should be established in all the other parts of the kingdom, with the strictest enactments that could be devised against both papists and sectarians. At the same time, but more privately, he entered into a negotiation with the leaders of the army. They proposed to set him on the throne again, without insisting on his taking the covenant or renouncing the liturgy, if he would but secure the civil liberties of the nation and a general toleration in religion. Seeking only to cajole and mislead both the Scots and the Independents, he imprudently failed to accept the proposals of either. The Scots, after some negotiation with the English Parliament, finding that they could come to no agreement with Charles, and that no advantage and perhaps much hazard and loss would result from retaining his person, surrendered him to the commissioners appointed by Parliament, by whom he was conducted to Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, the place selected for his residence.

Meanwhile the Parliament which had previously abolished the Episcopal hierarchy, manifested an increasing inclination towards a strict Presbyterian establishment, excluding all toleration of those who were styled the Sectaries. The dissatisfaction of the army of course became strong and open. They had been contending for religious liberty and seeking its maintenance as the right of all. In their view, the Revolution itself turned on no principle so important as this. They at length, therefore, came to the fixed resolution to be heard on this point, and that their opinions should be regarded in all the measures which concerned their separate interests or that common religious liberty for which, more than for anything else, they had engaged in the war. To effect this object, they elected a council of officers and a body of adjutators or assistants, consisting of three or four from each regiment representing the common soldiers.\* These two councils, representing the officers and the soldiers, held their separate sessions after the manner of the two houses of Parliament, and deliberated freely upon the proposals and orders of Parliament, which related either to the disposal of the army or the settlement of the kingdom. All the elements of civil government in the nation were now in confusion. The king had been dethroned. His right to reign had been forfeited. Meanwhile, the Parliament now incapable of dissolution by any recognized law of the land, was fast losing, if it had not already lost the character of a representative body, and was becoming in the public estimation and in fact an irresponsible

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\* See Dr. Bacon's *Life of Baxter* and Guizot's *Hist. of the Eng. Rev. of 1640*, pp. 342 and 375. The body of Adjutators, i. e., Assistants, (as the name imports) were to the council of officers what the House of Commons was to the House of Lords. Yet it is not uncommon to see them styled "*agitators*," as if it had been their vocation to "*agitate, agitate*," and produce all manner of confusion.

and usurping oligarchy. The house of Commons consisted of members who had held their seats for a period nearly four times as long as that for which our Congressional representatives of the popular branch held their offices. These facts should never be forgotten in judging of the propriety of the measures to which the army resorted in order to maintain those rights which it was noble for them to appreciate and to assert. In such circumstances it is not strange that they should feel themselves justified in refusing to be disbanded or otherwise disposed of, until justice should be done to them not only as public creditors but as deliverers of their country, and the peace and liberty of the nation established on some basis which they could approve.\* Their resolution to this effect was formally communicated by a delegation to Parliament. But that party in the Parliament who were bent on the establishment of the strict uniformity of the Scottish covenant, alarmed at what seemed to them the growth of heresy, impiety and blasphemy, made haste to conclude a treaty with the king, fraught with loss and peril to themselves, and with oppression to the Independents and all others who dissented from the established Church. Happily, this treaty was not fully arranged, when a cornet, acting, as it is most reasonable to suppose, under the direction of the adjutators, arrived at Holmby, at the head of fifty horse, and removed the king to the quarters of the army then at Newmarket. The king was treated, as authentic history informs us, with more consideration by the officers of the army than he had been by the commissioners of Parliament, and was now allowed a larger measure of personal liberty than he had enjoyed since he surrendered himself to the Scots. The Parliament and the city, on the reception of the news of a measure so bold and unexpected, were thrown into great perturbation. They apprehended the hostile advance of the army; and preparations were hastily made for the defence of the city. A command was formally sent to the general forbidding the approach of the army. Fairfax, the commander, himself a Presbyterian, replied that they would advance no further without giving due notice; and to allay all reasonable apprehension, he assured Parliament that there was no design to overthrow the Presbyterian form of Church government or to set up the Independent, and that the army claimed nothing more than a general toleration in religion or the right to dissent from the established Church.

The subsequent approach of the army to the city, was occasioned by tumults among the citizens and violent petitions tending to subvert the freedom of Parliament as well as the religious and civil rights of no small portion of the nation. The speakers of the two houses, attended by a very considerable portion of the members, among whom were not a few zealous Presbyterians, had withdrawn from the city and claimed protection of the army that the Parliament might be saved from coercion.

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\* "The sagacious Hume," though he somewhat exaggerates the disinclination of the Independents to a reconciliation with the king, says, "they adhered to that maxim which is *in the main prudent and political*, that whoever draws the sword against his sovereign, should throw away the scabbard." Whilst this maxim is prudent "in the main," the character of the sovereign in this particular instance was certainly not such as to constitute an exception to its applicability.



The king came with the army to the city and was allowed to reside at his palace of Hampton Court. Here he appeared in great state. Throngs of people from the city and country attended him. Had he then evinced any signs of relenting or even of decent regard for the rights and opinions of the nation, he might have regained his lost crown. Even Cromwell and Ireton conferred with him in private on the subject of restoring him to the throne, and their offers were better than those of the Parliament. It was at the risk of his popularity with the Ironsides, that Cromwell at this time was even suspected of a willingness to negotiate with a king who, by so many acts of tyranny and falsehood, had forfeited their confidence and his right to govern. Yet there is no reason to doubt that the proposals of Cromwell and Ireton were made in good faith. It was prudent, as well as noble, fully to test the character of Charles before casting him off forever.\* The old vices of that character were at this momentous crisis in the history of Charles, when he stood between a throne and a felon's block, fatally indulged and strangely detected. He was hoping still to recover not only the throne but all the despotic powers which he had exercised in the palmiest days of his tyranny, and was carrying on a deceitful negotiation with different parties in the realm when his duplicity and his hopes of power and revenge were brought to light in a letter to the Queen, which Cromwell, who had already begun to suspect his double dealing, intercepted. After saying in this letter that he was courted alike by both factions, that he should join the one whose conditions should be most for his advantage, and that he thought he should rather treat with the Scottish Presbyterians than with the army, he added: "For the rest, I alone understand my position; be quite easy as to the concessions which I may grant; when the time comes, I shall very well know how to treat these rogues, and instead of a silken garter, *I will fit them with a hempen halter.*"† Surely Cromwell must have been insane, not to have abandoned all hope of a safe reconciliation with Charles. He, soon after, informed the most intimate attendant of the king that he would have no more to do with

\* Milton, in his Answer to Salmasius, says—"Those things that in the beginning of the war we demanded of him when he had almost brought us under, which things if they were denied us, we could enjoy no liberty nor live in any safety; those very things we petitioned him for when he was our prisoner, in humble, submissive way, not once nor twice but thrice and oftener, and were as often denied. When we had now lost all hopes of the king's complying with us, then was that noble order of Parliament made, that from that time forward there should no articles be sent to the king; so that we left off applying ourselves to him, not from the time that he began to be a tyrant but from the time that we found him incurable."

† Guizot's Eng. Rev. of 1640, p. 375. Guizot refers to Clarendon, State Papers, II Appendix, XXXVIII.

Guizot's History, here and elsewhere referred to in this lecture, possesses many and great excellencies. It is written with much ability and some candor. Yet to an American familiar with the history of the Puritan age and especially with the character of the Independents as developed in the planting of our religious, civil, and literary institutions, it must be obvious that Guizot, in some very important respects, has misconceived the religious spirit which entered so prominently into that revolution. He evidently considers the analogy between the English Revolution and the French to have been much closer than it really was. With all his candor, he sometimes styles men fanatics whom his own statement of facts proves to have been sagacious, clear-headed and liberal in their sentiments; and he sometimes blames Cromwell and others for doing what his own narrative shows that they could not, without infatuation, have left undone. He fails to follow out his own facts to the only safe and logical conclusions. His facts prove that Charles was a tyrant incurably unprincipled, whom it would have been madness to trust. Candor does not, therefore, require us to blame men for acting as they were necessitated to act.—There are some questions of such a nature that a middle ground is absurd. In a dispute as to whether two and two make four or make six, it is a false candour which takes middle ground and says, "two and two make five."

a man so unworthy of his confidence and would be no longer responsible, as he had been, for his personal safety. In doubt whither to go, the king fled from Hampton Court, and after a few hours "found himself, he hardly knew how, a prisoner in the Isle of Wight." \* Hither came soon after Commissioners from Parliament, presenting to him four propositions, to which his assent was required as the preliminary to any further negotiation. It was demanded that the command of the sea and land forces should appertain for twenty years to Parliament, with power of continuation thereafter, if the safety of the kingdom should seem to require it; that the king should revoke all his declarations, proclamations and other acts published against the House, imputing to it illegality and rebellion; that he should annul all the patents of peerage he had granted since he left London; and that Parliament should be empowered to adjourn for whatever time and to whatever place it should think proper. Though determined, from the first moment after hearing these propositions—the concession of which was so essential to the liberties of the nation—to reject them, Charles delayed giving an answer in view of making an advantageous treaty with the Scots. "I must wait," said he to an intimate attendant. "I will settle with the Scots before I leave the kingdom; if they once saw me out of the hands of the army, they would double their demands." Negotiations, already opened when the king left Hampton Court, were now resumed in great secrecy with the Scottish Commissioners, and in two days a treaty was concluded. It promised the king the intervention of a Scottish army to re-establish him in full power over a people resolved no longer to bear his yoke, on condition that he would confirm the Presbyterian establishment for three years in England, himself and his friends not being required to conform to it; and that at the end of that term, the assembly of divines should be consulted and he should definitely settle, in concert with Parliament, the constitution of the Church. Several stipulations to the advantage of Scotland and derogatory to the honor of England, were appended to this general concession. The king engaged moreover that to aid the Scottish army, the cavaliers all over the kingdom should rise in arms; that the Earl of Ormond should resume the command of the royalists in Ireland, and that he would himself, as soon as he should have rejected the four propositions of Parliament, escape from the island and proceed to Berwick or some other place on the borders of Scotland and wait for the moment of action. This treaty, which brought on what is termed the Second Civil War, was drawn up, signed and hidden in a garden in the island until it could be safely taken away. His escape from the

\* It is perhaps due to myself and to the reader to say that, when this lecture was delivered, several paragraphs and parts of paragraphs between the 22d and the 34th pages were, for want of time, omitted. These paragraphs, then omitted or abridged, I ought perhaps to remark consist of details and descriptions having no connection with the points in the lecture which were misapprehended and mis-stated through the press. For the sake of distinctness, I would say that those mis-statements of my positions—so far as I deem them of much importance—relate to the following points. 1. The objections to Hume as a historian. 2. To what is said of Cromwell as "a praying man"—as if I had adduced that fact as the only or at least as the *main* proof of his having been sincere in his religious profession. 3. To what is said of the legal formalities in the trial of Charles I.—mis-stating me as asserting that he was tried in legal form, whereas my position was that there could be no *form* or *prescribed mode* under the English Constitution for the trial of a king.

island was unexpectedly prevented in consequence of the Parliamentary Commissioners refusing to receive his answer to their four propositions in a sealed envelop, and thus obliging him to make known, before their departure, his determination not to assent to them. When he had read aloud his message absolutely rejecting the propositions, the Commissioners of Parliament withdrew and after a short conference with the governor of the island, returned to London. The gates of the castle where the king was lodged were closed, entrance denied to all strangers, the guards everywhere doubled and nearly all his attendants ordered to leave the island forthwith. Parliament, justly indignant at the conduct of the king, now adopted by a very large majority the resolution to make him no more proposals and to settle the kingdom without him. Just before the vote on this resolution was taken, Cromwell arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, the king is a man of great sense—of great talents, but so full of dissimulation, so false, that there is no possibility of trusting him. While he is protesting his love for peace, he is treating underhand with the Scottish Commissioners to plunge the nation into another war. It is now expected the Parliament should govern and defend the kingdom by their own power and resolution, and not teach the people any longer to expect safety and government from an obstinate man whose heart God hath hardened; the men who at the expense of their blood defended you from so many perils, will again defend you with the same courage and fidelity against all opposition. Teach them not by neglecting your own and the kingdom's safety, in which their own is involved, to think themselves betrayed and left hereafter to the rage and malice of an irreconcilable enemy, whom they have subdued for your sake, lest despair teach them to seek their safety by some other means than adhering to you, who will not stick to yourselves. And how destructive such a resolution in them will be to you all, I tremble to think and leave you to judge." Words of counsel and warning so truthful and just as these, from a man whose patriotism had been fully proved and whose liberality extended toleration to all Christian sects, deserved to be remembered and ever afterwards heeded by all who heard them.

In accordance with the stipulations of the late treaty, the Scottish army invaded England, the Royalists, wherever they were sufficiently numerous to show themselves, rose in arms, and the calamities and perils of civil war again gloomed over the land. Whilst the army, commanded by Fairfax and Cromwell, was engaged in the task of repelling the common enemy and of suppressing insurrections, the party in Parliament, who were anxiously seeking to establish Presbyterian uniformity, deriving support and taking courage from the approach of the invading Covenanters, introduced and after some delay carried the project of sending new proposals to the king. What had occurred within the last seven months to justify this recession from their former resolution? Let the rekindled flames of civil strife, and the attempt by foreign force to subjugate English freemen, answer. Nothing had transpired to relieve the king in the slightest measure from the odium justly attaching to him for rejecting propositions of



peace, far better than he could reasonably have expected. On the contrary, everything which had occurred was fitted to deepen in the minds of all the discerning and patriotic the feeling of distrust and of indignation with which his dissimulation and treachery were before regarded.

The friends of English liberty had now sufficient cause for alarm. They were in imminent danger of being given up as a peace-offering to an incensed and unrelenting sovereign, with whom it was amazing folly to expect permanent reconciliation, except on condition of unqualified submission to his will. To what purpose, then, had they attempted the redress of the nation's grievances?—to what end drawn the sword?—for what advantage conquered the tyrant? Was it merely to imbitter his despotic feelings, to arouse in him the fell spirit of revenge, and then, after witnessing for years his manifold acts of falsehood and treachery, to surrender themselves into his hands, victims to his offended and vengeful pride or slaves of his unlimited power? Under the promptings of a false sympathy, or of a blind, stupid loyalty towards a fallen but incorrigible despot, were they to lay aside all prudence, all self-respect, and forget that “opposition to tyrants is obedience to God?” From very familiarity with the characteristics which unfitted him to govern and made him a dangerous public enemy, were they to treat him at length as self-destroyers treat vice,—“first endure, then pity, then embrace?” And thus, after all their debates and remonstrances and prayers and sacrifices of treasure and blood, be, at last, content with obtaining “a piece of paper” inscribed with words and names written only to deceive? Thus inclined, they would have *deserved* to be slaves! And yet, for not being thus inclined, they have sometimes been denounced as arrogant, implacable, and ambitious!

Great, however, as was their danger, they adopted no hasty measure in self-defence. Cromwell, with a portion of the army, having quickly and easily crushed the insurrections in the western and southern parts of the kingdom, was advancing with rapid strides to meet and drive back the Scottish invaders. Fairfax, the commander-in-chief was prosecuting the wearisome siege of Colchester. To him came Ludlow—no creature of Cromwell—saying, “They are plotting to betray the cause for which so much blood has been shed. They will have peace at any price; the king, being a prisoner, will not think himself bound by his promises. Even those who most urge negotiations, care little about making him fulfil them. To employ his name and authority to destroy the army, is their only aim. The army has achieved power; it must make use of it to prevent its own ruin and that of the nation.” Fairfax, admitting this, declared that, in case of need, he would be ready to employ the force at his disposal for the safety of the public cause. “But,” said he, “I must be clear and positively called upon to do so.” Even Ireton, whom Cromwell had left with Fairfax, said to Ludlow, “The moment is not yet come; we must let the negotiations go on and the peril become evident.”

Fifteen commissioners—nearly all desirous of peace—proceeded to the Isle of Wight to arrange the treaty, the proposals for which the

king had eagerly accepted. The negotiation had excited great expectation. It was to last forty days, and twenty of the oldest servants of Charles, lords, divines, and lawyers, were to advise with him. In his communications with the commissioners, he seemed inclined to accept the propositions of Parliament, but in his heart he was far otherwise resolved. The Earl of Ormond was about to reappear in Ireland with money and ammunition which the court of France had promised him. He was, upon his arrival, to conclude a peace with the Roman Catholics and enter upon a vigorous war against this very Parliament with which Charles was now seemingly so willing to treat. "This new negotiation," the King wrote to Sir William Hopkins, who was charged to arrange his flight, "will be derisive, like the rest; *there is no change in my designs.*" \* After much time had been spent, he consented to the demands of Parliament as to the command of the sea and land forces, the nomination to the great offices of state, as to the cessation of hostilities in Ireland, even as to the lawfulness of the resistance which had issued in the civil war. "But," says Guizot, "instead of giving up at once and without hesitation, he disputed every inch of ground he could no longer defend; sometimes himself addressing different proposals to the House, sometimes seeking to elude his own concessions, pertinacious in asserting his right at the very moment he was giving it up, inexhaustible in subtleties and reticences, daily giving his adversaries some *new reason to think that the hardest necessity was their only security against him.*"

Finally, after having solemnly promised that all hostilities in Ireland should cease, he secretly wrote to Ormond, (Oct. 10,) "Obey my wife's orders, not mine, until I shall let you know I am free from all restraint; nor trouble yourself about my concessions as to Ireland, *they will not lead to anything.*" And the day on which he had consented to transfer to Parliament for twenty years the command of the army, (Oct. 9,) he wrote to Sir William Hopkins: "To tell you the truth, my great concession this morning was made *only with a view to facilitate my approaching escape*, without that hope I should never have yielded in this manner. If I had refused, I could, without much sorrow, have returned to my prison; but as it is, I own it would break my heart, for I have done that which my escape alone can justify."

Thus did Charles trifle with the sanctity of solemn engagements, and mock the selfish hopes of the very men who, to effect an unworthy end, had compromised their own safety and honor, together with the rights of a large part of the nation, in a rash attempt at an impossible reconciliation.† Trusting in the awful sacredness appertaining, as he fancied, to his royal person, he dreamed not of his amenability to human justice, and seemed to dare injured humanity to touch

\* Aug. 1648. See Guizot's Eng. Rev. of 1640, pp. 414, '15, '16, '17.

† We can afford to do justice to the conduct of those Presbyterians in the Parliament and in the city, who figured in these transactions. They were recreant to their own principles, in attempting to ally Presbyterianism to a monarchy. The Stuart family discerned far more clearly than these Presbyterian Royalists did, the anti-monarchical genius of Presbyterianism. James I. early in his reign, said to certain Puritans who had petitioned for greater religious liberty—"You are aiming at a Scot's Presbytery, which agrees with monarchy as well as God and the devil." (Bancroft and Hume). *No Bishop, no King*, was one of his favorite maxims.



a hair of his head. He did not mean to make good one of his concessions. He only sought to gain time, to increase, as much as he could, by false promises and all the arts of perfidious negotiation, the unnatural discord among those who had resisted his tyranny and driven him from the throne, to procure through the suicidal agency of a faction in Parliament, the disbanding of that noble army to which the nation was indebted for deliverance from threatened despotism,—to effect his escape, and then with a large force from Ireland, aided by the Royalists of England and Scotland, to render his power absolute. The circumstances evincing this perfidy of Charles during the pending negotiation, were so glaring that even in the absence of the direct and certain evidence contained in documents bearing his signature, the members of Parliament most blinded by unreasoning loyalty, or misled by false promises and unworthy motives, had little to say for his exculpation.

Five times during the continuance of these efforts to form a treaty, the King's concessions, accompanied as they were by unmistakable signs of insincerity and meditated treachery, were voted insufficient. Even the Royalist peace party in Parliament, shrank from a reconciliation on any terms which Charles would either propose or accept. And although, at their instance and through their unwearied efforts, the term of the negotiation was twice prolonged, it "remained," says Guizot, "motionless and futile, serving no purpose but to

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Hallam (see his Constitutional Hist. of Eng. Chap. X) quotes from a letter of Charles I. to the Queen and others the following: "Show me any precedent wherever Presbyterian government and regal was together without perpetual rebellions, which was the cause that necessitated the King my father, to change that government in Scotland. And even in France, where they are but on tolerance, which in likelihood shall cause moderation, did they ever sit still so long as they had power to rebel? And it cannot be otherwise; for the ground of their doctrine is anti-monarchical." Hallam derived this from the Clarendon State Papers. "As for the party called Presbyterian," says Milton, "of whom I believe very many to be good and faithful Christians though misled by some of turbulent spirit, I wish them earnestly and calmly, not to fall off from their first principles, nor to affect rigour and superiority over men [to wit, the Independents, the Baptists, &c.] not under them; not to compel unforcible things, in religion especially, which if not voluntary becomes sin; not to assist the clamour and invidious drifts of men, whom they themselves have judged to be the worst of men, the obdurate enemies of God and his Church." \* \* \* "Let them beware (of) an old and perfect enemy, who, though he hopes by sowing discord to make them his instruments, yet cannot forbear, a minute, the open threatening of his destined revenge upon them when they have served his purposes." (Tenure of Kings and Magistrate.)

In his first great Defence of the People of England, or Answer to Salmasius, Milton addressed the following pertinent and truly prophetic warning to those Presbyterians who so obstinately and suicidally adhered to the persecuting House of Stuart:—"Woe be to you in the first place if ever Charles' posterity recover the crown of England; assure yourselves you are like to be put in the black list. But pay your vows to God, and love your brethren who have delivered you—who have prevented that calamity from falling upon you—who have saved you from inevitable ruin, though against your wills."

These misguided and misguided Presbyterian leaders of a faction in the city and in the Parliament, were no doubt strongly moved by the unreasonable though very common desire to see a strict uniformity obtaining in respect to Church polity as well as the doctrine of religion; and they deemed it a criminal neglect of duty to the cause of truth, not to endeavor to gratify this desire. Hence, at least in part, their failure, at this most important crisis, to follow out their own principle of the right of private judgment, to welcome the preaching of the doctrine of general toleration in religion, and to stand shoulder to shoulder with Cromwell, Milton, Owen, and an increasing multitude throughout England whose watchword was "*Liberty of Conscience*." In the earlier stages of the Revolutionary struggle, they had denounced Charles as a tyrant, and preached from the text, "Crispe your necks, ye men to arms against him, and spoken and acted like true patriots; but after the victory of Naseby, their conduct for several years evinced an astonishing blindness to their own true position, and to the great principles, religious and political, on which and on which alone they were justifiable in resisting and dethroning the King. It ought perhaps to be said in their behalf that their sectarian error was a part of the generally received orthodoxy of the age, that they were in circumstances new in the world's history, and peculiarly trying,—that the doctrine of general toleration in religion, though flowing

display the impotent anxiety of the two parties, *both obstinately blinding themselves to the necessity of the case.*"

Whilst an infatuated faction was prosecuting these abortive attempts at peace, the friends of English liberty were engaged in the task, found not difficult, of extinguishing the rekindled flames of civil war, and of clearing the land of her invaders. Victorious over the Duke of Hamilton, Cromwell entered Scotland without obstacle—the peasants of the western counties rising in a body at the first rumor of his victory, and each parish led by its minister, marching towards Edinburgh to drive thence the Royalists. In conjunction with the Earl of Argyle, the principal leader of the party opposed to Charles, he concluded a treaty with the Royalists, securing "to them full tranquillity and the enjoyment of their property, on condition of disbanding their troops, abjuring any engagement in favor of the King, and renewing the oath 'to the holy league which ought never to have ceased between the two kingdoms.'" He was now received at Edinburgh with great pomp—the committee of the states, the municipal body, "the ministers and people [who really feared God and loved their country], overwhelming him with daily visits, speeches, sermons and banquets."\*

Peace being thus restored, Cromwell, leaving a small force to maintain order, proceeded with characteristic celerity to England, whither the patriotic portion of the Parliament and of the nation, alarmed at the dangers which threatened the cause of liberty, had for several weeks been urging him to return. The Royalists, finding that the combination between the misguided portion of the citizens of London—with some small and contemptible bodies of insurgents in other parts of England—and a party in Scotland, was overcome and scat-

directly from their own principles, was exceedingly novel and startling, and that the means of information by which the religious and political parties of the day might become acquainted with each other's views, were very inadequate and limited. Nevertheless, they ought to have understood and maintained their own and the nation's rights and true interest, better. If their sincerity had been tempered with more wisdom and largeness of heart, they would have been spared the terrible trials to which they were subjected by their chosen rulers in the dark period which followed the Restoration; and we should never have been taught to lament the misfortunes of the two thousand non-conformist ministers, ejected and silenced, and left without the means of support, by "the Noll Gwynn defender of the covenant," whom so many of them, after having experienced but failed to appreciate the liberality of Cromwell, welcomed so joyously to the throne. There was no good reason for their opposition to the Independents. The latter, even in the days of the Protectorate, neither assumed nor sought to assume dominion or superiority over their Presbyterian or other brethren, but simply the privilege of dissenting.

In our own country, Presbyterians and Independents—or Congregationalists, as they have usually been styled—have in general maintained not only great harmony of doctrinal views, but very considerable intimacy and cordiality of correspondence and co-operation—so much indeed that in some parts of the Union, few are aware of there being any difference between them, and nearly all know them by the same name. The Congregationalism of New England is, to a great extent, Presbyterianized Independency; while the Presbyterianism of a large portion of our country, is so far Congregationalized that not a few, denominated Presbyterians, are strongly imbued with the spirit and principles of the men who acted with Cromwell, and Milton, and Owen,—of the men who founded the colonies of Plymouth, Boston, New Haven.

\* Guizot, p. 420. Guizot, I ought to say, uses the phrase "*fanatic ministers and people,*" in the sentence quoted. I have translated the epithet "*fanatic*" into plain English, the term being employed here as it often is elsewhere in the writings of this author, to describe people who were guilty of studying the oracles of God, and of acting as if they truly believed them, and were enthusiastic enough to regard with deep and lively interest, things which the angels of light—the Cherubim—"desire to look into"—(1 Pet., i. 12: Ex., XXV. 20)—people who were not "*juste milieu*" between oppressors and the oppressed—between eternal justice and rank outrage—between God and the devil.

tered, had begun to act with the reckless energy of despair.\* Misled by misinformation, terrified by threatened violence, or blinded by sectarian resentment, a majority in Parliament finally manifested a determination to accept terms of peace with Charles, which they had repeatedly declared to be incompatible with the safety of the nation. It was when affairs in the city and in the Parliament were in this state of anarchical confusion, so dangerous to the liberties of England, that the army returned to remonstrate against the betrayal of the cause for which so much blood had been shed, and to interpose, if necessary, in defence of their own and the nation's rights. A large number of the members of the Commons, who had participated in these traitorous measures, were expelled, and the house enabled truly to represent the friends of freedom.†

The fifth act in the great drama of England's first grand demonstration against regal tyranny and treachery, was about to open to the view of Christendom and the world, with a sublime and startling exhibition of the impartiality of justice, and a terribly distinct annunciation to kings and hierarchs, of the superior Majesty of the People. Whilst experiencing lenity unparalleled and undeserved, and while professing a strong desire for peace, Charles had been repeatedly detected in gross acts of dissimulation and in machinations against the friends of freedom, fraught with purposes of revenge and outrage, and already productive of a second civil war in which thousands had been slain. Instead of feeling surprised that the deep-toned voice of righteous indignation, had now begun to come up, as the sound of many waters, not only from the army, but from the east and west, and north and south, demanding justice on the great delinquent as the sole author of so many calamities,‡ we may well exclaim in view of the past for-

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\* "The Royalists," says Guizot, "losing all hope, now only thought of getting rid of, or avenging themselves on their enemies, no matter by what means; several republican members of Parliament were insulted and attacked in the streets; hints reached Fairfax even from France, that two cavaliers had resolved to assassinate him at St. Albans; at Doncaster a party of twenty men carried off Rainsborough, who commanded there, and three of them poniarded him at the moment he was endeavoring to escape from them (Oct. 29); there was even a report that a plot was forming to murder eighty of the most influential members, as they left the house."

† "Though the King," says Milton, "did not agree to any thing that might conduce to the firm peace and settlement of things, more than he had before, they go and vote themselves satisfied. Then the sower part of the house, finding themselves and the commonwealth betrayed, implore the aid of that valiant and always faithful army to the commonwealth. Upon which occasion, I can observe only this, which I am yet loth to utter, to wit, that our soldiers understood themselves better than our senators; that they saved the commonwealth by their arms, when the others by their votes had almost ruined it." (Answer to Salmasius.)

That the Republican or patriotic party were not influenced by sectarian zeal, in these and subsequent proceedings, is evident from the very accusations of their enemies. Says Milton to Salmasius—"Whereas you tax us with giving a 'toleration of all sects and heresies,' you ought not to find fault with us for that." The prominent man who went to Scotland to urge Cromwell's return to save the betrayed cause of liberty, was the accomplished, witty and patriotic Henry Marten, so little suspected of piety, that though one of the King's judges, he was treated with comparative lenity in the terrible days which followed the Restoration. Maitland remarks that beside the Puritans who espoused the cause of liberty, mainly because it was the cause of religion, "there was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which co-operated with them on very different principles"—"those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were in the phraseology of that time doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples." Hume (in his 10th Essay) says that there were Deists associated with the Independents.

‡ Milton speaks of "calling to mind, with how unexpected an importunity and fervency of mind, and with how unanimous a consent, the whole army, and a great part of the people from



bearance of the people, "Herein is the patience of the saints!" The Commons passed an ordinance instituting a High Court to try "Charles Stuart, King of England," as "a tyrant, traitor, murderer and public enemy." This Court was to be composed of one hundred and fifty commissioners, including six peers, three high judges, eleven baronets, ten knights, six aldermen of London, select officers of the army, and members of the House of Commons, and thus representing the various classes and interests of the nation.\* By the sentence of this Court, after a public trial, Charles was beheaded in front of the palace of Whitehall, and in the view of a great crowd of spectators, on the 30th of January, 1649.†

A grave question here solicits our attention. Was this infliction of the penalty of death, justifiable? That it was—that Charles *deserved* thus to die, and that the principle of *self-preservation* demanded at the hands of the friends of English liberty, this act of justice, is, I think, manifest from what he had done, and from what he was still seeking to do.‡

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almost every county in the kingdom, cried out with one voice for justice against the King as being the sole author of their calamities." Guizot says that "numerous petitions were sent from" Yorkshire to the Commons, "demanding prompt justice upon the delinquents, *whatever their rank or name*," and that "at the same time, the same demand was expressed by other counties." For some time, however, previous to the execution of Charles, certain peculiar causes had operated in London to mislead the populace there, and induce many to side for a while with the dethroned King, who had formerly been most violent in their opposition to him.

\* The fact that some who were appointed to sit as members of this court, either neglected or refused to do so, only goes to support the idea, that the Commons intended to make it consist not merely of men who would be considered as enemies of Charles—but of men of various shades and diversities of sentiment.

† He had been brought to London on the 23d of Dec. The trial commenced on the 20th of January, and terminated on the 27th.

‡ The principle that capital punishment should sometimes be inflicted, is *assumed* in this discussion, as it may well be in view of Gen. 9: 6. Num. 35: 30—34. Acts 25: 10, 11. Rom. 13 4. &c. &c.

That tyrants may rightfully be resisted, dethroned, and even put to death, is a doctrine which had been extensively promulgated by some of the most distinguished of the Protestant reformers for more than a century prior to the execution of Charles I. Luther held in contempt the doctrine of passive obedience. Zwingle said—"I know not how it comes to pass that kings reign by succession, unless it be *with consent of the whole people*." "When by *suicide* and consent of the whole people, or the *better part of them*, a tyrant is deposed and *put to death*, God is the *chief leader in that action*." He attributed the fact that some nations suffered tyrants to reign over them without calling them to account for their crimes—not to the clemency or humanity of these nations—but to their *lukewarmness* in upholding *public justice*." "Earthly princes," says Calvin, "depose themselves while they rise against God; yea, they are unworthy to be numbered among men. Rather it *behoves us to spit upon their heads than to obey them*." John Knox in a public discussion (1564,) maintained that "subjects might and ought to execute God's judgments upon their King—that Kings, if they offend, have no privilege to be exempted from the punishments of law more than any other subjects. So that if the King be a murderer, adulterer, or idolator, he should suffer not as a *King*, but as an *offender*." Other famous Scotch divines taught the same doctrine, and Milton convicts those in the land of Knox of palpable inconsistency, who denounced the execution of Charles as a violation of the divine law. The above quotations, and many others quite as apposite, may be found in Milton's *Penure of Kings and Magistrates*. Alluding to those Scottish leaders in church and state, who condemned the execution of the King, Milton says, (in his *Second Defence*),—"On several occasions, in which the subject had been discussed in Parliament, they had unanimously agreed that the King might be deprived of his crown, for three principal reasons." &c. "The same persons, in the answer to Gen. Cromwell, 1653, confess that he was *justly punished*, but that there was an *informality* in the proceedings, because they had no share in the commission which condemned him. This transaction, therefore, which was so atrocious without their participation, would have been highly patriotic with it; as if the distinctions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, depend on their arbitrary disposition or their capricious inclinations."

Undeniable facts showed him to be as his sentence described him—a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public enemy. He had not aimed merely to retain unimpaired the prerogatives transmitted to him by his predecessors. From the commencement of his reign to the close of his life—from the time when he mutilated the coronation oath that he might exclude from it the idea of deference to the popular will, to the hour of his exit on the scaffold, when he asserted that the people ought to have no share in the government, and insisted that upon this condition alone would the country regain *peace* and “*liberty*,” he had evinced a settled purpose to govern, unfettered by the needful restraints of law, and unchecked by the known wishes of the nation.\* This despotic purpose, had, you will observe, been formed and persisted in at a time when a new and a brighter era was dawning upon England; when all the great interests of the nation required a curtailment of his prerogatives, already dangerous, and an adaptation of the government and laws to a higher standard of popular intelligence, morals, preparation for religious and political freedom, and advancement in the sentiments and in the arts of a Christian civilization. Besides, in attempting to effect his nefarious purpose of changing the government into a despotism, and treading upon the necks of men deserving and needing a larger measure of liberty, he had been singularly perfidious and cruel. When for valuable consideration he had, in express terms, surrendered certain doubtful and dangerous prerogatives, he immediately proceeded, with shameless audacity, not only to exercise *them*, but to assume others still more doubtful and dangerous. He had sought out and brought to his aid the furious bigotry of Laud, and the terrible genius of Strafford, and collecting together as precedents for his wrong-doing examples of oppression and outrage, which had been scattered along several of the preceding reigns, he had practised iniquities and cruelties by which the nation, shocked and alarmed, was driven to take up arms in self-defence. He had exercised all his regal powers, and the others despotically assumed, unmercifully and most unrighteously. He had violated the rights of conscience, robbed his subjects of their property, and in defiance of wholesome laws, and in contempt of his own repeated promises, procured the deaths of many innocent persons whose blood was crying out against the murderer. And then, rather than forego his atrocious designs against the rights of the people, he had taken up arms against them, and while putting all the great interests of the nation in peril, caused thousands to be slain.

\*He caused the phrase “*quas vulgus elegerit*”—which (laws or legal customs,) the common people shall choose—to be erased from the coronation oath before he was crowned. Milton’s Answer to Salmasius and English State Trials—vol. 1, p. 993. Just before he was beheaded, he said, “I must tell you that their [the people’s,] *liberty* and *freedom* consists in their having government, those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. [Such “laws,” for instance, as those by which he had piloried, ear-cropped, imprisoned, and put to death hundreds of innocent persons, and levied ship-money, and wrung “forced loans,” &c. &c., from the people.] “It is not,” he said, “the r having a share in the government—that is nothing appertaining to them. A subject and a sovereign are clean different things; and therefore, until you do that, I mean, that you put the people in *that liberty*, as I say, [i. e. in the “liberty” of being governed without “having any share in the government,” or of being under the unlimited control of an absolute monarch,] certainly they never will enjoy themselves.” How kind to the dear people! He may have been sincere in this, but it was the sincerity of a mind darkened by a despot’s intense selfishness. The above quotation is made directly from State Trials, vol. 1 p. 1043. See also Guizot’s Eng. Rev., p. 454.



He was a convicted traitor and enemy to the State. Having "wilfully broken the principal conditions made between him and the commonwealth," and thus forfeited all right to govern, he had sought to subjugate the nation by exciting insurrections at home, and calling in invaders from abroad. He was an *implacable* public enemy. He had refused to make peace on any terms consistent with the safety of the nation; and when professing the strongest desire for reconciliation, he had been detected in writing confidential letters about *fitting the friends of liberty with hempen halters* instead of the silken garters which he was promising them, and about alliances and coalitions to subdue his *rebellious subjects*. He was, therefore, a traitor to his country—if not in the technical sense, yet in a sense which unperverted reason instantly recognises and approves.\* After having ceased to be either actually or rightfully King, he had committed crimes against the State involving all that constitutes the essence and enormity of treason—his peculiar circumstances and pretensions serving now only to render him the more dangerous as a traitor and public enemy. Had any other person been guilty of like misdeeds—bringing upon the nation so many and so great calamities, what friend of justice would for a moment hesitate to say, *he deserved to die?* When a King, dethroned because by his tyranny and insincerity, he has made it the duty of the people to depose him, abuses their clemency, and proceeds with smooth words of peace on his lips, and with dark purposes of revenge and despotism in his heart, to show himself an implacable and perfidious

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\*Milton after citing numerous legal maxims and examples, from which the great principle of legal responsibility gleams with a considerable degree of brightness, declares in the very spirit of our Declaration of Independence, that such a principle needs no proof, and says—"The thing itself is ridiculous and absurd to imagine, that high treason may be committed against the King and not against the People, for *whose good*, nay, and by *whose leave*, as I may say, the King is what he is."

That Kings derive their authority from the People, and are responsible to them, was, as we have seen, the doctrine of eminent reformers and divines in Great Britain and on the continent. The words of Gilby, "that Kings have their authority of the people, who may upon occasion reassume it to themselves," expressed the prevailing sentiment of evangelical Protestants. Christopher Goodman, pastor of those English "saints and confessors at Geneva," who fled from the persecution of Queen Mary, said "If princes do right and keep promise with you, then do you owe to them all humble obedience; if not ye are discharged, and your study ought to be in this how ye may *depose* and *punish* according to law such rebels against God and oppressors of their country." The phrase "according to law," refers of course to the law of God, or the great principles of justice, and not to any *prescribed legal formalities*. The nature of the case ordinarily forbids the existence of these. My object in referring to the opinions of distinguished writers who flourished in the century closing with the age of Cromwell and Milton, is to expose the insolent recklessness with which certain authors, who ought to be ashamed of such things, speak of the views and motives of the men who brought Charles Stuart to justice. Guizot tells us that the Commons in voting as "a principle that he had been guilty of *treason* in making war against the Parliament, [when the Parliament was a true exponent of the people's will,]—howed one of those *strange* but invincible *scriptures* in which *iniquity* betrays itself while seeking *disguise*." And Hallam ascribes to a low and sanguinary fanaticism, the sentiment that justice called for the punishment of Charles. It should be observed that according to the statements of both these authors, especially Guizot, he was unquestionably a tyrant, a murderer and an implacable public enemy. To say nothing of Luther, Zwingle, and others, at whose feet Hallam and Guizot might afford to sit for awhile to gain light on some very important topics relating to human rights—let me ask: Was Milton a fanatic? By reading his articles already referred to, together with Cromwell's letters relating to the punishment of Charles, and the remarks of Bradshaw, the Lord President, and of John Cook, Solicitor General in the trial of the King, (see State Trials,) any intelligent republican will perceive that the "Regicides" were men who *knew what they were about*, and that they were familiar with certain great truths pertaining to the first principles of government, which are not dreamt of in the shallow philosophy of certain distinguished monarchists of the present day. Some of the greatest and best men of that age, and the preceding taught that tyrants *ought* to be deposed, and if incorrigible and still dangerous, *put to death*—not, indeed, in the spirit of private revenge, but in obedience to the comprehensive and benevolent principles of *public justice*. The question is not as to the propriety of capital punishment in general, but of capital punishment when inflicted on a *tyrant*, murderer, &c. &c.

disturber of the peace and the shedder of the blood of thousands amid the renewed horrors of fierce civil strife, what republican will affirm that the tarnished crown which has fallen from his guilty head, ought now to be his defence against the unwakened sword of justice? \* Not only did justice demand the punishment of Charles Stuart, but the *safety of the cause of English liberty required it.*

All history—having any relation to the subject—demonstrates the hazard and peril of confiding in the promises of a tyrant after forcibly resisting him. Milton gives in illustration of this truth, an example of cruel faithlessness exhibited in the preceding century by Christian II, the infamous tyrant of Denmark, whom a portion of his subjects, after opposing, trusted, at the cost of their own blood, soon pitilessly shed and thenceforth crying to heaven for vengeance on the head of the murderer who had now earned the surname of the Nero of the North. But proof of the utter madness of trusting Charles, it was needless to seek from foreign lands or from other times. His conduct had been so thoroughly characterised by insincerity and treachery, that not his enemies only, but his most devoted followers, had been constrained at times to express their distrust. The Earl of Glamorgan, says Keightley, was “a Catholic, his personal friend and romantically and devotedly loyal.” Him Charles selected to “carry on a mysterious treaty with the insurgents” of Ireland—to induce them though they were stained with the blood of so many thousands of his Protestant subjects, treacherously and barbarously slain in the Great Massacre, to join hands with him in subduing the freemen of England. This dark game played in Ireland at the very moment when he was making fair promises to the different parties in England and Scotland, being not a little hazardous, he sealed the various instructions and commissions with the *private* signet, and left *blanks* for the names of the Pope and other princes, to be filled out by the Earl, “to the end,” said Glamorgan, “the King might have a *starting hole to deny having given me such commissions if excepted against by his own subjects*, leaving me as it were at stake who for his majesty’s sake was willing to undergo it, trusting to his word alone?† Hear also the doomed

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\*Charles was not (as Hallam more than intimates,) a *prisoner of war*, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase. An intelligent child can perceive a very important difference between the relation sustained by this dethroned King, to the English State or the existing authorities of the State, and that which would have been sustained, for example, by a French or Spanish prisoner of war. The situation of Charles was obviously such as to render him, in a different sense, *responsible*, and in a far more appalling degree *dangerous* to the English nation than any captured subject of France or Spain could have been. His case was evidently, in some very important respects, *sui generis*, and to be dealt with according to its own peculiar characteristics and exigencies, and on the great self-evident principles of retributive justice and self-preservation. There was truth in his exclamation at his trial—“Sir, I am not an *ordinary* prisoner.” By his guilt, and by his capability of doing harm, as well as by the high station from which he had fallen, he was a very *extraordinary* prisoner.

†The bad apology sometimes made for the insincerity of Charles, is that it was exercised towards his rebellious subjects who had overpowered him. But facts show that his duplicity was exercised towards his friends also—friends who were risking everything to aid him. Feeling some compunction for having permitted (in a preceding note,) the claim set up for Charles—of “many private and domestic virtues”—

Strafford. Once had this great, bad man shone like a true star in the constellation of English patriots. But he had fallen—to shine there no more—smitten by the potent charm of despotism soliciting the ministry of his transcendent powers—changed from Wentworth the advocate of the Petition of Right, to Strafford the stern genius of absolutism. Of the King he had deserved all the gratitude which such a prince could feel for the able, cruel and unfaltering service of a wonderfully gifted subject. A traitor to the cause of freedom, he had exerted all his surpassing might to carry out his royal master's despotic designs, and had thus aroused throughout the three kingdoms a feeling of indignation which, at length, began to utter itself in the fearful cry of justice. "I cannot satisfy myself in honor or in conscience, without assuring you—now in the midst of your troubles—that upon the word of a King, you shall not suffer in life, honor or fortune," wrote the *grateful* Charles. The bill of attainder, passed by Parliament, is now suspended like a flaming sword over the head of Strafford. Shall it descend and destroy? Is it not stayed up by a force as sure "as the word of a King"—unyielding as the bond which unites Charles to "honor and conscience?" "If no less than his life can satisfy my people, I must say *fiat justitia!*" declared the monarch who on other occasions so often braved public opinion, and so violently resisted the popular will—the monarch who professed to think Strafford innocent of all crime. Informed by Secretary Carleton that Charles has assented to the bill dooming him to death, he lays his hand on his heart, raising his eyes to heaven, and exclaims: "Put not *your trust in princes*, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation."†

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to pass without a direct denial, I beg leave here to adduce some evidence touching that point. "The King's manners," says Hallam, "were not good. He spoke and behaved to ladies with indelicacy in public. See Warburton's Notes on Clarendon, VII, p. 629, and a passage in Milton's *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano*, quoted by Harris and Brodie. He once forgot himself so far as to cane the younger Sir Harry Vane for coming into a room at the palace, reserved for persons of higher rank. Carte's Ormond, I, p. 356, where other instances are mentioned by that friendly writer." Milton in the passage here referred to, pronounces it "*impudent*" to commend his chastity and propriety, and he states facts fully sustaining the declaration. See Milton's Prose Works, v. II, p. 59. The "private virtues" of this monarch are certainly of too apocryphal a nature to neutralize the infamy of his great public crimes, or to diminish the abhorrence with which his tyranny, treachery and habitual duplicity deserve to be regarded. Yet I feel bound in charity to concede that viewed as standing in awe of the Queen, and as suffering dethronement and death as the consequence of his misdeeds, he appears to the pitying eye of the gentle historical reader to have been far less indecent in his private deportment than Charles II and several others who have worn the English crown. In a former note Macaulay, was referred to as declaring it absurd to say that Charles died a martyr to the Church of England. It might have been added that Charles on the scaffold (though he spoke with deep interest on various other topics,) *forgot to testify* his regard for that Church—the very object for which he was "suffering martyrdom"—until reminded by his faithful prompter, Bishop Juxon. When the *grand object for which he was about to die*, was thus happily brought to his mind, the "royal martyr" said, "I thank you heartily, my Lord, for that, *I had almost forgotten it*. See State Trials v I, p. 1043.

†It is a poor excuse for this heartless and base act of the King to say that Strafford had attempted to absolve him from an *inconvenient but acknowledged duty*. This very magnanimity of the man to whom he was under so many obligations only enhanced the infamy of surrendering him to what the King professed to regard as an *illegal* and



Thus had this faithless prince, more than once, extorted from devoted friends the complaint that even they could not trust him. Shall the men, then, who had dethroned him, and were holding him a prisoner, and who had ascertained that beneath all his smiles and professions of a determination to respect their rights, he was actually cherishing the purpose, as soon as it should be in his power, to hang them, be blamed for not confiding in him?—for their unwillingness to be provided with hempen halters? Let it not be said that the King, imprisoned, would not have been dangerous. For more than two years he had been able, though vanquished and in confinement, to keep the troubled sea of English factions in constant and perilous commotion, and for the last six months to turn upon it a new hurricane of civil and foreign strife. He was still straining every nerve, employing every artifice, drawing upon every resource, whether of authority or persuasion, or sympathy, to regain his lost power, and taste the joy of revenge. Imprisoned, however closely, any where within the British realm, he would have been the object towards which the eye of discontent of factious hope, and of credulous loyalty, dreaming of royal virtues, and weeping over royal sufferings, would have been ever ready to turn. Forth from the deepest recesses of his castle-prison would have gone Rumor with her hundred tongues, ever and anon filling the ears of the forgetful, fickle, thoughtless multitude with new tales of “his sacred majesty’s” acts of piety, and of his meekness and fortitude in bearing outrages inflicted in secret, and thus prepared the nation from time to time for a fresh baptism of blood.\*

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unmerited punishment, and that too with the additional injury of saying, “*fiat justitia!*”—let justice be done. The exclamation of the Earl, above quoted, certainly indicated his surprise and grief at the facility with which Charles had assented to his death. It may be said that the King afterwards repented of this act. He undoubtedly *regretted* it; but not until he began to see that it was *impolitic*. It has been well decided that “the blackness” of infamy contracted by this deed was only “burnt in” by “the paltry tears he is said to have shed” over it.

Touching the duplicity of Charles, one thing deserves especial notice, to wit—the nature of the evidence by which it is proved: This consists of his own letters and documents bearing his signature, as well as of public and undeniable declarations and acts. Quotations might have been given from his letters, taken on the field of Naseby, exhibiting his perfidy in negotiations and other transactions previous to June 1645. Indeed, only a small part of the facts certifying his insincerity have been or could be stated in the foregoing pages, though the unbiased reader may, with some propriety, make the complaint that proofs have been needlessly accumulated to establish so plain a point. My apology for dwelling at so great length upon the despotie designs, the tyranny, and the treachery of Charles is that in this “great country” where sleep the signers of the Declaration of Independence, there are various sorts of *republicans*—so that some, even of those claiming to be the special advocates of popular principles, are zealous to shed ink in defence of his “divine right” to tyrannize over men with whom the noble and truly heroic founders of our free institutions, deeply sympathized, and seem to deem it evidence of a liberal, Christian spirit to speak of his “*rebellious subjects*,” and to denounce as “bloody” and “fanatical” their firm and courageous adherence to the principle then already sanctioned by the great and good, “*Opposition to tyrants is obedience to God.*” It would not do to assume that the “martyr” King *could do wrong*; nor would it be safe to rely upon such evidence of his *having in fact done wrong*, as would establish the guilt of any other man.

\*Those who assert that the execution of Charles could “*alone render him dangerous*” and that it was “*an indiscreet exhibition of party spirit*,” seem strangely to lose sight of the notorious facts of the case. Notwithstanding all the exasperation preceding and attending the first civil war, he was treated with remarkable lenity by his conquerors for more than two years. It was not until he had been detected in the

It has often been said that the execution was injurious to the cause of liberty by exciting undeserved commiseration for the tyrant. To this I reply that his close confinement for many years would have had a similar effect, and though perhaps less intense for the moment, yet evidently far more permanent and dangerous.† The proneness

grossest acts of duplicity and treacherous hostility, and had—in circumstances of peculiar perfidy, while engaged in a negotiation of peace—planned and instigated the second civil war—it was not until *then* that the resolution—sanctioned by justice and now called for by safety—was taken to bring the great offender to the block. Then a great multitude in Yorkshire, and nearly all the counties of England, (now relieved the second time from the storm of civil strife,) and the army (just returned from the bloody task of delivering the country from insurrection and invasion,) sent in their petitions for justice upon the author of so many calamities, and the leading patriots began to entertain and to express the conviction that the cause of liberty required them to treat the prime disturber of the public peace according to his crimes. Then the men whose forbearance had been disastrously abused, felt constrained—not from the desire of revenge, but from a regard to the peace and rights of the nation—to appeal to the great principles of even-handed justice and of self-preservation. They declared “that it was high time to settle some form of government under which the nation was to live; that there had been much treasure and blood spent to recover the liberty of the people which would be to no purpose if there were not provision made for their secure enjoyment; and that there would be always the same attempts made which had been of late to disturb and to destroy the public peace, if there were not such exemplary penalties inflicted as might terrify all men, of what condition soever from entering upon such undertakings”—“that they ought to begin with him who had been the cause of all the miseries and mischiefs which had befallen the kingdom”—“that they had already declared, and the House of Peers had concurred with them, that the King had been the cause of all the blood which had been spilt, and therefore, that it was fit that such a man of blood should be brought to justice, that he might undergo the penalty that was due to his tyranny and murders; that the people expected this at their hands, and that having the principal malefactor in their power, he might not escape the punishment that was due to him.” Clarendon’s G. R.—B. XI. It is preposterous to represent the deadly and irreconcilable struggle between despotism and liberty—between Charles and his conquerors, as a common party strife. The tremendous realities of that struggle—the blood of thousands crying from so many battle fields—the threatened “hempen halts”—the “incurable dissimulation,” and the unrelenting purpose of Charles, illustrated by the evils of a second war, cannot be made to go out in so smooth a phrase as “great social schism.”

In regard to the effect of putting the great delinquent to death, let it be observed that England, though swept by the tornado of bloody civil commotion, during the six months preceding his execution, was unusually free from dangerous tumults for several years afterwards. Even in 1651, when Charles II. invaded England with an army from Scotland, fewer Englishmen joined his standard than had joined the standard of the Duke of Hamilton in his invasion a few months before the great act of justice. As illustrating the effect upon the public mind of keeping the deposed King in confinement, the influence of the book already referred to, under the title of *Eikon Basilike*, deserves mention. This book falsely purporting to have been written by the “royal martyr” during his captivity, and to be “a portraiture of his sacred majesty in his solitudes and sufferings,” had for a time a wonderful influence on many minds; and its effect (due mainly to its pathetic and imposing description of his pretended secret piety, and meekness in the endurance of injuries,) shows that his continued confinement, by furnishing occasion for appeals to popular credulity and sympathy, would have been productive of anything but peace and a settled state of the public mind. Hume rather unwittingly concedes that while Charles lived the projected commonwealth could never be secure. The argument of Macaulay, that he was no longer dangerous because by deceiving all the different parties, he had forfeited their confidence—is really without any force, being in contradiction to undeniable facts. Charles deserved to lose the confidence of all men, and did, as we have seen, lose the confidence of some even of his own party. But there were those who with a stupidity, reminding us of the mad devotion of the heathen to their idols, were disposed to trust him. And there were others who (if they did not trust him) wished to use him to promote their factious purposes.

Ireton, Harrison and other patriotic leaders said “they could as easily bring him to justice in the sight of the sun as depose him; since the authority of the Parliament



of the popular mind—after rising in strong and just indignation against oppressive rulers—to compassionate their sufferings as soon as they are made to feel the righteous consequences of their crimes, has often proved a serious obstacle to the emancipation of down-trodden nations;\* nor was it heedlessly overlooked by those who in the providence of God were called upon to dispose of the fallen oppressor of England. The course which they adopted, was, as it regarded him, just; and as it regarded the peace and welfare of the nation, the safest and best. To have restored him to the throne would have been self-destruction. To have kept him imprisoned would have made him a constant subject of agitating suspicion, sympathy and complaint; and his name the perpetual sanction and watchword of conspiracy, insurrection and civil war. Environed, as they were, with perils and stern exigencies, they had only a choice of dangers. *Justice to the highest as well as to the lowest*, became their motto; and while seeming to choose the most dangerous course, they really took the safest—a course marked with admirable boldness, magnanimity and decision; evincing in the actors a lofty consciousness of following the

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could do the one as well as the other; that their precedent of deposing had no reputation with the people, but was looked upon as the effect of some potent faction which always oppressed the people more after than they had been before. Besides *those deposings had always been attended with assassinations and murders* which were the more odious and detested, because no body owned and avowed the bloody actions they had done. But if he were brought to a public trial *for the notorious ill things he had done, and for his misgovernment, upon the complaint of the people, the superiority of the people would be hereby vindicated and made manifest*—and such an exemplary proceeding and execution as this, where every circumstance should be clear and notorious, would be *the best foundation and security of the government they intended to establish*, and no man would be ambitious to succeed him and be a King in his place, when he saw in what manner *he must be accountable to the people.*" Clarendon's G. R.—B. XI. It has sometimes been said that nothing was gained by the death of Charles I. inasmuch as upon that event, his son, Charles II, was (according to former usages,) King. But those who argue thus, seem to forget that Charles II—after the execution of his father—was unable for eleven years to get any foothold in England, and was invested by the popular imagination with very little of that *sacredness* which had so long shielded the "royal martyr." Nothing but the inefficiency of Richard Cromwell, and the dread (after his resignation,) of anarchy and civil war, caused the nation in general to welcome Charles II to the throne as they did.

\*It need not surprise us that a portion of the Londoners who had formerly denounced Charles as a tyrant and murderer, and prayed the Lord to take him away, set up a dismal ululation when their prayer was answered. Nor ought we to wonder if there were those who overlooking his crimes and regarding him with a superstitious veneration after his "misfortunes" overtook him, breathed a spirit of revenge towards those who had brought him to justice and delivered the nation from his tyranny. Such folly is not altogether without parallel. To say nothing of the far more excusable wrath of the Roman rabble moved by Antony's oration at the funeral of Cæsar, to cry "seek—burn—fire—kill—slay," there is a most striking illustration of vitiated sympathy and perverse veneration mentioned by Suetonius in his life of Nero. According to the historian there were those who praised this tyrant after he was dead; who would have rejoiced at his return to life; who *for a long time adorned his sepulchre with vernal and summer flowers, and declared that great evils would soon befall his enemies*—Sec. 57. This passage is quoted in Murphy's Tacitus and in Milton's Prose Works, v. II p. 81. Pity when directed to deserving objects or kept within due bounds, is certainly very becoming and praiseworthy. But when it stifles common sense, tramples upon public justice, groans dismally at the punishment of tyrants and forgets the wrongs endured by their victims—when it garlands the sepulchres of the Neros, and is ready to turn and rend the patriots who have nobly, but perhaps imprudently, cast the pearls of liberty before their countrymen, it is anything but a virtue.

right, and, in the broad sunlight of public observation, elevated in a remarkable degree above the reach of dark suspicion and odious misconstruction and thus made defensible before the world on its true merits.\*

\*Not a few Royalists in spite of the absurd dogma that "the King can do no wrong," and the mighty cloud of monarchical and superstitious illusions which to them has greatly obscured the moral glory of this truly heroic measure—regard it with more of admiration than of horror. "It may be doubted," says that distinguished orator and statesman, Charles James Fox, "whether this singular proceeding has not as much as any other circumstance, served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe in general. He who has read, and still more he who has heard in conversation, discussions upon this subject by foreigners, must have perceived that even in the minds of those who condemn the act, the impression made by it has been far more that of respect and admiration than of disgust and horror." History of James II. Yet this impression, mentioned by Mr. Fox, has been produced under the disadvantage of a most unfair representation of the transaction. Having recently, with considerable care, read, in the English State Trials, the full report of the doings of the court which sat in judgment on Charles, I feel constrained to say that the trial was conducted with a dignity, solemnity, and forbearance, which stand in striking contrast to the indecorum, levity and rudeness, so generally and so falsely attributed to that court. The judges did not, indeed, forget that they were *men* and that "the royal martyr" was *no more than a man*, and they dared to act accordingly. But this is the very thing for which they deserve especial praise. Honor to the men who in such an age, presumed to assert and to maintain the superior *Majesty of the People*! The description which has ordinarily been given of the proceedings and circumstances of that trial, might well excite the indignation of any well informed and candid man: In it are to be found scarcely any of the real features of moral grandeur which claim the historian's particular notice; whilst the calumnies and false colorings gathered from that foul collection of lying and erroneous testimony given twelve years afterwards at "the trials of Twenty Nine Regicides," and from books like Carrion Heath's *Flagellum* are wrought into a picture in which the absurd, the ludicrous, and the horrible seem to be struggling for the chief prominence. The great principles on which the judges really and avowedly proceeded are either unnoticed or burlesqued. The insolent and contemptuous demeanor of the "extraordinary prisoner" is either softened or justified, and even praised; and the conduct of the guards is grossly misrepresented. The self-destroyed testimony of that weak, forgetful man, Col. Downes, labouring to save his neck by blaming "the late usurper," is raked up to fasten upon Cromwell the charge of rudeness and violence. And the story of Cromwell's marking the face of Marten with a pen, and of Marten's doing the same to Cromwell on the occasion of signing the order for the execution, is related with as much confidence as if it rested on the most reliable authority. This tale depends solely on the credibility of a single witness, who testified twelve years afterwards under a strong temptation to do service to a restored dynasty by blackening the character of Cromwell and his associates. This witness was one Ewer, who had been a waiter of Marten, and was anxious (like some others) to free himself from suspicion of disloyalty by turning against his late friends. Forster, though a spiteful defamer of Cromwell, very justly doubts the truth of the story. He says: "If the occurrence really took place, it is yet unworthy of such a philosophical historian as Hume to quote it as an evidence of barbarous or "rustic" buffoonery. No doubt if Marten and Cromwell did this, they did it as a desperate momentary relief from over-excited nerves, and because they felt more acutely than their more sober brethren the dark duty they were engaged in. Such "toys of desperation" commonly bubble up from a deep flowing stream below. Downes, a weak man, is said to have been obliged to go out into the speaker's chamber "to ease his heart with tears." Marten and Cromwell were not weak men, and it was not in tears at such a time as this that they could have eased *their* hearts." Permit me to add (while rejecting this story as unworthy of credit,) that the view here presented of the manner in which deep feeling sometimes manifests itself, is sustained by facts in the history of some of the most noble characters that have ever shone on occasions of peculiar danger or responsibility. The playfulness of Luther in many an "awful and rugged crisis" was to some minds very strange, and even excited doubts of his earnestness. But it was really the momentary flashing of light from the deep thundercloud of care. It was a resting at the foot of the mount from whose top, bathed in awful splendors, he had just descended, and to which he was preparing, with renewed vigor, to return. Some of our fathers on the occasion of "pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their

But some may be ready to ask, "Were not the *forms* of law disregarded?—had not many of the members of the House of Commons been expelled before the organization of the court which tried the King?"

Those who urge this objection need to consider that, at this time there was no settled *form* of government in England. For more than eight years the nation had been in a state of strife, of civil war, of *revolution*. Old things were passing away and new things had not yet assumed permanent form and order. Inasmuch as a revolution in a government supposes, of necessity, the setting aside of, at least, some of its prescribed forms and usages, the proper question as to the conduct of the actors on such an occasion, is not whether they were scrupulously observant of *fugitive formulas*, but whether they conformed to the settled principles of *justice*, natural and revealed, and to the dictates of *enlightened benevolence and sound policy*. It is thus that the past revolutionary proceedings of the Commons themselves are to be judged. In defiance of the King's repeated declaration that the Parliament was dissolved and devoid of any rightful authority and in disregard of former prescriptions of the constitution, this House of Commons, without re-election, had continued to exercise extraordinary powers during a period of unprecedented length. But does this necessarily imply that the Commons had been guilty of wrong? Certainly not. If for the sake of an end justifying revolution, if for the sake of interests protected by principles older and more authoritative than kingly prerogatives and

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sacred honor," in a struggle with the mightiest nation on earth, were *playful*—Franklin and Harrison especially. The greatest of dramatists has often been most unphilosophically criticised for mingling the comic with the tragic; for putting into the mouth of persons of deep feeling and sublime courage and earnestness when acting in scenes of peril or of appalling responsibility, those mirthful expressions in which it was natural for such minds to unbend in momentary diversion. Guizot's account of the trial and execution of Charles, is the part of his book which is the least worthy of his candour or of his abilities. He seems incapable of appreciating the character and motives of those high-souled, earnest, God-fearing Englishmen who

"Upon the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
Did rear, God's trophies"—

Among other impertinencies, he commits the following: "The body of the King," he says, "was already enclosed in the coffin when Cromwell desired to see it; he looked at it attentively, and raising the head as if to make sure that it was indeed severed from the body:" "This," said he, "was a well constituted frame and which promised a long life." Now can any man in his sober senses really think that Cromwell had any doubt whether Charles was *actually dead*, or whether his head had in fact been *severed from the body*? A great multitude had witnessed the execution. On the supposition that Cromwell was free from all malice towards Charles, and entirely unconscious of any sinister motive or criminal design in respect to his death, it is easy to see how he might thus have gone and calmly gazed upon the face of the dead and made the quiet and very natural remark which is here ascribed to him. But on the hypothesis that he had ambitiously and murderously compassed the King's death, for the sake of clearing his own way to supreme power, and that the thought was on his mind

"Had nature been his executioner  
He would have outlived me,"

this proceeding must be regarded as *incredibly* strange. What! the conscious murderer going of his own accord to gaze—to gaze calmly—upon the *rebuking* face of the *murdered*—the wily, deep-plotting aspirant standing *there* to babble before witnesses, thoughts which he would have been anxious to cover with a pall dark as "the durnst smoke of hell!" Not charity only but common sense requires us to adopt the former supposition of conscious innocence.



constitutional precedents, they disregarded time-honored formulas, they are to be justified, for the reason, that they obeyed a law higher than any which they transgressed—a law of such majesty and force indeed that in opposition to it there can be no law. So far as they proceeded in obedience to the great principle which warrants an oppressed nation in changing its government, they were loyal to an authority ancient as the day when the Creator said, "*Let us make Man in our image.*"

Those members of the House of Commons who lost their seats by "Pride's purge" had swerved from obedience to this high authority, and thus abandoned the only ground on which it had been right and praiseworthy for them to resist and dethrone the King, and to persist, so long, in the exercise of such extraordinary Parliamentary powers. In no circumstances would they have been warranted in sacrificing Cromwell and his associates on the altar of an iniquitous and impolitic reconciliation with the fallen tyrant. In no case would it have been otherwise than infamous, to pluck down ruin upon the heads of the men who, in obedience to the loud call of duty, and under the plighted faith of Parliament itself, had jeopardized their lives and fortunes in defence of the nation's liberties. But the factious clique, expelled in that purgation, had not even the poor semblance of authority which a recent election and a clear majority in a full House, might have lent to the perpetration of such an outrage. They had now been sitting so long without re-election that their *representative* character was exceedingly dubious, and nothing but the unsettled state of the government and the exigencies of the cause of liberty could justify their exercise of Parliamentary powers at all. To exercise them for any other end than the maintenance of the just liberties of the whole people, or any longer than the safety of the nation required, was manifest usurpation. Yet in these circumstances when not a few of the original patriots and master spirits of the House had ceased from their labors, and when great changes in favor of liberal principles had occurred and were still occurring in nearly all the counties of England, and exciting the selfish fears of Royalists and sectarian exclusionists, they had prostituted those powers to the furtherance of designs subversive of the liberty of conscience and of the civil rights of the people. Taking advantage of the accidental occurrence of a temporary majority, they had sought to precipitate measures marked with ingratitude and hostility to Cromwell and the army, oppressive and dangerous to a large part of the nation and likely to prove disastrous even to themselves. Aiming at an end so unpatriotic, so selfish, and withal menacing ruin to themselves as well as others, they had forfeited all right to be the arbiters of a great nation's religious and political affairs in so momentous a crisis. They were either leaders or instruments of a faction whose intolerance, suicidal resentment and grasping selfishness, it was the duty of the friends of civil and religious liberty to resist for the same reason that they had resisted the despotic measures of Charles Stuart himself.\*

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\*Let it be kept in mind that the great offence of Cromwell, and those who acted with



For their dangerous usurpation they deserved, and the public safety demanded, their expulsion. And as those whose duty it was, in the first place, were unprepared to expel them, it became the duty of those whose dearest interests and rights were suspended on the act, to perform the office.\*

But to what purpose is so much stress laid upon this objection to the trial of the King? "It was," some affirm, "contrary to the forms of the constitution to try him thus;" just as if there had been in England from olden times a recognised law of the land providing for the trial and punishment of monarchs, and specifying the judicature and prescribing the process in such cases! The haughty Tudors and the base and cruel Stuarts had been far less anxious to introduce such a law than to give currency and force to the maxim that the King can do no wrong. There was no statute or constitutional precedent conferring upon either house or both houses of Parliament, or upon any existing court, authority to try the King. Charles could be called to account for his crimes on none but the great principle which had justified and demanded his deposal, the principle—lying back of the English constitution—which sanctions the sovereignty of the People and requires that, when governments become destructive of the ends for which they were instituted, they shall be altered or abolished by those to whom God, in his providence, has given the power.

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him, was that instead of favoring the plan of setting up a *new system of sectarian exclusiveness* they had adopted the principle of *liberty of conscience and general toleration*. Hence the attempt to sacrifice them as *factionous* disturbers! Some who ought to know better, have styled the great and noble party which embraced Cromwell, Milton, Marten, Owen and other distinguished advocates of *equal, religious and civil rights*, a faction. What is meant by the term faction? It is often applied by monarchists and bigots, to those who least deserve the name, "By a faction," says Mr. Madison, "I understand a number of citizens, whether amounting to a majority or minority of the whole who are united and actuated by some common impulse of passion, or of interest, *adverse to the rights of other citizens, or to the permanent and aggregate interests of the community.*" Any combination of citizens, then, whether many or few, to acquire or retain special privileges by trampling upon the *rights* and abridging the just liberties of others, is a faction. Accordingly Robert Hall (though not always consistent in his use of the term,) says in reference to the two great political parties of England: "Every Tory upholds a *faction*; every Whig, so far as he is sincere and well-informed, is a friend of the *equal liberties of mankind.*" No other party, whether religious or political, in England in the age of Cromwell, was at so great a remove from the real character of a faction as that of which Hume says: "Of all christian sects this was the first which during its *prosperity* as well as its adversity, *always* adopted the *principle of toleration*, and more ardent in the *pursuit of liberty* aspired to a total abolition of the *monarchy and even of the aristocracy*, and projected an entire *equality of rank and order* in a republic, *quite free and independent.*"

\* "The military usurpation" by which the House of Commons was purged, was preceded and made *necessary* by the treacherous and alarming usurpation of certain *factionous* members of Parliament, urged on by the violence of a gang of royalist desperadoes and of a clique of offended exclusionists, whose chief force at this time was in the city of London. After the expenditure of so much blood and treasure—after a struggle of eight years crowned with such decisive victories over the forces of despotism and exclusiveness, was it the duty of Cromwell and others having the power to prevent such a catastrophe, to suffer themselves to be immolated as victims to the wickedness and the rash bigotry of a faction, and permit all for which they had argued and battled, to be lost through non-resistance to lawless violence? The principle of submission to the *powers* that be did not require it. The principle of abstinence from *private revenge and personal hostility* did not require it. Neither of these principles was applicable to the case of men acting in a public capacity, and having the power and providentially occupying a fitting position, to prevent the occurrence of so great an evil and so manifest a wrong. Those who love to contrast the acts of Cromwell with those of our venerated Washington, ought to be candid enough to contrast also the exceedingly different circumstances in which the two men acted. How different the spirit of the two ages, the nature of the obstacles to be encountered, the character of the two nations and the position of the two countries. If it is true that there has been but one Washington, so is it, that there has been but one nation worthy of the services of a Washington.

Charles himself when denying the jurisdiction of the court by which he was tried, did not found his denial mainly—if indeed he can be said to have done it all—on the fact that the House of Commons was not full. Had every member been in his seat and voted for the organization of the court, his grand objection would not have been obviated in the least. He denied that there was or that there could be any Parliament without the concurrence of the King, and insisted that there was no tribunal on earth competent to try him as a delinquent.\* Let it be observed moreover that Charles had no right to any advantage resulting directly from his own wrong; and that if no general election of members of the House of Commons had taken place for eight years and the *representative* character of the House had become doubtful, and the elements of the government had fallen into confusion, it was all due to his own violence, perfidy and malign influence. When therefore not only the whole army, so intelligent, patriotic and well-principled, but “a great part of the people from almost every county in the kingdom cried out with one voice for justice against the King as the sole author of all their calamities,” would it not have been a criminal neglect of duty to allow him to go unpunished on account of the very confusion in the affairs of the State, the production of which was chargeable on him as a crime?† And though from the nature of the case, he could not be brought to justice according to any prescribed legal process before known in England, was it not time that an oppressed people should appeal to those great *elementary principles*, whence all laws derive their reason and their force—to the end for which all laws are designed and in the accomplishment of which they are perfected?‡ The trial of the King was indeed a *revolutionary* proceeding but not therefore *unlawful*. Crises sometimes occur in the history of nations which it would be absurd to confound with the ordinary course of events. Rights and interests which it would be criminal to surrender, are in great peril, and call for protective measures such as no law of the land prescribes. At such times it is well if men are prepared to conform to rules of conduct, which, though written by no human pen, may be seen emanating from the principles of justice and self-preservation, with authority as from the law-writing finger of the Deity.

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\* He said when before the High Court, “A King cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth.” “I do not know how a King can be a delinquent.” “There is no law to make the King a prisoner.” “The Commons of England was never a court of judicature.” *State Trials*, I pp. 988 and 1025. Such was the chief burden of his objection as actually made at his trial, and even in the speech which it is said he intended to make, but did not—the purgation of the Commons is mentioned only as a thing of minor importance.

† Since writing the above paragraph I have read the speech which John Cook Esq., Solicitor for the People in the King’s trial, prepared for that occasion. In it he says: “And this law needed not to be expressed that if a King become a tyrant he shall die for it; ’tis so naturally implied. We do not use to make laws which are for the preservation of nature, that a man should eat, drink and buy himself clothes and enjoy other natural comforts. No kingdom ever made any laws for it. And as we are to defend ourselves *naturally* without any written law, against hunger and cold, so from outward violence. Therefore if a King would destroy a people, ’tis absurd and ridiculous to ask by *what law* he is to die. And this law of nature is the law of God, written in the fleshly tables of men’s hearts, that like the elder sister, hath a prerogative right of power before any positive law whatsoever. And this law of nature is an *undubitable legislative authority of itself, that hath a suspensive power over all human laws*. *State Trials*, I 1003.

The proceeding in question was lawful in the same sense as the subsequent dethronement of James II, as our throwing the tea into the harbor of Boston, and; by a war of seven years, breaking assunder the ties that bound us to the British Crown. Its severity was only proportioned to the peculiar exigencies of the case. The actors in it obeyed, and they evidently felt that they were obeying, the stern mandate of impartial justice, and yielding to a necessity—not of their own creation or seeking—but imposed in its fearful urgency upon *them* in consequence of the public position which the voice of their country and the providence of God had called them to occupy in relation to the royal offender.

Having thus acted, they were prepared calmly to submit their conduct to the sober, intelligent scrutiny of mankind and to the unerring judgment of God. In their own day this bold act, so unparalleled and startling, was most illustriously vindicated. Milton's Defence of the People of England in answer to the renowned Salmasius, was such as to win the applause even of believers in the divine right of Kings, and to eclipse the splendor of his adversary's reputation at the very courts of monarchs. This wonderful man the fame of whose genius, learning, integrity and love of liberty fills the world, bestowed upon this act the repeated expression of his most cordial approval and admiration. On the occasion referred to, though in feeble health and warned by his physician that the effort might cost him his eye-sight, he hesitated not to bring to the subject the most strenuous exertion of his transcendent powers. Three years after he "closed his eyes in endless night" he said, in touching but triumphant allusion to his loss

" Yet I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?—  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them over-plied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task  
Of which Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

Let it be remembered that the "noble task" which thus engaged his heart and employed his powers, and "of which Europe rang from side to side," was none other than his defence of the conduct of those who brought Charles Stuart to justice. Truth long "crushed to earth" has begun to "rise again," and not a few who continue to condemn Cromwell's great *act* in behalf of liberty, are learning to praise Milton's *defence* of the act. But do principles which, in theory, are so pure and noble as to entitle the *writer* who states and commends them, to admiration, become in practice so execrable as justly to expose to the detestation of mankind, the *actor* who heroically and consistently exemplifies them? Was it gloriously right in Milton to justify and celebrate what it was infamously wrong in Cromwell to do? \* In view of all the facts, it certainly requires no great stretch

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\* Milton did not defend the execution of Charles I in the style of one who deemed the act barely justifiable; he applauded it as worthy of all praise. Hear him as he apostrophizes the people of England: "He [God,] has gloriously delivered you, the first of nations, from



of charity or of candour to believe that those who took part in this proceeding were as thoroughly convinced as Milton of its justice and expediency. It is not difficult to imagine, as Hume himself does, that Cromwell might think it "the most meritorious action he could perform." It is, no doubt, possible that the two most profound and sagacious minds of the age were agreed as touching "this great business." Indeed there are minds even in "these enlightened days" that cannot share in the indignation which exclaims—not against the cruel wrongs and murders committed under the direction of a tyrant and the perfidious machinations which proclaimed him an implacable public enemy—but against "the atrocity" of thus punishing him after solemn judicial sentence according to his desert, or in the sympathy which sheds its tears, not at the sad remembrance of the sufferings and the deaths of the many that fell victims to his relentless purpose to be a despot, but at the mention of the merited doom of a foe to his race. For myself I cannot hesitate to pronounce that indignation unjust, illiberal and misdirected; and that sympathy, sickly, perverse and disloyal to the dictates of genuine humanity. I feel it to be good to weep over the distresses of the poor, of such as are oppressed and have no comforter, aye and of the guilty also. For there are bounds within which pity towards the worst of men is commendable. But, however *unchristian* the avowal may seem to some, truth obliges me to confess that my sympathetic affections will not fasten themselves in the fervor of exclusive or paramount interest upon a convicted felon though he possesses the attractiveness of guilt committed on a grander scale than that of common offenders; nor will they entwine themselves in canonizing veneration around a martyr to despotism and insincerity, though he towers in the awe-inspiring majesty of a prince in wickedness. Strangely regardless of the rebukes of the subterranean philanthropy which makes justice a name for cruelty and bids us reserve our pity chiefly for hardened transgressors; and not anxiously heeding the frowns of the sentimental, king-worshipping piety that would persuade us to keep all our tears for the "misfortunes" of *illustrious* criminals, they *will* wander from the royal culprit as he appears upon the scaffold before Whitehall; they *will* follow memory and the moral sense as the pass to other scenes to which his agency has lent a mournful interest—to the pillory where stand Burton and Prynne, and Bastwick, mangled and bleeding—to

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The two greatest mischiefs of this life and most pernicious to virtue, tyranny and superstition; he has endowed you with greatness of mind to be the first of mankind, who after having conquered their own King and having had him delivered into their hands have not scrupled to condemn him judicially and pursuant to that sentence of condemnation, to put him to death. After the performing so glorious an action as this, you ought to do nothing that is mean and little, not so much as to think of, much less to do, anything but what is great and sublime." Answer to Salmasius. On a previous occasion he had said, "If the Parliament and military council do what they do [in bringing the King to justice,] without precedent, if it appear their duty, it argues the more wisdom, virtue and magnanimity, that they know themselves able to be a precedent to others; who perhaps in future ages, if they prove not too degenerate will look up with honor and aspire towards these exemplary and matchless deeds of their ancestors, as to the highest top of their civil glory and emulation." Tenure of Kings, &c. Cromwell, in such company, may well be pardoned for speaking of this transaction as a "great business" as "the turning out of a tyrant in a way which the christians in after times will mention with honor, and all tyrants look at with fear." See letter XCVII, and also letter LV. in Carlyle's collection.



the "dark and smoky room" in the tower where the brave, the eloquent, the soaring, the pure-minded Elliot wastes slowly away even to death—to the house where the wounded Hampden through days of torturing pain awaits his untimely exit—to the abodes of the widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers he has caused to be devoured by the sword of unrighteous war, and thence with a glance upward to Him who counts it abomination to clear the incorrigibly guilty, my soul without hesitation or misgiving, as it returns to view the doomed man exclaims, "*It is right that the blood of the tyrant, murderer and implacable public enemy should be shed.*"

This act has not been in vain. It broke as by a clap of thunder the charm of the sacredness of Kings. It was the coming forth "of the fingers of a man's hand" to write: *The Days of the Irresponsibility of Princes are numbered and their Power is given again to the People.*\* As despots "saw the part of the hand that wrote," their countenance was changed, and their thoughts upon the passing away of the majesty of Kings before the predicted and sublime outgoings of Democracy with Theocracy to obtain sway over the earth, troubled them. For then the principle already declared by renowned reformers, that it is the duty of nations to adjudge and punish tyrants, ceased to be a powerless abstraction. It assumed the life and potency of fact.—It began to control as a law. It was the beginning of a train of influences by which it has come to pass that through white lips and chattering teeth many a diademed mortal mutters, "Kings are at a discount in Europe." The phantom of regal majesty to which ages of superstition and childish exaggeration had lent an imposing awfulness and splendour was smitten and brought into contempt by the blow that did justice on the son of a hundred Kings. And "the dismal groan" then uttered by king-worshippers was in truth but the knell of the sentiment of passive obedience throughout England. What though at the end of eleven years, under restored monarchy the doctrine of the divine right of Kings, and of the non-resistance of subjects, was industriously inculcated by prelates and other beneficed teachers? Who believed it, who *felt* it to be a heaven-descended doctrine? Monarchy was restored but not the illusion of the sacredness of Kings. The nation's mind had received an impulse and had become irradiated by the light of deeds and principles which forbade its return to its former state. The loudest advocates of passive obedience as soon as James II laid his hand on *them*, "cursed him to his face." Let it not be said in disparagement of the first and great English Revolution that James was quietly dethroned, not

\* There is indeed a modern theory of the irresponsibility of princes according to which the very *limited* monarch of England is not politically accountable. But the theory is based on the fact that politically the King or Queen *does nothing*, being but a dignified automaton directed by ministers of state who are held responsible. "His Majesty" or "her Majesty" in English state papers, is but a figure of speech for the Ministers. This is quite a different thing from the regal irresponsibility and sacredness, assumed by Charles I. and other princes claiming to act according to their own sovereign will, either with or without the advice of ministers. Should the monarch of England undertake to act without regard to the advice of ministers and the will of Parliament, it would soon cease to be a received maxim that the King or Queen "can do no wrong."

It has been justly argued by some of the French journals that Louis Philippe, by being his own minister and acting as he has sometimes, according to his *undirected will*, is no longer irresponsible.

beheaded. Why was it so easy in 1688 to depose a hereditary King and give the throne to others by the voice of the People and by act of Parliament? THE NATION REMEMBERED AND JAMES HAD NOT FORGOTTEN THE 30TH OF JAN., 1649.

Every series of great revolutions by which the human mind has advanced and the social condition of man has been improved, has alternated more or less visibly, with a series of counter revolutions or re-actions. New truths dawn not at the same moment upon all minds. Great principles destined ultimately to control the world, not unfrequently ascend the throne of public opinion after ages of conflict with ignorance, passion and prejudice, and after many a disastrous turn of affairs which seemed for the time, to insure their remediless overthrow. The first announcement of great reformatory truths, and, especially, the first bold exhibition of them in action, is apt to startle and perhaps shock a large majority of men. Many exclaim, "Absurd," "Strange," "Horrible," or "You are going too far." Sometimes those truths, though known and revered by, here and there, a mind that pierces thro' the darkness of the age, are hung up in hideous caricature, arrayed in disfiguring apparel, and branded with odious names, to be scorned and dreaded by several successive generations; while ceaseless infamy seems to have become the portion of those who dared to promulgate or defend them. But at last their felon-garb in which prejudice and malice had arrayed them, falls off, and they shine forth providentially owned of God, in the beauty and glory of a surprising transfiguration. The cloud that hung over the memory of their fearless confessors, is lifted, and lo, the sepulchres of the persecuted and defamed, are henceforth seen garnished with names of which the world has become proud.

The first bold exhibition of truths adapted to change the course of human thought and remove great social evils, is not to be accounted useless, even though, for a time, it should effect little more than to excite opposition, inquiry, and reflection. In this way, they cease to appear strange, and gradually commend themselves to the approbation and favor of many who at first cried out against them. Accordingly it was not in vain that Wickliff shed the light of God's translated word on the errors of Popery, though it was afterwards thought a pious act to violate his grave, and commit his bones, as well as his books, to the flames. And it was well that John Huss echoed the protesting voice of Wickliff, though a *chariot of fire* awaited him, and the hoarse cry of "Heresy and Blasphemy" accompanied his name for a hundred years. The light which gleamed from "the morning star of the Reformation" could not be wholly kept from shining on the world; and the very flames which consumed all that was perishable of the Bohemian martyr, served only to turn the attention of Christendom to those errors and atrocious cruelties against which his death was a moving protest. Hence when, a century later, Luther exposed the apostasy of Rome, multitudes were more ready to listen, than if Wickliff and Huss had never spoken.

Thus do great revolutions move on, amid conflicts and reverses.— Human stupidity, passion and selfishness, make this the law of social

progress. So it is in religion and so in politics. The final grand triumph, when the millions shout their acclaim, is often the result of the labors, prayers and tears of generations of the great and good, whose light the world was not prepared to comprehend. I repeat it, this act of justice which taught so impressively the responsibility of princes to the people, was not in vain. True, there came, at length, a reverse, and the times of calumny, misconception and ignorance lingered long. But this act, so bold, so solemn, so evincive of conscious integrity and lofty self-respect, and so much admired even by many, who, in public, have chimed in with the cant of denouncing it, was not without good effect in England's next revolution; and has, in other lands and other times flashed upon the minds of oppressed nations, a cheering conviction of the might and right of the people to rule.

"In dust most eloquent—to after time  
A never silent oracle to kings,"

has been the martyr to despotism, consigned by the hand of justice to a felon's grave. Patriots have pointed to his doom and bid oppressors beware. Yes, hear that voice sounding out so thrillingly the awakening notes of liberty in the Virginian House of Burgesses. "Charles I. had his Cromwell," it exclaims; and hark:—it falters not at the cry of "Treason, Treason," but adds in tones of thunder, "and George III. may profit by his example."\*

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\*In this country, especially in New England, the "Regicides," or "King's Judges," have never been regarded with *any very great horror*. In the year 1660, when monarchy was restored, and many who acted a conspicuous part in the Revolution were compelled to flee for their lives to other countries, three of those who sat as judges in the trial of Charles I. and fearlessly signed the death-warrant of a king whom they had found guilty of treason against the English people, came to New England. Two of these, Edward Whalley and William Goffe, had held a high rank and displayed eminent abilities and shining virtues in the war of the Revolution, and under the Protectorate. Whalley was a cousin of Cromwell. It was to his regiment of the Ironside-Cavalry that Richard Baxter was chaplain. "Between him and the author of the Saint's Rest, there was an intimate friendship, not only while Baxter continued in the army, but, afterwards, when Whalley had become under the Protectorate of his cousin Cromwell one of the chief officers of the empire. To him, in token of their continued friendship, Baxter dedicated one of his works in an epistle which is among the most beautiful examples of that kind of composition."—Bacon's *Hist. Dis.* p. 123. Goffe was the son-in-law of Whalley. He distinguished himself on many occasions, particularly at Dunbar, and afterwards, like his father-in-law, became one of the Major-Generals, who, in consequence of threatened insurrections, exercised for a short time a species of military control over the districts into which England was divided. He was also a member of Cromwell's House of Lords. He attained such distinction by his military and civic qualifications, that his name was sometimes mentioned prospectively in connection with the highest honors of the empire. These distinguished "Regicides" arrived at Boston in July, 1660, in the same ship which brought the news of "the ever blessed Restoration," under the ever infamous Charles II. Nevertheless they were kindly received by Gov. Endicott, by the clergy, and by the people generally, and resided at Cambridge until the next February. "As they became personally known, they were greatly respected for their piety as well as their talents and intelligence." "In November the act of indemnity arrived, which secured all, with certain exceptions, against being called in question for any thing which they had done against the government since the beginning of the civil wars; and it appeared that these three men, with many others, were excepted from the general pardon. Still, however, compassion and friendship pre-



The infliction of capital punishment upon the King did not become, as many had predicted, the signal of renewed civil commotion. A few even of the friends of the Revolution, had opposed this measure from dread of its exciting the popular sympathy in favor of the King, and occasioning an insurrection. But the men who resolved to perform this painful though inevitable duty, had better read the temper of the nation and calculated aright the effect which would be produced upon the public mind by unfaltering decision and righteous boldness in bringing the great offender to justice "in the sight of the Sun." "No one will stir," said Cromwell. And, sure enough, no one did "stir." The protracted, open trial; the execution in the presence of assembled thousands; the exposure of the body to the public view for many

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vented the government of Massachusetts from taking any measures to arrest them. On the 22d of Feb., 1661, the Governor called his council together to consult about seizing them; but the council, not having received any special order on that subject, refused to do any thing. Four days after this, the two Regicide Judges, foreseeing that a warrant or order for their arrest must soon arrive from England, and that Gov. Endicott and their other friends there would in that case be unable to protect them, left Cambridge, and passing through Hartford, where they were hospitably received by Gov. Winthrop, arrived at New Haven on the 7th of March. Almost immediately after their leaving Cambridge, and before they had reached New Haven, the King's proclamation, denouncing them as convicted traitors, was received at Boston; and thereupon a warrant was issued by the government there, and a search was made at Springfield and other places where they were sure not to find them." Meanwhile the great and good Davenport, who had now been the pastor of the church at New Haven about twenty-three years, (i. e. from the time of its organization) had taken so deep an interest in the illustrious strangers as to preach a series of sermons with the view of preparing the community to entertain and defend them. The founders of New Haven needed, however, but little prompting from their high-souled pastor to lead them to protect and aid, to the extent of their ability, such men. "At first 'the Colonels,' as they were commonly called, showed themselves there openly as they had done at Boston; so that their persons, their danger and the part they had acted, were well known to the whole community." "After some twenty days, the news of the King's proclamation against them having arrived, they were under the necessity of concealing themselves." Their concealment in the house of Mr. Davenport, then in that of the late Gov. Eaton, afterwards in the cave of West Rock, and finally in the house of Mr. Russell, the minister of Hadley, in Mass.; their hairbreadth escapes, their magnanimous readiness to deliver themselves up to their pursuers rather than permit their friends to come into peril; and the failure of the wrath of the King and of the offer of pecuniary reward to induce the people, either in Mass. or Conn., earnestly to pursue or betray them, are parts of an interesting chapter of history, that shows pretty clearly which way the heart of New England was beating in relation to the trial and execution of Charles I. Says Dr. Bacon (alluding to the abode of "the Judges" in the cave of West Rock) "The munition of rocks that sheltered the fugitives when they were chased into the dens and caves of the earth, is a monument more eloquent than arch or obelisk. Till the mountains shall melt, let it bear the inscription, "Opposition to TYRANTS, is Obedience to God."

Under the influence of a rising *American* literature, it is to be hoped that few writers in this country will feel tempted to revile those friends of liberty, whom the founders of our Democratic Republican institutions delighted to honor. All here who shall adopt the sneering puerilities of Blackwood's Magazine, or echo the slang and ribaldry of other publications devoted to the work of denouncing free institutions, and abusing their friends, will be likely to find out before long, that infamy cannot be made to stick to such men as the English Tyranicides—and that it belongs and will adhere to those, rather, who attempt to blacken their memory.



days at Whitehall; the solemn pomp of the funeral procession; and the burial at Windsor Castle, in St. George's Chapel, near the resting place of the proudest of the Tudors, while illustrating the magnanimous spirit of those who adjudged the King, passed off with wonderful order and quietness. Thus ended the second of the Civil Wars of the first and great English Revolution—and a calm, such as had not been enjoyed for many years, came over the troubled realm. The Executive authority was now vested in a Council of forty-one persons. Of this Council, Hon. John Bradshaw was President; and Cromwell, Fairfax, Vane the Younger, and other distinguished men, were members. England, with all her dependencies, was proclaimed a Commonwealth or Free State, without King or House of Lords, and to be governed by "the Representatives of the people in Parliament, and by such as they should appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the people."

The only alarming attempt, for many months, to disturb the public peace, in England, proceeded from a source very unlike to indignation on account of the death of the late King. It originated in the misguided zeal of certain Levellers. Some of these anarchists and destructives were in the army; others were abroad in the community. But their efforts to produce confusion, were promptly baffled by the mingled courage and adroitness, the severity and winning kindness of Cromwell. His genius, energy, and great personal influence, which, during the late struggle, had been so efficacious, in wedding Liberty to Power, and causing Justice and Force to embrace each other, were now illustriously exercised in allying Liberty to Order, and saving the nation from the evils of anarchy. In Ireland, hostilities long since commenced, were merely continued; and in Scotland the embers of strife, already in a glow, were only preparing for a conflagration which *any* mode of ridding the English nation of Charles Stuart would have enkindled. New England hailed with joy the rising sun of the Commonwealth, and the other colonies, with scarcely an exception, beheld it with no strong aversion. Nor did the monarchs of Europe, alarmed and indignant at this example of calling a King to account, go to war with the Regicide Commonwealth.\* Almost every where the government of England was treated with a respect, which had rarely been accorded in the days of her most energetic and powerful princes.

Before proceeding further with this sketch of Cromwell's public life, permit me to pause for a moment and advert to those qualities of this extraordinary man, which, though constituting a most interesting and important part of his character, were necessarily concealed in a great degree from the world. To do him justice, we must see him, not in

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\*Clarendon speaks, with indignation, of the neglect of those Crowned Heads to "Vindicate the royal blood thus wickedly spilt." "Alas," says he, "there was not a murmur amongst any of them at it." And he relates how Cardinal Mazarin, (then the actual ruler of France) the King of Spain, the reigning Queen of Sweden, and the Governor of Flanders, "made haste and sent over that they might get shares in the spoils of the murdered monarch;" and mentions the "great joy and pomp" with which Cromwell's Ambassador was received at the court of Sweden, and an alliance formed with the English.—G. R.—VI, 242.

profile, but with a view so direct and full, that we can gaze, at once, upon all the grouped and blended lineaments of the entire man.—Those qualities, which he was called to exhibit upon the great stage of public action—his rapid and inflexible decision; his never daunted courage; his prompt and unerring perception in every emergency of the practicable and the expedient; all combined with the invincible force of an overpowering impetuosity, arrest the attention of the most superficial reader, and are upon every tongue. But these did, by no means, make up the whole of a combination of characteristics, wonderfully manifold and various, yet admirably harmonized and blended; in which, the attributes of terrible energy, keen discernment, practical sense, and unshrinking justice, were felicitously balanced with strong natural affection, largeness of heart, tenderness of spirit, and evangelical humility. In this rare combination, those more stern and awe-inspiring qualities, which strike the superficial or prejudiced beholder as occupying the whole field of his mind, and imparting to it a character terribly rugged and unlovely, may perhaps be likened to the more majestic and awful objects visible in a magnificent tropical landscape, where pastures clothed with flocks and valleys bathed in golden sunshine, and adorned and fragrant with an endless and crowded succession of flowers and fruits, in every part of the year, are overlooked by giant hills which ascend on high to give the cloudy pavilion of the God of Thunder a resting place; by frowning summits far away, which the Almighty hath touched, and they smoke; and by many an aspiring peak that wears the spotless diadem of eternal snow. In Cromwell the tremendous energy and sternness of the Great General, before whom, opposing commanders, long familiar with war, turned pale and seemed bereft of their senses; and in whose presence mutinous levellers threw down their arms and trembled as if a destroying angel had stood suddenly revealed to their view; the firmness of the Revolutionary Statesman and Magistrate, that seemed enthroned as on a granite mountain, amid the surging sea of human passions and interests, laughing at danger and opposition, and looking forth upon the irreclaimable enemies of righteousness with the unmitigated terrors of law and the relentlessness of doom, were really blended with all the tender and amiable qualities of the man of deep feeling, used to rejoice with those who rejoice and to weep with those who weep; full of the affectionate solicitude of the kind husband, father and friend; and, withal, humble and confiding as a little child before God. There was, in truth, to borrow a homely but expressive phrase, “more of him” than constitutes the sum total of most, distinguished men. Hence, to see him as he was, we need to stop here and there in the course of his public history to contemplate him in the relations of domestic and private life,—to observe him amid all the gloomy cares and bustle and hurry of war, and the weighty responsibilities and pressing engagements of his Parliamentary and Protectoral life, writing those affectionate, timely, excellent letters to his wife, his children, and other dear friends, which exhibit in every line his cheerful trust in Divine Providence, and his desire that they should possess, as of

more value than all things earthly, a good hope in Christ. It should be remarked that his tender and devotional feelings were not overborne or suppressed, even in circumstances the most indurating, nor in the days of his greatest activity and of his most brilliant triumphs. It was after all the exasperating occurrences of four years of civil war, that, having been present at an interview between the wretched Charles and his children, he declared that it was "the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld," and wept plenteously when describing it.\* It was when on his way to Ireland to suppress the Rebellion of dreadful fame, that he wrote† to the newly wedded wife of his son Richard. "My Dear Daughter," said the great Lord Lieutenant, whose moments were now exceedingly precious, "Your letter was very welcome to me.—I like to see any thing from your hand; because I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to you. I desire you both to *make it above all things your business to seek the Lord*: to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest himself to you in His Son; and be listening to what returns He makes to you: for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart if you attend thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life and outward business, let that be upon the bye. *Be above all these things by faith in Christ*; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them—not otherwise." It was on the day after his brilliant victory at Dunbar, that the mighty Lord General said in a letter to his wife:‡ "My Dearest—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that, in many of thy letters, thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly if I love thee not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice. The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy:—who can tell how great it is! I have been, in my inward man, marvellously supported: though I assure thee I grow an old man and feel the infirmities of age stealing marvellously upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease. Pray on my behalf, in the latter respect." On the same day in a letter to his loving brother [in-law] Richard Mayor Esq., he said in allusion to the victory: "Good Sir, Give God all the glory; and stir up all yours and all about you to do so." And it was only a few days after his "crowning mercy" of Worcester, the grand triumph by which the last cloud of domestic war which frowned on the Commonwealth in his day was dispersed, and all eyes were turned to him as England's "chief of men," that he said in a letter§ to the Rev. John Cotton, Pastor of the Church at Boston, "I am a poor,

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\*Keightley—Vol. II, 166.

†From Aboard the John, Aug. 13th, 1649.

‡Dunbar, Sept. 4th, 1650.

§This letter—the 125th in Carlyle's Collection, and dated at London, Oct. 2d, 1651—is worthy, in all its parts, of an attentive perusal. The first paragraph implies that this venerated New England Pastor had written Oliver a letter containing—among other things—a declaration of the same principles on which he and his co-adjutors had recently been acting in the cause of English liberty.



weak creature, not worthy the name of a worm; yet accepted to serve the Lord and his people. Indeed, my dear friend, between you and me, you know not me; my weakness, my inordinate passions, my unskillfulness and every way unfitness to my work. Yet the Lord who will have mercy on whom he will, does as you see! Pray for me." Such sentiments of kindness, of gratitude and devotion to God, and of self-abasement, exhibited thus on occasions the most unpropitious for the vigorous development of such virtues, and in a private correspondence with his most intimate and trusted friends, are certainly very remarkable, and deserve the attention of all persons who still think that his professions of piety were hypocritical.\* It would be easy to present other illustrations of Cromwell's religious character quite as apposite as these, which have not been carefully selected, but taken almost at random from a collection of private letters, all written in the same spirit. But from this delightful view of his private life, I seem to be summoned away by voices asking, "Yet was he not guilty of dreadful atrocities in Ireland?"

In regard to Cromwell's proceedings in Ireland, I desire to say nothing unwarranted by historical verity and candor. Some of his ablest maligners have acknowledged that he was not of a cruel disposition—that he was not a man of blood.†

His vindication from the charge of "atrocious cruelty" in this instance, requires nothing more than a clear and fair statement of the OCCASION of his severity—of its actual DEGREE—of its MOTIVE and its RESULT.

Let it be observed, then, first, that Cromwell was not sent into Ireland to make war with an independent State, but to put down a REBELLION. Nor could the rebellion which he was commissioned to suppress, be classed with ordinary insurrections against Public Authority. It had originated in a dark and cruel conspiracy, aiming at the utter extinction of the Protestant Religion, and the total overthrow of the English authority in the Island, by the surprisal on a given day (Oct. 23d, 1641) of the Castle of Dublin, and a simultaneous attack upon the unsuspecting English in all their scattered settlements throughout

\*In the April No. of Blackwood's Edinburgh (Tory) Magazine (1847) is a review of Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell"—rather flippant and ill-natured of course, but showing that these letters and speeches are shedding a light not altogether pleasant to the illiberal defamers of the great Puritan Hero and Statesman. In this review is the following admission:

"If there is any one who still believes that Cromwell was a thorough hypocrite, that his religion was a systematic feint to cover his ambitious designs, the perusal of these volumes will thoroughly undeceive him. We look upon this hypothesis, this Machiavelian explanation of Cromwell's character, as henceforth entirely dismissed from all candid and intelligent minds."—The writer views Oliver rather as a fanatic or enthusiast. Hence we may thank him for another admission. "But this is evident, that to whatever extent Cromwell shared the distempered feelings of a sectarian party, nothing ever clouded his penetration upon any affair of conduct, any question of means to an end. The hour never came that found him wanting. At every phase of the Revolution he is there to lead or control or predominate over it." Clarendon had long ago conceded that Cromwell could not have achieved what he did "without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution."—"The fanaticism of Cromwell," says Macaulay, "never urged him on impracticable undertakings, or confused his perception of the public good." In view of all the facts, the world will probably soon come to the sensible conclusion that Cromwell was a very honest "Hypocrite," and an exceedingly wise, cool-headed "Fanatic!"

†E. G. Clarendon, Hume, and Keightley.



the provinces. And although the plot had been divulged at Dublin in season to frustrate the design of the conspirators in reference to that city, yet on the appointed day, this rebellion, conceived in the darkest treachery, was brought forth in the barbarous and perfidious massacre—without respect to age, sex, or condition—of many thousands of persons who had been wholly unsuspecting of their danger. From that day of undistinguishing slaughter, attended by horrible atrocities, often worse than death, to the time of Cromwell's arrival, the rebellion had proceeded with a wild, superstitious, and inhuman barbarity, of which Carlyle's terrible description is one of the most truthful :

"Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, \* \* has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery, blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture ; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness ; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with. \* \* Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces; black controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long ; incurable and very dim to us : till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven's lightning descending liquid on it, we have a clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time." The treacheries and cruelties of this Rebellion, even more than its avowed purpose, had made it for eight years, the subject of general and loud execration. The odium of conniving at it, or even of apologising for it, had been such as no party in the State could encounter without political annihilation.\* The King and his adherents in England and Scotland had endeavored to escape this odium by repeatedly denouncing the insurgents as bloody traitors, deserving punishment for their crimes ; and had professed, all along, to concur in the sentiment that it vitally concerned "the honor of the English nation" to subdue "this horrid rebellion." But, pending the efforts of the King to establish a despotism in England—efforts which ceased only with his life—he had betrayed, more and more, an unwillingness to pursue vigorous measures for quelling the insurrection, and indulged a disposition, as discomfiture and ruin threw their gloom over his prospects, to court the favor of these bloody insurgents, and to accept their infamous services against the cause of English liberty as an atonement for their past treacheries and murders, and as the price of impunity and even of increased favor for their continued rebellion against the existing POWERS of the STATE. The darkest chapter in

\* Hence the pains of Clarendon to show that the King and his party detested the insurgents. In vol. II, p. 528 of his "Grand Rebellion," he represents Charles as styling them "bloody traitors," and says in vol. V, p. 59, that "any thing of grace towards the Irish rebels was [in 1644, when the first civil war had been in progress two years] as ungracious at Oxford [the King's head quarters] as it was at London," and that "the whole kingdom had a great detestation of them." Not only so, but, in vol. VII, p. 226, after mentioning the course pursued towards them by Cromwell, and greatly exaggerating the severity of the treatment which they had received at his hands, he adds : "All this was the more extraordinary, in that it was without the pity of any ; ALL THE WORLD LOOKING UPON THEM AS DESERVING THE FATE THEY UNDERWENT."

For the facts of the Irish Rebellion and Massacre, the inquiring reader is referred also to Milton's *Eikonoklastes* and *Observations on the Articles of Peace between the Earl of Ormond and the Irish*, as well as to Hume, Keightley, and Carlyle.

the history of the dark intrigues of this perfidious prince, is, perhaps, the chapter which tells us of his secret plotting with the leaders of these openly denounced "bloody traitors" at the very time when, in a public negotiation of peace with the commissioners of Parliament, he was making fair promises and liberal concessions to the English patriots, and, in his communications with the Scottish Covenanters, was professing his readiness to extirpate heresy and give no quarter to popery. Undoubtedly this arrangement for employing the insurgent Irish against the RIGHTS, LIBERTIES, and MAJESTY of the People of England, was not only nefarious and disgraceful, but TREASONABLE. The King's death, by which order and quietness were restored in England, did not prevent some of the more desperate and determined of his party from co-operating with these rebels, and giving to the Irish Rebellion, already crimson with treachery and blood, an additional hue of guilt and infamy, by their treason. Ormond and his British royalists could not sanctify this horrid Rebellion by joining with the actors in it, and endeavoring to wield its terrible elements in opposition to the Supreme Authority of the Commonwealth, and to the rights of the English Nation; they could only render it the more formidable, and the necessity and propriety of employing the most energetic and decisive measures for its suppression the more manifest and imperative.

The insurgents and their allies were in possession of all the important places in the island except Dublin & Derry, when (in August, 1649) Cromwell, with a strong detachment from that noble army which had won the victories of freedom in England, was sent thither to WIELD THE SWORD OF JUSTICE AND PUT AN END TO THE REBELLION.

There is reason to believe that it was with reluctance, he entered upon a service involving duties so difficult and painful. But that he went fully convinced that he was acting with the approbation of God and of good men, there can be no reasonable doubt.\*

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\* It is not necessary to suppose that he was *misled* by acting under the influence of "THE OLD COVENANT" instead of the New. It is not in the Old Testament only, that the existence and authority of Civil Government are approvingly recognized, and the duties of the Executive Officer of the Law defined. Not in the Pentateuch, but in the Ep. to the Rom., XIII, 3, 4, we are told that "Rulers [such as God approves] are not a terror to good works, but to evil"—that as one part of the duty of the ruler is to protect the good, so the other is to punish the guilty.—And it is distinctly declared, "If thou do that which is evil, [e. g. if thou art guilty of conspiracy, insurrection and murder, or of treason against the Supreme Authority of the State,] be afraid; for he [who is appointed to do justice and establish order,] BEARETH NOT THE SWORD IN VAIN: for he is the MINISTER of God, a revenger [vindicator of justice] to execute wrath [punishment] upon him that doeth evil." See also 1 Pet., II, 14.

Cromwell went into Ireland not to revenge injuries which he had received as a PRIVATE person, nor to persecute people of another creed on account of their OPINIONS. He proceeded in a Public Capacity—commissioned to bear the sword and bear it not in vain—to wield it so as, in the speediest manner, and with the least sacrifice of life and infliction of suffering in the long run, to subdue those "bloody traitors," and restore order in the island. Undoubtedly if in the performance of this public service he inflicted suffering from *delight* in the miseries or even from *indifference* to the woes of others, he was chargeable, even in his official capacity, with cruelty. But if he aimed merely to render the sword terrible to evil doers, and, according to the best of his judgment subdued the Rebellion by the least practicable effusion of blood, he ought not to be blamed, but praised for his exercise of a needful and salutary severity: and to quote against him those precepts of our Savior's Sermon on the Mount, which were intended—not to palsy the arm of the sword-bearing Officer of State,—but to check the spirit of private revenge, is unscriptural and absurd. It is to make the New Testament contradict itself; and to countenance the semi-infidel teachings of NON-RESISTANTS and NO-GOVERNMENT MEN. In relation to the duties of magistrates, or the officers of the Civil Government, the Old Covenant and the New, are in perfect harmony.

Let us now enquire what was the actual DEGREE of severity, which he exercised in dissolving the nefarious coalition between British traitors and the Irish insurgents—in subduing one of the most atrocious rebellions on record.

At Drogheda—according to his uniform practice in this war—he “endeavored to avoid the effusion of blood” by first proposing “such terms” of capitulation “as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered; this being HIS PRINCIPLE, that the people and places where he came, *might not suffer, EXCEPT THROUGH THEIR OWN WILLFULNESS.*” \* His offer, in the circumstances, so humane, having been rejected, he proceeded with characteristic energy, boldness and skill, to take the place in spite of strong fortifications and a powerful garrison. A portion of the wall, having on the second day, yielded to his batteries, he ordered an assault to be made; which was unsuccessful; and then, rallying his troops, he led them on in person, and forthwith carried a large part of the town by storm.—Entering thus into a place wickedly held by rebels and traitors, in defiance of the Supreme Power of the State, what did he do? It has sometimes been slanderously or ignorantly asserted that even women and children were by his orders, put to death. But his commands, instead of authorizing any such atrocity, virtually forbade it. Listen to what he says in his Dispatch, addressed to the Speaker of Parliament: “Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount; a place very strong and of difficult access. \* \* \* The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable OFFICERS being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put THEM all to the sword.—And, indeed, *being in the heat of action*, I forbade them to spare any that were IN ARMS in the town: and I think that night [it was about 5 o’clock P. M. when the first attempt to storm the town was made] they put to the sword about 2,000 MEN; divers of the OFFICERS and SOLDIERS being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter’s Church-steeple, some West Gate, and others a strong, round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday’s. THESE BEING SUMMONED TO YIELD TO MERCY [mark this fact] REFUSED. Whereupon [i. e. amid all the hurry and tremendous excitement of such an hour, and the provocation of such a refusal to accept of “mercy,”] I ordered the Steeple of St. Peter’s Church to be fired, when one of them [as if to show what blasphemous desperadoes they were,] was heard to say in the midst of the flames: ‘God damn me; God confound me;—I burn, I burn.’ The next day the other two towers were summoned, in one of which there were about six or seven score; but they refused to yield themselves [quarter being offered]: and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their conditions, THEY KILLED AND WOUNDED SOME OF OUR MEN. When they submitted, their officers [as a penalty for killing and wounding our men after our offer of quarter] were knocked on the head, and every

\* See his 73d Letter, and also the 71st in Carlyle’s collection.



tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the OTHER Tower [not being in like manner guilty of killing or wounding our men] were all spared as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes." Cromwell has often been accused of sending some of the Irish people into *Slavery*; and it has also been asserted that he afterwards caused certain Englishmen to be disposed of in the same way. These statements are calculated to produce, in the present age, a very false and injurious impression. The practice of *banishing* or *transporting* persons found guilty of disturbing the peace, was not discontinued by the British Government at the death of the great Protector, as certain citizens of this country, recently returned from Van Dieman's Land, can testify. Yet this is the "Slavery" into which those persons were sent. "This Slavery," says Macaulay, "was merely the compulsory labor to which every transported convict is liable. Nobody acquainted with the language of the last century, can be ignorant that such convicts were generally termed slaves;—until discussions about another species of Slavery far more miserable, and altogether unmerited, rendered the word too odious to be applied even to felons of English origin. These persons enjoyed the protection of law during the term of their service. \* \* The punishment of transportation has been inflicted by almost every government that England has ever had, for political offences. After Monmouth's insurrection [in 1685], and after the rebellions in 1715 and 1745, great numbers of persons were sent to America. These considerations ought, we think, to free Cromwell from the imputation of having inflicted on his enemies any punishment which, in itself, is of a shocking and atrocious character."

In his dispatch Cromwell further declares, "I *believe* [as not having given any order in this matter] all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of; the other was taken in the Round Tower under the repute [guise] of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar; but that did not save him."

In estimating the character of this proceeding, it should be borne in mind that these "friars," taken here in this stronghold of the insurgents, represented a class of men *peculiarly* implicated—as the English People, on no slight evidence, almost universally believed—in the darkest atrocities of the great Conspiracy and Massacre.\*

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\*The number of persons, of different ages, sexes and conditions, slain by the Irish Papists in the Great Massacre could not, from the nature of the case, be definitely ascertained. Clarendon says, "there were 40 or 50,000 of the English Protestants murdered *before they suspected themselves to be in any danger.*" Many more were put to death afterwards. According to Keightley "the number said to have been returned by the priests in Ulster from their parishes down to April, 1642, was 105,000; and Archdeacon Maxwell in his deposition (Aug.



On this point, an appeal may be made to writers, who certainly did not labor to *vindicate* the character of Cromwell. Clarendon who cordially hated the Puritans in general, and Cromwell in particular, speaks emphatically of the efforts of "the clergy and friars" to incense the Irish Papists against the Protestants. Hume too, on the testimony of Sir John Temple, a resident of the Island in those days, and in a position to obtain the best information on the subject, remarks that "the English as heretics, abhorred of God and detestable to all holy men, were marked out by *the priests* for slaughter." And Keightley, speaking of the ferocity of the insurgents, declares that they were "too well instructed by their *priests* in the sinfulness of showing mercy to heretics."

The clemency of "the soldiers"—for there is no evidence that Cromwell had any agency in putting the friars to death—must have been far in advance of the universal feeling of the age to have shown mercy on this occasion, to so cruel and detestable a class of the insurgents. The Puritan victors, it should be remembered, lived not in an age of Peace Societies, and of a widely diffused and abounding charity. Though, as touching the principles and practice of toleration, they were, by a long interval, before their own age, yet they had not risen wholly above its imbittering influences.

The days in which they were called to act, were the days of slaughter-breathing Papal leagues and of counter alliances, of the baleful tragedies and enormities of the Thirty-Years War, of the Irish and Piedmontese Massacres. Then the atrocities of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands, and the horrors of St. Bartholomew's eve in France, together with the shouts of exultation with which those horrors were celebrated in various parts of Catholic Europe and even by Pope Gregory XIII in a solemn procession to San Luigi,† were fresh in the remembrance of all men, and raining their

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22, 1642,) stated that there were "above 154,000 now wanting within the precinct of Ulster. [Milton also mentions this as the reported number in that single precinct.] THE GENERAL IMPRESSION IN ENGLAND, WAS, THAT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER 200,000 PROTESTANTS PERISHED IN THIS REBELLION." Sir J. Temple, says in his History of the Irish Rebellion: "The Catholics burnt the houses of the Protestants, turned them out naked in the winter, and drove them like herds of swine before them. If ashamed of their nudity, and desirous of seeking shelter from the rigor of a remarkably severe season, these unhappy wretches took refuge in a barn, and concealed themselves under the straw---the rebels instantly set fire to it and burned them alive. Husbands were cut to pieces in the presence of their wives; wives and virgins were abused in the sight of their nearest relations; and infants of seven or eight years, were hung before the eyes of their parents. Nay, the Irish even went so far as to teach their own children to strip and kill the children of the English and dash out their brains against the stones. Numbers of Protestants were buried alive. An Irish PRIEST named MacOdeghan, captured forty or fifty Protestants, and persuaded them to abjure their religion on a promise of quarter; after their abjuration he asked them if they believed that Jesus Christ was bodily present in the host, and that the Pope was the head of the Church. And on their replying in the affirmative, he said, "now then you are in a very good faith," and for fear they should relapse into heresy, cut all their throats."

†Ranke's History of the Popes I, 344.

alarming and exasperating influences upon Protestant Christendom.

In these days of quiet security from persecuting violence, it is much easier to feel charitable towards Papists than it was in that period when the very existence of Protestantism seemed often to be threatened by frightful plots and formidable coalitions. It may indeed be questioned whether the loquacious charity which now flip-pantly sneers at the short-comings of the most tolerant men of that less favored age, is very praiseworthy. The splendor of Puritan *virtues* which have given England and our own happy country so large a measure of liberty and liberality of sentiment, is what makes Puritan *faults* visible to many who but for the conscientiousness, courage, and charity of those noble Pioneers of Freedom, would now be sitting in bondage to civil and ecclesiastical despots. It should be observed, however, that the stormers of Drogheda put the "friars" to death, not because they regarded them as HERETICS, but TRAITORS chargeable with the instigation of murderous rebellion. It has sometimes been said, that some of the persons slain at Drogheda, were Englishmen. Be it so. What were these Englishmen doing *there*? For the sake of overthrowing the liberties of England, they were now in close alliance with the blood-stained insurgents whom the whole British world had declared it a clear duty to punish for their horrid cruelties. They had thus become *participes criminis* in the rebellion, and deserved the doom of traitors, offending in circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

Forster, with the disingenuous malignity which marks his "Life" of Cromwell throughout, asks in allusion to the massacres committed by the Irish, "Had infants or women done this?" for says he "infants and women perished now in Drogheda." It is not indeed impossible that during the cannonade or storm, infants and women were accidentally killed, for such casualties are among the fearful liabilities of towns captured in war however humanely conducted. But there is not a particle of direct reliable evidence, that women or infants "perished now at Drogheda" in any way; and if they did, their death was uncommanded and undesired by Cromwell, and contrary, as we have seen, to his order which by specifying those that were "*in arms*," forbade the slaying of any that were not in arms. In his dispatches there is no mention whatever, of any killed, but "the defendants" of the place, unless we except the friars: and how many of these were not found in arms, is uncertain. One of them at least was taken in "the guise of a Lieutenant."

In his first dispatch relative to Drogheda, written in evident haste and very brief, Cromwell says, "The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. \* \* Being thus entered [i. e. by storm and in spite of "a stout resistance"] we ["being" as he says in his next and fuller dispatch "in the heat of action"] refused them quarter, having the day before summoned the town [with the offer of mercy.] I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the DEFENDANTS. I do not think thirty of the whole number [of the defendants] es-

caped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes." "I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the enemy said that he was the only man that escaped of all the garrison." But in his second and more accurate dispatch, he declares that more than a hundred of the soldiers in one tower, and all the soldiers in another tower—the number not stated—were spared as to their lives.

Such precisely was the severity exercised by Cromwell at Drogheda—inflicted not upon helpless women and children, nor upon inoffensive ministers of Religion, but upon traitors in arms, or the contrivers and abettors of insurrection, massacre, and desolating rebellion, after they had rejected repeated offers of mercy. I have quoted the very paragraphs of his dispatches in which not only the whole *amount*, but the most dreadful *particulars* of the entire affair, are—as his defamers admit—stated without disguise.

His conduct here, as well as elsewhere in the Irish campaign, has usually been grossly misrepresented in many important particulars. His dispatches, written amid the hurry and din of war, have not been treated with common candor, even by some authors professedly friendly.

For example, he has sometimes been represented as saying that, on the day *after* the place was taken, nearly one thousand persons not in arms were slaughtered, all in cold blood. While it is perfectly obvious, on a careful perusal of the whole document, that he meant no such thing. Having spoken of certain wrongs which, only a few days before had been inflicted upon some Protestants at *St. Peter's Church*—the steeple of which he ordered to be fired on *the night* of the storm—he mentions it, while moralizing on the events which he had before described, as a remarkable incident, that nearly one thousand of them (of those who were put to the sword, amid the excitement and confusion which immediately ensued, after his entrance into the town,) were slain in that "very place," "fleeing thither for safety."

Sometimes, too, writers who profess to refer to his statements, undertake to maintain against him, the charge of cold-blooded cruelty by painting the horrors of a slaughter kept up during "*several days*;" although, for such a representation, there is no shadow of ground either in his dispatches or in the circumstances of the case. The whole number of the slain, was less than 3,000. Of this number, many must have fallen in the struggle to prevent his entrance: immediately after this, 2,000 more, including of course nearly all the *surviving* "defendants" were put to the sword. The slaughter was indeed terrible. But it was not *cold-blooded*. It was not continued through "several days" nor one whole day. It lasted at most but a few hours. It was over "that night." The only shadow of an exception to this remark relates to, at most, some ten or twelve officers, the two friars, and twelve or fourteen soldiers found in the



towers the *next* day; more than a hundred and possibly two hundred, soldiers taken at the same time being spared. Any who may have doubts on this or any other point which has come under review touching the bloodshed at Drogheda, are referred to Cromwell's two dispatches, the seventieth and seventy-first Letters in Carlyle's collection. These were written when the state of public feeling throughout Great Britain was such that he had reason to expect applause rather than censure for the resistless energy and terrible severity with which he had smitten the stronghold of the detested insurgents. He concealed nothing but his own heroic daring in leading his troops to the assault, and stated the very worst particulars in bold relief. In reading these dispatches it is but candid to allow him to explain his own meaning. When, for example, he says, in his first, short, hasty letter, "I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of THIS to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this *mercy* belongs," let us inquire what *his* mind reverts to as "this mercy." Is it the greatness of the *slaughter*—the *quantity of blood* which has flowed? What he immediately adds respecting the "inconsiderableness of the instruments"—the smallness of the force with which he had taken a place so powerfully garrisoned—would alone make it manifest that he means *his astonishing success*—his great and decisive *victory* which is likely to hasten the war to a close. But let him give his own interpretation which we find in the parallel passage in his second dispatch. "And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon of our hearts, that a great thing should be done, not by power or might but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the enemy courage and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success. And THEREFORE it is good that *God alone have all the glory*."

Undoubtedly the great Puritan with his eye on certain very perspicuous passages in Holy Writ,\* believed fully and earnestly in the reality of God's Providence and was ever ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Divine favor for all his success. In this he was constant and withal impartial; for he was prompt to ascribe any transient courage or success of his enemies to the same Overruling Agency to which he rendered all the glory of his own victories. It should not be forgotten, that with him war was no *professional* business—no affair of "covering himself with glory," no game of tilting with blunted lances and muffled swords, or of killing men a-la-mode. It was only for the maintenance of rights dearer than many lives, or for the suppression and prevention of evils more dreadful even than the miseries of war, that he was ever willing to appeal to the sword. If he went to war, it was only against those whose wrongdoing was so heinous and so palpable as to justify his bearing the

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\*E, G. Dan. IV, 35; Eccl, IX, 11; and Mat. X, 22.

sword against them in dread earnest; it was only when war would be a true manifestation of public justice. Hence in every struggle, he looked to the God of battles for victory; and when it was achieved he was thankful to the Great Disposer—not for the quantity of blood spilt—not for the amount of misery inflicted—but for the success granted him: No doubt he rejoiced at the issue of his battles in proportion to their *decisiveness*—their tendency to hasten the day of safe, righteous, and durable peace. But, in this, did he sin above the best of his coteremporaries? or above the Christian patriots of our Revolution?

Even the present generation of Englishmen—though standing on that lofty pinnacle of Christian civilization to which they have risen amid the illuminating influences of this glorious Nineteenth Century, may with great propriety make some charitable allowance for the *barbarous fanaticism*, exhibited in the military dispatches, and thanksgivings of men who lived two centuries ago. In our own day, a hundred and ninety-seven years after the fall of Drogheda, occurred the slaughter of the Sikhs in Northern India. On this occasion “the Primate of all England” saw fit to compose a form of Prayer and Thanksgiving to be read on Easter Sunday in all the churches of the land, to commemorate the success which the Almighty had there granted to the British arms, and “the spirit of *moderation and mercy*” there exhibited by the victors. “We bless Thee O Merciful Lord”—so the Arch-Bishop indites—“for having brought to a *speedy* and prosperous issue, a war to which *no occasion* had been given by injustice on *our part* or apprehension of injury at our hands. *To Thee O Lord we ascribe the glory*. It was *THY* wisdom which guided the counsel. Thy power which strengthened the hands of those whom it pleased Thee to use as *thy instruments* in the discomfiture of the lawless aggressor, and the prostration of his ambitious designs. From Thee *alone cometh the victory* and the spirit of *moderation and mercy* in the day of success.” How the war was brought to a “speedy” issue, and how “the spirit of moderation and mercy” was really signalized in “the day of success” may be seen in the history of the principal victory. “This battle began at six, and was over at eleven o’clock; the hand-to-hand combat commenced at nine and lasted scarcely two hours. *The river was full of sinking men*. For two hours, battery after battery, *was poured in upon the human mass*—the stream being *literally red with blood and covered with the bodies of the slain*. At last the musket ammunition becoming exhausted, the infantry fell to the rear, the horse artillery plying grape till not a man was visible within range. No COMPASSION was felt OR MERCY SHOWN.”

I willingly admit that the case of the English Prelate in the year 1846, far removed from all exasperating or exciting influences, and preparing, amid the hallowed quietness of Lambeth, such a form of Prayer and Thanksgiving on such an occasion, is not very closely parallel, in some respects, to that of the Puritan commander in the

year 1649, writing amid the fire and smoke and thunder of hurrying war, his straight-forward, earnest, but hasty dispatches and giving God all the glory of his success in dealing a death blow to the Irish Rebellion. For Cromwell is entitled to the *benefit* of all the principal points of difference between the two cases. Yet I wish to say most distinctly, that I deem it uncandid to attribute to the Archbishop and to the great body of English churchmen, a disposition to rejoice at the *massacre*—as such—of many thousands of their fellow men. Other aspects of the victory than its blood and misery, doubtless occupied their thoughts. But those whose conduct, in this age of Christianity and of "*human progress*," stands in so much need of mild construction, ought to look more gently than some of them do, upon the thanksgivings of Cromwell, and even of his "fanatical" chaplain Hugh Peters. I have no desire to cover up or to extenuate any of the terrors of Drogheda. But I do protest against the defamatory extravagance of writers who, after omitting to mention his repeated offers of quarter; after giving with the strongest coloring, all the most revolting particulars of the slaughter aggravated by gross distortion as to *time* and *circumstances*; and even after presenting various enormities wholly fictitious, tell us that they "*forbear*" to exhibit more than "the outlines of the horrid scene." from fear that the details would injuriously affect the nerves of their readers, or per chance "freeze their blood"!

Undoubtedly Cromwell's actual severity on this occasion was great—dreadful beyond what we find in any other part of *his* history.\* But was it therefore cruel—atrocious? It can not be denied that dreadful evils sometimes justify, because they require dreadful remedies. As the humane surgeon is often obliged to perform opera-

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\*The *real* conduct of Cromwell and his Ironsides at Drogheda, was mercy itself, when compared with the indiscriminating and brutal savagery which had been practiced repeatedly by the Irish leaders in this Rebellion; or when compared with the horrible slaughter, and lustful abuse and conflagration, inflicted upon the populous and beautiful city of Magdeburgh (May 10, 1631,) by the Roman Catholic commanders Tilly and Pappenheim, to say nothing of other examples of cruelty abounding in that age. See "Schiller's Thirty-Years War." When D'Aubigne speaks of Cromwell's severity here, as greater "than had ever, perhaps, been exercised by the Pagan leaders of antiquity" he betrays either a very hasty examination of what the Puritan commander actually did, or an astonishing forgetfulness of some very notorious facts in ancient history. Not to mention other instances of severity exercised by the Pagan generals of antiquity, take the conduct of Alexander the Great at Tyre, then the commercial queen of the East, a city which owed him no obedience, and which up to the time when he demanded its surrender, had never given him or the Greeks the slightest provocation. On entering the city—in spite of a desperate resistance—he "gave orders for killing *all the inhabitants*, those excepted, who had sheltered themselves in the temples, and to *set fire to every part of Tyre*." \* \* We may judge of the greatness of the slaughter from the number of soldiers who were cut to pieces on the *rampart* (of the city) *only*, who amounted to six thousand [more than twice the whole number actually slain at D.] But Alexander's "anger not being fully appeased he exhibited a scene which appeared dreadful even to the conquerors; for two thousand men remaining, *after the soldiers had been glutted with slaughter*," "he caused them to be *fixed upon crosses along the seashore*." See Rollin or his authorities, Arrian, Q. Curtius &c.



tions which, but for their results, he could not contemplate without a shudder, so the benevolent magistrate or commander wisely solicitous for the general weal of the social body, is sometimes compelled to treat offending and dangerous members, with a severity upon which but for its mingled *justice* and *salutariness*, he could look only with horror. The grounds, the motive, and the tendency of official severity, need all to be considered in estimating the humanity of its author.

Let us now hear the great commander himself—on whom has devolved the painful duty of restoring the diseased and shattered Irish body politic—explain the grounds of his rigor—so far, that is, as it was the result of deliberation. He says in his second dispatch, “I am persuaded that this is a *righteous judgment* of God upon those *barbarous wretches* who have imbrued their hands in *so much innocent blood*”; and that “it will tend to *prevent the effusion of blood for the future*: which are the *satisfactory grounds* to such actions which *otherwise* cannot but *work remorse and regret*.” Not pleasure, then, in the death, or even indifference to the misery of those bloody, obstinate men, but JUSTICE and EXPEDIENCY united, reconciled his mind to such severity. And is there anything wrong in the principle herein implied? The exercise of a *just* rigor towards the *guilty* and *dangerous*, for the protection of the community, is not to be put in the same category with private revenge, nor with the manifest immorality of “doing evil that good may come.” When for the maintenance of law and the protection of life, a magistrate or commander makes the sword of justice terrible to evil doers whether by causing it to smite down individual offenders or to carry death and consternation into the ranks of banded murderers and armed traitors, he does—not wrong, not *moral* evil—but *right* that good may come.

With strong hope that “this bitterness would save much effusion of blood through the goodness of God,” Cromwell soon after appeared before Wexford, a place considerably enriched by commerce and strongly fortified. Recent barbarities committed by its occupants, however irritating, did not prevent his striving to avert from it, the horrors of capture by storm. Still acting on the “principle that the people and places where he came might not suffer except through their own wilfulness,” he first summoned the town to surrender on “terms which might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were offered.” True, exposed as his troops were to the wasting and frightful inclemency of late autumn, and knowing as he did the importance of pressing onward, rapid, terrible, and resistless, from victory to victory, from place to place, till the work of quelling the rebellion was ended, he declared, with characteristic frankness and decision, to the “Commander-in-chief” of the town, who asked him to suspend his operations: “Sir, I am contented to expect your resolution [as to the surrender] by twelve of the clock to-morrow morning. Because *our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons* I cannot agree to a cessation.” He rightly thought that, in the circumstances, no dallying was al-

lowable. He made, as he was bound to make, all haste in the erection of his batteries. But meanwhile he granted, at the Governor's request, a safe conduct for four persons to come and treat with him about the surrender of the town; which safe conduct not having been used as he expected, was revoked. His preparations being completed, the cannonading was commenced on the 10th day after his first summons. After the throwing of about "a hundred shot," the Governor again requested a safe conduct for four persons to go forth and treat with him about yielding up the town, and the favor was granted. Indeed, to the very last, he was ready to receive proposals of submission, and to grant quarter on condition of surrender.

The storm and the slaughter which finally occurred, were to him alike undesirable and unexpected—coming as Carlyle truthfully remarks, "not by forethought," but "by chance of war." This calamity or judgment befell Wexford partly through the insolence and indecision of its defenders, and partly through the impetuosity of the storming host, provoked by an ill-timed resistance, after they had entered the town:—*not through any order given by Cromwell.*

Whilst *he* was preparing an answer to proposals from the besieged, which for "their abominableness," and their exhibition of "the impudency of the men," he transmitted as a curiosity to Parliament, and whilst he was "studying to preserve the town from plunder" the Castle was yielded up to the English. "Upon the top of which," says he, "our men no sooner appeared, but the enemy quitted the walls of the town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the town with their ladders and stormed it. And when they were come into the market place, the *enemy making a stiff resistance*, our forces broke them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boats full of the enemy attempting to escape, being overset with numbers, sank; whereby, were drowned near three hundred of them. I believe, in all, there were lost of the enemy not many less than two thousand; and I believe not twenty of yours from first to last of the seige. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts that WE INTENDING BETTER TO THIS PLACE THAN SO GREAT A RUIN, hoping the town might be of more use to you and the army, yet God would not have it so; but by an unexpected providence, in his righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them, causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier, who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon divers poor Protestants."

Surely, Cromwell ought not to be blamed for bloodshed, which he sought to prevent. And to accuse him of treating the Irish Catholics as the ancient Israelites treated the doomed inhabitants of Canaan,—of making "Drogheda as Jericho," and "Wexford as Ai," and of marching "in grim triumph" slaughtering and pillaging without regard to the age, sex or conduct of the people, is an outrage

upon truth, which writers with the real facts before them, ought never more to countenance.\*

The details in respect to Wexford as well as the orders at Drogheda, show how utterly groundless is such a charge. Besides, there is a fact related even by his enemies, which demonstrates its glaring absurdity. It is, that Cromwell by "paper Proclamation," and with the sternest rigor, prevented every species of depredation upon the people, wherever he was marching or had taken up his quarters ; and such confidence in his equity and ingenuousness, was begotten among the Irish, that they crowded into his camp as to a most inviting market, where sure prices were paid and fair dealing was energetically enforced : so that his army was "much better supplied" says the unfriendly Carte "than any of the Irish armies had ever been."

It remains now to inquire, what was the RESULT of this course of mingled mercy, lofty integrity and tremendous energy. Did his severity to unyielding offenders,—coupled as it was, with the holding out of the Olive-branch to the submissive—shorten the struggle and diminish the bloodshed?

Was it adapted to do this? He thought it was. Did he err in this opinion? Not only such writers as Milton and Carlyle, but Clarendon, Carte, and Hume, testify to the good *fruits* of this policy. The doom of the defenders of Drogheda, and the unexpected, but fearful fate of the men of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of the insurgents, throughout the Island. Cities and fortified towns, in rapid succession, opened their gates at his approach ; or, while he was still at a distance, yielded to the terror of his name, knowing that his sword gleamed mercy and protection to the submissive and unoffending, but discomfiture and ruin to obstinate disturbers of the peace. And thus a struggle which by different measures at the beginning, would in all probability have lasted many years with an immense cost of blood and a frightful accumulation of woes, was brought to a close with but small aggregate loss and misery, within a few months.

Nor was this happy result accidental. It accorded not only with the expectation of Cromwell, but with what humane and intelligent writers now almost universally regard as a settled principle—that war—especially war to reduce an insurrectionary province—causes less bloodshed and misery by being vigorous, terrible and brief, than by being indecisive, forbearing and protracted.†

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\*See the facts in detail, and his correspondence in full, with the commandant of the town in the 72d Letter of Carlyle's Collection. Hume and others have misrepresented his conduct at Wexford partly by *exaggeration* and partly by *suppression*.

† Since the delivery of this lecture, I have seen [in the article of Blackwood's Magazine, referred to already p. 61] the following admission by a writer, sufficiently hostile to the great Puritan commander. "If the apologist of Cromwell will be content to rest his case on the plain ground open to all generals and captains, on whom has devolved the task of subjugating a rebellious and insurrectionary country—on the plain ground that the object is to be more *speedily* effected, and with LESS BLOODSHED AND MISERY TO THE INHABITANTS, by carrying on the war at the commencement with *the utmost severity* [thus breaking down at once the spirit of insurrection] than by prolonging the contest *through an exercise*



Here permit me to ask : Was it right to subjugate those cruel insurgents, and effect the pacification of that famished and bleeding country in ANY MODE? To this interrogatory, Cromwell's bitterest and ablest detractors would not say, Nay; nor would the voice of enlightened humanity put in a negative. To attempt to dignify the dark treacheries and sanguinary outrages of those desolators, with the name of efforts for liberty, is abhorrent to common sense. The whole land saturated with blood and smoking with ruins, presented at the time of Cromwell's arrival, a scene of wide-spread and indescribable wretchedness, and was groaning for deliverance from the horrible reign of barbarism, superstition and revenge. "Such waste had there been" says Ludlow "in burning the possessions of the English, that many of the natives themselves were driven to starvation; and I have been informed" he adds, "by persons deserving credit that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted men and ate them, to supply their necessities. SUCH A WAR IS WORTH ENDING AT SOME COST."\* The relation sustained to Ireland, by the English Government imposed upon it, the *duty* of arresting the horrors and crimes of this rebellion.

It may however, be set down as one of the greatest infelicities of Cromwell's life that the task of preforming this duty was assigned to him; for it was a task which it was not possible to execute with needful promptitude, and with the smallest sum total of bloodshed, without extreme pain to his instinctive humanity and great hazard to his reputation. It was certainly not an office to be coveted by a man of his known tenderness of feeling, unless sustained by the most invigorating sense of public duty.

But, if it was right to put a stop to the atrocities and terrors of this struggle against law and order, it is pertinent to inquire: *In what way?* Do you say: "By proclaiming all the insurgents *unconditionally* pardoned and left to be reclaimed by *moral suasion*"? To say nothing of the probability that, in that case, such suasion would have been of slow and feeble operation, it is sufficient perhaps to reply that when one or two of the great Powers of the earth shall have illustrated by their own example, the excellency of this method of subduing hardened and blood-thirsty disturbers of the peace, it will seem more candid than it now does, to decry the Puritan Commonwealth for not adopting such a policy two hundred years ago. Or do you say: "Cromwell was required by his Christian profession

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*of leniency and forbearance, we are not aware that any decisive answer can be given him.* It is an awful piece of surgery to contemplate—one may be excused if one shudders both at it and the operator, but nevertheless, IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE WISEST COURSE TO PURSUE. As a GENERAL RULE every one will admit, that if war there must be, it is better that it should be SHORT and VIOLENT than LONG and INDECISIVE; for there is nothing so mischievous, so destructive of the industry and moral character of a people as a war which, so to speak, *domesticates* itself amongst them."

\* Carlyle.

to wield the sword with great gentleness"? I reply that he was bound, as a Christian commander, to make his sword a terror to the evil and a defence to the good, by "bearing it not in vain;" that he was not very evidently obliged by the principles of enlightened humanity, to adopt, on this occasion, a course confessedly NOT THE WISEST—a course which he knew would protract the contest, multiply and swell the streams of blood running through the land and increase the deluge of Ireland's woes; and that he possibly would not have done more good and less evil by shutting his eyes to the glaring facts of the case, and going in amiable blindness, from place to place, sprinkling fierce and treacherous rebels, now with just enough "rose-water" to excite their contempt, and now with just enough blood to arouse their hatred to new fury; his patriotic Ironsides meanwhile sinking into premature graves, by hundreds, each week, not by the sword of the enemy, but by the unhealthful exposures of so wearisome and useless a service.

Seeing nothing in the past acts, or in the present conduct of those ferocious insurgents, which entitled them to the expensive courtesy of a needless sacrifice of thousands of his high-souled invincibles, and of an unnecessary effusion of rivers of Irish blood, he chose the "*cruel policy*" of striking such a blow at the beginning as would save life and prevent misery.

Whether Carlyle deserves the charge of "hero worship," when he gives the name of "rose-water sentimentalism" to the mawkish tenderness which exclaims against this choice of Cromwell, claims perhaps, a moment's consideration.

No person should be accounted a shallow sentimentalist, for condemning atrocities like those which have been attributed to Cromwell by a multitude of authors who consulted their imaginations or their love of popularity more than the authentic documents. Had the facts of this Irish Campaign been really such as those writers have represented, Cromwell would have deserved severe censure. Indeed his character would have been hardly worth vindicating, unless by some marvellous ingenuity it could have been shown that his mind—usually so clear and of a temper so just, magnanimous and merciful—was now laboring under "a temporary insanity."

Nor ought one to be charged with unwarrantable sensibility for regretting that the "surgery" performed at Drogheda, was not relieved of one or two incidents of the terrific, arising from the excessive "heat of action" enkindled in the fierce struggle of the storm. In extenuation of this fault of excitement, it ought perhaps to be remarked that, on this occasion, Cromwell, instead of occupying the usual position of a Commander-in-chief, felt himself obliged in the last and successful assault, to lead the storming party in person, not only exposing himself like a common soldier, but putting forth efforts, which to friends and foes seemed almost superhuman. Such awful service in an hour so rude must have been unpropitious to the reign of Mercy even in a heart habitually attuned to magnanimous pity.

These things premised, it is not difficult to see that there are

writers who merit the keenest edge of Carlyle's sarcasm upon counting sentimentalism ; and who should not cast the first stone at him for "hero-worship." When an author who has scarcely a word of earnest and stern reprobation, for the infernal trade of human butchery ; who hardly recognizes the important distinction, between taking the lives of insurgent murderers, and traitors, for the necessary maintenance of law ; and slaughtering multitudes in an application of force, which is no manifestation of public justice, but a murderous struggle for supremacy, false honor or rapine ; who evidently delights to throw the dazzling robe of glory around "the hideous god of war," and to lend enchantment to battle scenes ; who glows and endeavors to make his readers glow with martial enthusiasm, as he follows the hero of his worship, from one myriad immolation to another on the bloody altar of military fame ; when *he* attempts to horrify us at the dreadfulfulness of the blow, by which Cromwell "cut through the heart" of the Irish Rebellion, and put so speedy a stop to the effusion of Irish blood, he may well be admonished not to claim for THIS, the credit of a very sublime benevolence, or of a very earnest abhorrence of the lowest form of "hero-worship." Let not such humanity boast itself, for it is as contemptible as it is thoughtless, and devoid of all sound principle. Cromwellian Puritanism deemed it atrocious murder, to take men's lives at all in such wars, as this sentimentalism does not scruple to glorify. It did indeed, recognise such realities as eternal Right, eternal Obligation, and the necessity of Public Justice. It saw no reason why Government should not exist, both human and divine, to defend the Right of the good against the Wrong of those who WILL not be children of LIGHT and MUST therefore be restrained by FORCE. And knowing that *individuals* as such, are forbidden, when wronged, to take the work of punishment into their *private* hands, partly BECAUSE vengeance, or the office of vindicating the Right by punishing the Wrong, is committed to such Government,\* it did not refuse to employ its might in defence and vindication of the Right, when Providence had made IT the EXISTING POWER. But war as an *honorable calling*,—war for glory, conquest or mere revenge, it accounted an abomination.

I may be expected, here perhaps, to bestow, at least, a passing remark upon "the curse" said to have been inflicted upon the Irish Nation by Cromwell, not only in his campaign, but in settling their affairs as he did, after the close of the war.

Of the ills of this "curse" so loudly bruited, I have little more than time to say, that they belong rather to that species of fiction, which constitutes the staple of a violent partisan literature, than to authentic history.

Ireland, at this time, was very thinly peopled, and the great mass of the inhabitants were extremely ignorant and barbarous. The richest elements of national prosperity—a productive soil, exhaust-

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\*Read Rom. XII. 19-21. in connection with XIII. 1-6.



less mines, navigable rivers, safe and spacious harbors, a salubrious climate, and above all, the admirable native powers and susceptibilities of the Irish mind—had not sufficed to make her the abode of thrift, happiness and a brightening civilization. A superstition, dependent on popular ignorance, and therefore hostile to popular intelligence, had held a disastrous sway over the Nation's intellect and heart, and shrouded that otherwise delightful land in the shadow of death; and a proneness to violence and bloodshed, rendering life and property insecure, had followed in the train of priestly domination and barbarism, discouraging productive industry and diffusing, far and wide, the gloom of want, of misery, of frightful depopulation.

Indeed Ireland's CURSE OF CURSES, under the malignant potency of which, her understanding had been darkened, her generous affections perverted and imbittered, and the buds of primeval promise which once began to bloom so hopefully on the Emerald Isle, caused to wither, was of earlier date than the Puritan Age; and did not cease to make her an object of wonder and pity, when the star of the great Protector set. "She is blessed"—once remarked Lord Bacon to James I.—"with all the dowries of Nature, and with a race of generous and noble people; but the hand of man does not unite with the hand of Nature. The harp of Ireland is not strung to concord. It is not attuned with the harp of David, in casting out *the evil spirit of* SUPERSTITION, or the harp of Orpheus in casting out DESOLATION and BARBARISM."\* Held by some strange spell of delusion, in willing bondage to the spiritual Power under whose encouraging sanction, the "*accursed* Anglo-Saxons" had proceeded to take possession of her; yet wrathfully kicking against the goads of the temporal Power to which she had been so authoritatively consigned; couching down for five hundred years, between the two burdens of Rome and England—the former unfelt, but more oppressive, by far, to soul and body, than the latter; and breathing evermore the spirit of sanguinary domestic strife, is it any wonder that this

—— "poor kingdom sick with civil blows,"

had, ere the coming of the mighty Puritan, shown among her many signs of woe, that she was fast becoming

—— "a wilderness again  
Peopled with wolves her old inhabitants?"†

It is evident from her wretched and desolate condition, when Cromwell arrived, and the happy change which speedily resulted from his policy, that he acted with the clearsightedness of a consummate statesman, and the enlightened humanity of a judicious

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\*Montague's Life of Bacon prefixed to Bacon's Works.

† As applied to Ireland at that dreadful period, this is no fiction. "There is a remarkable deficiency of wood in Ireland, though old historians speak of the country as one continuous forest. The woods were destroyed with so unsparing a hand, that well grown timber is rarely to be seen. IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY THEY WERE INFESTED WITH WOLVES." Encyc. Am. Art. Ireland.

philanthropist. He saw that none but the most energetic and decisive measures, could give her the needful benefits of law and order ; and he promptly adopted the requisite course.

What was his actual procedure ? The lucid and undeniable documentary statement shows that the Cromwellian policy proposed, not the " extermination " of the Irish people, but the establishment of order, tranquility, and general security, on the basis of justice and an of enlarged view of their best interests.

It rendered all husbandmen, ploughmen, laborers, artificers, and others of the meaner sort—the mass of the nation—exempt from punishment and question as to the eight years of blood, crime and misery, which were now ended.\* It instituted for the ringleaders of insurrection—the rebellious landholders and Popish aristocracy—a carefully graduated scale of penalties, in order that punishment and guilt might correspond ; directing accordingly, that none should suffer without legal inquiry and due trial first had.\* It provided that all who could be proved to have had a hand in the great Massacre, should undergo death or confiscation, and perpetual banishment ; that certain others who had at specified dates, borne arms against the Parliament, should be deemed to have forfeited their estates, but receive lands to the value of one third of the same, to live upon where the Parliament should think safest ; and that another class consisting of open Papists, whose manifested disaffection to the Parliament, endangered the weal of the country, and increased the expense of maintaining its peace and safety, should forfeit one third of their estates, and continue quiet " at their peril." " Such " says Carlyle, " is the document, which was regularly acted on ; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries, this and no other : and as for all ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort, they are to live quiet where they are and have no questions asked. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt, are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged.

"The mass of the Irish Nation, quiet under a new Land Aristocracy ; new and in several particulars very much improved indeed : under these lives now [during the remainder of Cromwell's life] the mass of the Irish Nation ; ploughing, delving hammering, with their wages regularly paid them ; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it, since they were a Nation ! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it, and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity ?"

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\*See Carlyle.

To a considerable number of Irish officers of unquiet spirit, who had been taken prisoners of war, near the close of the struggle, Cromwell granted permission to embody regiments of those, who preferred the excitement and bloody revelry of the camp and the battlefield far away, to the monotonous safety of a peaceful life at home, and to go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. "Some five and forty thousand 'Kurisees,' or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off, and their own land had peace."\*

Having brought the exterminating war of the Rebellion to a speedy close, and punished, as in duty bound, persons found stained with the blood of the Massacre, and sent the irreclaimable movers of strife, to places where they ceased to be dangerous, he sought to remove the cause of the Nation's calamities—a SUPERSTITIOUS AND SANGUINARY BARBARISM—by measures adapted to diffuse the light of Revealed Truth, and awaken a desire for moral, intellectual and social improvement, and to repair the desolations of the Island, by protecting life and property, encouraging industry, fostering the useful arts and inviting thither emigrants from various parts—especially England. Under this policy, Ireland was fast emerging from her darkness and ruin. Civilization and wealth were making rapid progress, even in parts of the Island, where a blind bigotry had so lately cried, KILL, KILL, and where gaunt FAMINE had followed in the track of an all-destroying REVENGE. Her waste places began to resound with the hum of a busy, thriving population. The tide of emigration from England, was like that which has been lately flowing from our Eastern and Middle States to Wisconsin and Iowa; and in language, institutions and social habits, Ireland was fast becoming another England.

It was not to be expected, that a policy so wide in its scope, so thoroughly reformatory in its bearing upon the entire civil and social system, and so prompt and energetic in its operation, as this, of necessity, was, brought with its vast and various blessings no evils. How to give prosperity in any very cheering degree to the ever misguided, ever suffering, ever complaining Nation of the Green Isle, is a problem which no other English statesman in circumstances however favorable, has been able to solve. It is the glory of Cromwell, that he wrought out this problem, to the admiration of bitter enemies and defamers, at a time when its solution was attended with unexampled difficulties.

Clarendon, speaking of the effects of Cromwell's policy, says: "Which is more wonderful, all this was done and settled within little more than two years—to that degree of perfection, that there were many buildings raised for beauty as well as use; orderly and regular plantations of trees and fences, and enclosures raised

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\*It has been computed that during the period from 1691 to 1745, not less than 450,000 Irishmen fell in the service of France alone. *Encyc. Am. Art. Ireland.* The number may be exaggerated, but it is evident that MILITARY EMIGRATION from Ireland, was by no means peculiar to the days of Cromwell.

throughout the kingdom; purchases made by one from another at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages, and all other conveyances and settlements executed, as in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of titles."

Such fruits of considerate statesmanship, are not to be viewed as grapes gathered from thorns, or figs from thistles.

If, as some have asserted, the words "extirpation," and "eradication" were often in the mouths of "the English back-settlers of Leinster and Munster," it should be observed that these words were not Cromwell's; nor did they express any ideas which had his sanction. What his plan of settlement actually was, and with what exactness it was carried out, we have seen. It is not indeed difficult to imagine that those English back-settlers, dwelling amid the sad mementos of the attempt made some eight years before, to effect a very literal "extirpation," may not, for a time, have been in a mood the most loving, towards a people whom they regarded as more or less concerned in that cruel effort; and that some of them may occasionally have uttered angry expressions. But, for any such hasty words, he was not responsible. With characteristic clearness of intellect, and energy of purpose, he devised and enforced a system of measures, calculated to maintain justice, internal peace and general prosperity where for ages and especially for the last eight years, fierce bigotry, unbridled passion and unsparing violence had reigned and devastated. The same keen sense of the right and the expedient, which caused him, during the war, vigorously to restrain his troops from all depredations upon the property of the Irish, led him afterwards with like energy, to "protect from violence in their persons and goods," all who were willing to live peaceably.

The evils which may, in some instances, have befallen the native inhabitants, through the ingress of so many emigrants from England, in general, far superior to the Irish in wealth, intelligence and social standing, were not results which he sought to produce, or which it was possible for him to prevent. They were, as Macaulay seems to admit, examples of "those fearful phenomena which have almost INVARIABLY attended the planting of CIVILIZED COLONIES IN *uncivilized* COUNTRIES." If it be true that any of the old Celtic population became, as this brilliant writer intimates, "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the Anglo-Saxon new-comers, the fact is to be ascribed to a cause beyond the control of the great Protector. He who made Man has ordained that power shall dwell with KNOWLEDGE, INDUSTRY AND WEALTH. This ordinance of the Most High, it was not within the competency of the mighty Englishman to reverse. He could reasonably be expected only to employ, as he did, the best measures then and there practicable, to remove the superstitious ignorance, the wasteful improvidence, and the crushing poverty, whence that miserable inferiority proceeded.

Those who so loudly complain of the injury thus done, would do



well to inquire, what was the amount of evil which really accrued to the Nation in general, or to those "sufferers" in particular by their becoming law-protected, and well paid "hewers of wood and drawers of water," instead of remaining in the bondage and destitution and peril of a blighting barbarism—DESTRUCTORS OF WEALTH AND SHEDDERS OF BLOOD. I will apologize for cruelty in no man; but I feel constrained to say—and the subsequent history of Ireland bears me out in the declaration—that her lot would have been far happier, had she enjoyed a fuller experience, and a longer continuance of the Cromwellian system; and thus come into the circle of nations enjoying the light of an open Bible, and favored with the institutions, customs, and influences of a truly Christian and all-elevating civilization.\*

It was at the end of scarcely nine months from Cromwell's landing in Ireland, that nearly the whole country was subjected to the reign of peace and order. The mingled boldness and prudence, energy and patience, severity and mercy, by which he rendered this difficult and tremendous campaign, so short and as *a whole*, so free from misery and bloodshed, were, at the time, the theme of universal admiration; and certainly the daring wisdom and skillful impetuosity, by which he pressed on with increasing moral momentum, from success to success, leaving the enemy no time to recover spirit, or gather strength for resistance, can hardly find a parallel from the days of "Philip's warlike son," to the era of Napoleon. It was on the occasion of his return from the Irish campaign to London, amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the English Nation, when Lord General Fairfax and the chief officers of the Commonwealth, military and civil, and the members of Parliament, and "all the world," were out with the thunder of artillery, and with the acclamation of their myriad voices, to do him honor, that, he is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person exclaimed: "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!"—"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many would there be?" Such a remark, coming from the lips, not of a disappointed seeker of popular applause, but of a victorious General, in the very hour of his reception at his country's capital, with such universal and laudatory welcome, indicates a spirit singularly penetrating and unseduced by vanity.

The pacificator of Ireland, had been urgently requested to hasten to the execution of another task, still more difficult and dangerous, the task of extinguishing the flames of a war which had been en-

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\* When this lecture was delivered, I regretted the necessity of omitting or abridging much which I deemed it important to say respecting these Irish affairs. There is no part of Cromwell's history, which has been the subject of more injurious misrepresentation than this, and none which now stands in so much need of candid elucidation. Whilst expressing the same views which were declared when the lecture was delivered, I trust I shall be pardoned, if in the publication, I give in full, what I was then compelled, for want of time, to present in mere outline.

kindled against the Commonwealth, by the leaders of the Scottish Church and State. The Northern horizon was already tinged with a menacing glow.

The course now pursued by the Covenanters, was strange indeed, and full of danger and disaster to British liberty. It involved the failure of English Puritanism.

How happened it, that, instead of listening to the Divine voice uttered in the mournful events of the preceding half-century, bidding them disown the ungrateful and accursed House of Stuart, they were ready to imperil their own religious freedom, and the rights of good men throughout the Commonwealth, by a war to enthrone Charles II?—that, abhorring “*malignancy*” (another name for hostility to spiritual and scriptural Christianity,) they had set their hearts upon the very chief of *malignants* as their king?—and that hating profaneness and licentiousness, they had sent a deputation to a notorious son of Belial, to invite him to become their Defender of the Faith?

It is, no doubt, true that this most worthy representative of “the blessed martyr,” did solemnly profess himself a covenanted Presbyterian, promising ever to uphold the interests of the gospel, and of the kingdom of Christ, in Scotland, England, and Ireland, in opposition unsparing to popery, prelacy, heresy, schism, and profaneness; and that he scrupled not, to publish a declaration, setting forth his humiliation and grief, for the blood-guiltiness of his father and the “*idolatry*,” (popery) of his mother, as well as for the constant enmity to the work of God, which had hitherto marked his own entire life.\* But his veil of hypocrisy, though sufficiently black, was too thin and too awkwardly assumed, to conceal his real sentiments and design from the view of any person not unwilling to see.

It is also true, that they were exceedingly zealous to maintain their

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\*Clarendon’s Grand Rebellion, Vol. VI. and Bishop Burnet’s Hist. of His Own Time p. 37.

The loyal Clarendon seems hardly to have realized the infamy which such a transaction must affix to the memory of Charles, and relates it as merely reflecting discredit upon those who refused to accept the *unfortunate* Prince as their king, except upon a condition so hard! It ought perhaps to be said in apology for the historian, that this act of monstrous duplicity, though enough to disgrace a common man, was too much in keeping with the *general tenor* of the conduct of the two Charleses, to attract *special* notice. The sentiment that, “right may be violated for the sake of reigning”—a sentiment, which in the mouth of Heathen Rome’s great demagogue, was deemed abominable—seems to have been a part of the current morality of the Stuarts in the days of “the Grand Rebellion.”

Bishop Burnet says, “It was thought a strange *imposition* to make him [Charles II.] load his father’s memory in such a manner.” The interesting young man, however, glided with singular facility through the solemn formalities of his hypocrisy and perjury! “He said he could never look his mother in the face,” if he signed the declaration respecting his father’s bloodguiltiness in waging war against his people, and his father’s sin in marrying an *idolatress*. “But” says the Bishop, “when he was told [by his partisans] it was *necessary* for his affairs, he resolved to swallow the pill *without farther chewing it*.” Thus PROFLIGACY—teaching that the end sanctifies the means—was wonderfully justified of her hopeful son, at the very commencement of his public life!

Covenant, and that in this formula, a clause had been inserted, "to preserve the king's person, crown and dignity." But the solemn League and Covenant had originated, as they professed, in their desire to guard the religious and civil freedom, the peace and morals of their country, when endangered in 1638, by the tyrannical measures of Laud and Charles; and this provision for the person, crown and dignity of a Stuart king, had from the first, been treated both by the Scotch and the English Presbyterians, as conditional and altogether subordinate. Thus understood, the Covenant had been subscribed, in evident good faith, as late as 1643, by the whole patriotic party in Parliament—including, of course, Cromwell, Sir Harry Vane, and other stanch friends of religious and civil liberty. The sentiment of qualified loyalty to Charles, was not yet wholly repudiated by these men. We have seen that even four years later, the hero of Marston-Moor and Naseby, endeavored, at the risk of his popularity with the army, to effect a reconciliation with the deposed king. But during the eleven eventful years which followed the framing of that celebrated formula, the circle of English ideas had been rapidly widening. The Divine Spirit through His Word, had been speaking in thousands of listening ears, and awakening a sense of the grandeur of man's intellectual and moral nature, and a conviction of the great truth, that Civil Government, though ordained of God, legitimately takes its form and holds its powers, by the will and consent of the governed. "Authorities and powers," said Cromwell, "are the ordinance of God. But this or that SPECIES [of government,] is of *human* institution." In the Parliament, in the army, throughout the land, a host of earnest, deep-thinking men had been studying the subject of human rights, the nature of regal authority and of regal responsibility, searching now the Scriptures, now the commentaries of renowned Reformers, and now the history of Civil Government,—and meanwhile beholding "the Divine handwriting abroad on the sky" speaking to every eye as in letters of fire: SPARE THE TYRANT NO LONGER LEST HE DEFILE THE LAND MORE AND MORE WITH BLOOD, they had, at length, resolved in the grand language of their great advocate, "to teach lawless kings and all who so much adore them, that not mortal man or his imperious will, but JUSTICE is the only true SOVEREIGN AND SUPREME MAJESTY upon earth." To this conclusion had early come the sagacious, bold-hearted Ironsides accustomed, as Baxter relates, to discuss freely, with *their bibles in their hands*, the gravest questions pertaining to their religious and civil rights. To this conclusion the machinations of the pitied and indulged tyrant had driven one by one, the great leaders, Ireton, Harrison, Goffe, Cromwell, and with them, a vast and increasing multitude in nearly all the counties—especially Yorkshire, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, the old and peculiar abode of the brave and the free; and those profound and deep-read minds Cook, Bradshaw, Martyn, and Milton. The magnates of the army, we know, had been reluctant to deal with Charles as, they were convinced, his crimes and the public

safety required. We may well believe that the potent illusion of the sacredness of kings did not easily lose its hold even upon minds that saw clearly the folly and wickedness of the veneration with which mortals wearing crowns were then so generally regarded. Old currents of feeling could not be brought at once to flow strongly in the channels of a new conviction. The imagination could not easily be disenchanted of the images of grandeur and glory associated with royalty; and the awful shades of monarchs who had given lustre to ages long by-gone, *would* seem, in spite of Reason, to rise like guardian spirits around the tottering throne, majestically confronting and even rebuking the protective Justice of a bleeding Nation, now frowning upon their guilty son.

It was not till they had seen their leniency opening a grave to all their best hopes, and heard the cry of justice borne to their ears, on the four winds, mingled with the roar of a realm convulsed anew, that those strong-hearted leaders, near the close of their famous three-days-prayer-meeting\* decided, "that it was their duty, if ever

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\* D'Aubigne who (in his "Vindication of Cromwell,") "must lament that even the majesty of the throne could not *protect* a GUILTY prince"! p. 96; and who puts the *punishment* of "the despot" (Charles,) beheaded for his crimes in the same category with "the death of the heretic" (Servetus,) burnt for his opinions! p. 97, makes an apology for Cromwell, from which (as from some other parts of this writer's "Vindication") he deserves to be vindicated. D'Aubigne attributes Cromwell's signing the death-warrant of Charles, to "his assuming for the mainspring of his actions, those inward impulses which he ascribed to God, in preference to the explicit commands of the Holy Scriptures"; adding that "he believed in what has been denominated "a particular faith," p. 92.

Now let it be observed, in the first place, that there is really no direct or even indirect reliable evidence, (for what is said in Calamy's Life of Howe, proves nothing to the purpose) that Cromwell held any doctrine, or was under the practical influence of any theory which led him to obey "inward impulses *in preference* to the explicit commands of the Holy Scriptures."

Undoubtedly he sought wisdom of God, (James I. 5-8) and used strong expressions when speaking of spiritual guidance, but no stronger than did Milton, Owen, and even sometimes John Howe, who once preached against the doctrine of a "particular faith" in the presence of the Protector; or than have many, in more modern times, who, nevertheless, revered and studied the word of God, as at once, the grand *medium* and *test* of spiritual illumination. To say nothing of the consummate practical wisdom which his very enemies have generally conceded to him, it may be confidently affirmed that few men have ever searched the Scriptures more diligently or have, whether in public or in private, more constantly deferred to their authority.

Let it also be especially noted, that in the very meeting in which it was resolved to call Charles to account for his crimes, Cromwell urged all there to "a thorough consideration of their actions" public and private,—duly weighing each of them with their *grounds, rules and ends* as near as they could; and that he and all the rest wept bitterly in view of their carnal consultations" [the PREVIOUS YEAR] with *their own wisdom* and not with the word of the Lord which ONLY [they now declared] IS A WAY OF WISDOM, STRENGTH AND SAFETY; AND ALL BESIDE IT ARE WAYS OF SNARES." So testifies one who was present at the meeting. See Adjutant General Allen's Account of the Three-Days-Prayer-Meeting, quoted by Carlyle.

It is obvious from Cromwell's letter to Col. Robert Haminond (25th Nov. 1648); from speeches of Ireton and others quoted by Clarendon; from the remarks of Cook and Bradshaw at the king's trial; as well as from Milton's Defences, that these men had *studied* this great question most profoundly and thoroughly with the best lights of History, and of Natural and Revealed Law.



the Lord brought them back again in peace" from the Second Civil War "to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to account" for his manifold crimes.

The attempt therefore of the Scottish leaders in 1649, to fasten upon Cromwell and his coadjutors, the charge of bad faith in renouncing the Stuarts and establishing the Commonwealth, because at an earlier stage of the struggle, they had professed a conditional willingness to honor the king, was very much like the endeavor of the American Tories in 1776, to brand Washington and his associates as perfidious, because, in former years, they had repeatedly made strong professions of loyalty to George III. The language which the transcendent genius of Webster, has put in the mouth of John Adams when advocating the Declaration of Independence, needs but a slight change to express the very sentiments avowed by Cromwell and other English patriots at the opening of the year 1649. "It is true indeed that in the beginning we aimed not at the OVERTHROW OF MONARCHY. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. 'The injustice of THE KING, has driven us to arms; and blinded to his own interest for our good, he has obstinately persisted, till LIBERTY is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it and it is ours.'"

Another, and doubtless Cromwell's greatest offence in the eyes of the Scottish Kirk, was his having defeated the attempt to make Presbyterianism the established and dominant Religion of the English State.

For this more than all things else, he had for years, been reproached by leading Presbyterians both in England and Scotland. On account of this, a majority of the Presbyterian clergy of London had been clamorous for a reconciliation with Charles I., and had helped to swell the "dismal groan" uttered when justice was done upon him, after their own repeated declaration that he was "a tyrant, a traitor and a murderer."

Yet for this especially, ought Presbyterians to honor Cromwell. From regard to the fame of Presbyterianism as well as to the rights of other systems, I rejoice that it was not established as the State

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If they prayed for spiritual illumination, it was while using *ALL the appointed means* of knowledge.

Lieutenant General Drummond who had fought on the king's side, happened, says Bishop Burnet, to be with Cromwell when the Commissioners sent from Scotland to protest against the putting the king to death, *came to argue the matter with him*. Cromwell bade him stay and hear the conference, which he did. After they had stated all their objections, Cromwell replied in a *LONG DISCOURSE ON THE NATURE OF THE REGAL POWER* and on the stipulations of the Solemn League and Covenant"; and "*HAD PLAINLY THE BETTER OF THEM*" said Drummond "*AT THEIR OWN WEAPON AND UPON THEIR OWN PRINCIPLES.*"

Burnet Hist. of his Own Time p. 37.

It is quite plain therefore, that Cromwell "assumed" no such "mainspring of his actions" in general, or of this action in particular, as D'Aubigne has very rashly and quite needlessly attributed to him. Indeed, upon the subject of "guilty princes" and the "majesty of thrones" this amiable writer's own sentiments stand in far greater need of *vindication* or rather of *correction* than Cromwell's.

Religion of England. It was poorly adapted for formal and outward union with the State. It was fastened in such union unnatural, upon one kingdom in the British Empire and that was one too many. Indeed the Church of Christ—including, and I may say, specially denoting the embodied Spirit and Moral Power of Christ—cannot undergo such an unhallowed connection. Her very visibility consists less in her few spiritualized rites and ceremonies, than in her fruits of righteousness—in her love to God and Man, wherewith she goes forth encircling the earth with the knowledge and glory of the Father of Lights. Pure Christianity, then, has no form nor habiliments fitting her for union with the State in any country under heaven. The body which men give her, when they unite her to the State, is mostly not her own. They take what they denominate the Church, and fasten this to the body of the State; and then throw around it the pride, the pomp, the dishonoring drapery of earth; but the vital, heavenly spirit is not present. What remains, is but an ecclesiastical corpse reposing in state. The only connection, which ought to be desired between our Religion and the civil institutions of any country, is like the relation between water-courses and thrifty willows; between a pure, bracing air, and the health and longevity of those who breathe it; between the dew of Hermon and its vesture of everliving green.

All honor then to the memory of the large-hearted man who, in such an age, was willing to grant the liberty of conscience which he claimed! It was in reply to those who accused Cromwell and his compatriots of breaking the Covenant, by "laboring to establish by law, a universal toleration of all religions" that Milton said (in 1649): "To extirpate popery, prelacy, heresy, schism, profaneness and whatsoever shall be found contrary to sound doctrine and the power of the godliness, can be no work of the civil sword, but of the spiritual which is the word of God." It was in defence of a principle which Cromwell not only avowed, but through evil as well as good report, strenuously illustrated and maintained by corresponding action, that the same great advocate of free thought, had declared five years earlier:\* "Methinks I see, in my mind, a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love

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\* See Milton's *Areopagitica*: A speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing: [or as we should say, for the Liberty of the Press.] To the Parliament of England" 1644. The Cause of the Parliament was now [by the victory of Naseby] triumphant. Yet unhappily, the ultra Covenanters, feeling a strong desire to establish a Presbyterian Uniformity and entertaining a morbid horror of Sects in general, and a fearful jealousy of the Independents in particular, very unwisely indulged the disposition to check the freedom of the pulpit, and also of the press. This was the immediate occasion of this splendid vindication of that freedom by Milton.

the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms. \* \* \* And now the time in special is, by privilege, to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces, might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? \* \* For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies nor stratagems nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that Error uses against her power."

The circumstances in which Cromwell *acted* for liberty of thought, were far more trying than those in which the great scholar and poet *wrote*. Whilst performing the most dangerous and difficult parts in the tremendous drama of England's Great Revolution,—as a Member of Parliament, as the controlling Genius of the Army, the Subverter of the Monarchy, the Restorer of Order and the enthroned Protector—he was the same bold, ardent, self-sacrificing defender of the liberty of conscience. To the Scotch Clergy (in 1650,) he said: "Your pretended fear lest error should step in, is like the man who should keep all the wine out of a country, lest men should be drunk. IT WILL BE FOUND AN UNJUST AND UNWISE JEALOUSY TO DEPRIVE A MAN OF HIS NATURAL LIBERTY UPON A SUPPOSITION HE MAY ABUSE IT. When he doth abuse it, judge. Stop such a man's mouth by *sound words which cannot be gainsaid*. If he speaks blasphemously or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the civil Magistrate punish him; if truly, rejoice in the truth."

In a speech delivered (Sept. 12th 1654) to the First Protectorate Parliament, we find him thus *defending* his liberality to the various sects, in opposition to exclusionists still numerous and hostile. "Is not Liberty of Conscience a *fundamental*? So long as there is Liberty of Conscience for the Supreme Magistrate to exercise his conscience in erecting what form of Church Government he is satisfied he should set up, why should he not give the like liberty to others? LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE IS A NATURAL RIGHT; AND HE [THE MAGISTRATE] THAT WOULD HAVE IT, OUGHT TO GIVE IT, having himself liberty to settle what he likes for the Public. Indeed, this hath been one of the vanities of our contest. Every sect saith: 'Oh give me liberty.' But give it him, and to his power, he will not yield it to any body else. Where is our ingenuousness? Liberty of Conscience!—TRULY THAT IS A THING OUGHT TO BE VERY RECIPROCAL."

It is certain from these and many other expressions as well as acts of Cromwell, that although in deference to the almost universal sentiment of the age—the sentiment that the Civil Magistrate (as such) is bound to be the Patron and in some sense the guardian of

the Church—he adopted a system of Ecclesiastical Polity for “the Public,” he nevertheless, proclaimed it “the Natural Right” of all who conscientiously differed, to dissent therefrom. Indeed, his principles and sympathies all prompted to an entire separation of the Church from the State; and, but for the mighty hinderance of venerated usages and inveterate prejudices, he would have adopted the form as well as the spirit of *voluntaryism*. In fact, he was accused of aiming to do this; and denounced by disappointed exclusionists,—especially in Scotland—as an enemy of the faith, and a patron of sectaries and blasphemers.

“With Oliver born Scotch” says Carlyle, “one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan.” The mass of the Scotch people, intelligent, high-minded and conscientious, only needed a leader of commanding genius prepared to hail the signs of promise then shining so cheerfully upon Britain, to antedate the era of the Free Church two hundred years; and to place her on a vantage ground in the age of the Westminster Assembly, such as she is not even now likely to reach for half a century. But alas, no such native leader was there. The times teeming with hopeful births of Providence, called, and the man appeared not. In all the venerated land of Knox, though sprinkled over with shrewd men and brave, there was at this crisis no Cromwell of noble heart, mighty in word and far mightier in deed, to inspire the Covenanters with great thoughts; nor a Milton—

“Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
And with a voice whose sound was like the sea  
To give them manners, virtue, *freedom*, *power*.”

Noble, glorious Old Scotland!—I have no heart to reproach her severely, even for the false step which she at this time took. When we reflect that the great Chalmers has hardly yet [Jan. 1847] disburdened his mighty mind of the dogma, that a union of Church and State, is desirable, we may well look charitably upon the failure of men, two centuries ago, to come up to the lofty views of Cromwell and Milton. What constitutes the glory of these transcendent minds—the vast stride which they took in advance of their age,—suggests an apology for those who lagged behind. Nevertheless the attempt of the Covenanters “to steer towards the Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm,” was too monstrous to permit us to acquit them altogether, of unhallowed feeling, in their opposition to Cromwell and the Commonwealth.

National pride, of having given the Stuart family to the British world, may have co-operated with sectarian ambition in leading Scotland to pursue this disastrous course. If so, she needed to know better how to distinguish her jewels from her trinkets. The meanest of all her gifts to Britain, was that family. When I call to mind her heroes and statesmen, her theologians and preachers—from Knox who never feared the face of clay, to Chalmers



standing like an angel in the sun—her illustrious historians, poets, reviewers and philosophers—her host of stars whose light is abroad in all the earth, I can explain her doting veneration for the Stuarts, only on the principle of “giving more abundant honor to those parts which lacked.” Certainly her devotion to that ungrateful House during the hundred and fifty years which followed the accession of James VI. to the throne of England (1603), is one of the strangest things in history. She did indeed, sometimes, open her eyes to the baseness and malignity of these chosen idols—these *avatars* of absolutism, impurity and popish bigotry—and treat them with deserved contempt; but, anon, her veneration would return and then she would sacrifice or endanger her dearest interests to glorify them, and to compel her Southern Sister to bow down to them. In fact she treated them very much as some of the heathen are said to treat their gods—now paying them costly sacrifices in the hope of a return of blessings, and now beating and upbraiding them for their impotency or ingratitude. Yet she always claimed as exclusively her own, the right to condemn them.

In 1650, she was in the *sacrificing* mood. Drawing the sword against the patriots of England, whose cause was her cause, she gave “aid and comfort” to her worst enemy. By this false step, she renounced peace and safety, and put far away her day of ecclesiastical freedom and spiritual life; and prepared for herself centuries of confusion, gloom and disaster. God was giving manifest signs of his readiness to introduce a brighter era of religious and civil liberty, than had ever dawned upon earth; but she accounted the proffered good an evil, deeming it a sin to share, in peace, liberty of conscience with good men, who could not subscribe to everything in her Covenant, and who would submit no longer to the misrule of Stuart-kings. She helped to mislead not a few Presbyterians in England, who had else likekindred drops, been mingled into one patriotic and liberal party, with the Independents and other supporters of the Commonwealth. She multiplied and complicated beyond measure, the difficulties of maintaining an English Republic; and by inspiring hope in the fallen dynasty, and compelling the Commonwealth to stand ever in arms, she did much to necessitate the assumption of the Supreme Power by Cromwell. After the death of the great Protector, whom she vilified for a liberality which, like the sunshine and the rain, was extended both to the grateful and the unthankful, she sought and was soon permitted to *enjoy* the return of the Stuarts; and then her Covenanters and their English sympathizers had their reward. “The clock of the world went back” seven ages; whilst, sowing to the wind, she began to reap the whirlwind. Oh! that she had listened to the warning voices of Milton and Cromwell in season! To these she turned a deaf ear; and no heavenly visitant crying, “Woe, woe, woe,” came to lift the cloud that hid from her sight, the events of coming years—to hold up to view, her clergy driven from their pulpits and their homes, by the minions of their

“Nell Gwinn Defender of the Covenant,” and their congregations scattered like sheep before ravening wolves, or worshipping God, through fear, in by-places; and no wizard, like Lochiel’s death-telling seer, muttered in deep, low, blood-curdling voice, in the ear of her misguided chieftains :

——— “Beware of the day,

When God’s FREEMEN shall meet you in battle array;”  
or made them see that their mad devotion to their destroyers, and hostility to their friends, were bringing sad times of slaughter and dismay when—

——— “their perishing ranks would be strewed in their gore.

Like Ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore.”

Thus by attempting to bring republican, Puritan, PRESBYTERIANISM into concord with MONARCHY and *covenanted* LIBERTINISM, and resolving to enthrone this discordant TRIAD in contempt of all the blood which had been shed for British liberty, the deluded Covenanters drove the Commonwealth to arms.

While the Scotch were completing their preparations to invade England under the auspices of their *covenanted* king, Cromwell returned from Ireland. It was resolved not to await the blow from Scotland, but to march and strike without delay.

Now for the first time, (June 26th, 1650,) Cromwell was appointed Commander-in-chief of all the forces raised and to be raised by the authority of Parliament, within the Commonwealth of England. Even now his elevation to the chief command, was the result of an event which he earnestly labored to prevent—the resignation of Lord General Fairfax. Aware that the Covenanters looked with no favorable eye upon himself, he saw that in settling the affairs of Scotland, the name and influence of Fairfax (of Presbyterian associations) would be highly serviceable to the Commonwealth. From regard to the public good, he was ready at this crisis as he had hitherto been, to forego even the merited honors of official rank. Like Milton and many others, who inclined to Independency, he highly esteemed Fairfax for his patriotic and liberal views; and sought by every proper means to conciliate and unite against their common enemy, all the friends of evangelical religion and of civil liberty, throughout the British world. This conciliatory policy was now eminently wise, and timely for the reason, that not a few of the Covenanters themselves, were disgusted at the attempt to ally Presbyterianism to the notorious “malignancy” of Charles Stuart. Accordingly in solemn conference with Fairfax at Whitehall, prefaced with prayer for Divine direction, he labored to convince him, that he ought to retain the chief command and lead the army into Scotland. “Cromwell acted his part so to the life” says Ludlow who was present at the conference, “that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go.” Here is a specimen of the injustice which this great man often suffered at the hands of persons to whose comparative littleness, his magnanimity was a mystery. In vain was it, that for so many years, he had been cheerfully content to serve his country in a subordinate

station, notwithstanding the universally acknowledged superiority of his genius and the immense indebtedness of the Parliamentary Cause, to his skill, energy, public spirit, and popularity ;—and in vain was it, that he now appeared so perfectly sincere in urging Fairfax to go, as to compel the momentary confidence of the most suspicious of witnesses. When Ludlow began to take counsel of his own thoughts, and the thoughts of others like him, it was natural for him to reason on this wise: Had *I* been in Cromwell's place, I should have desired the resignation of Fairfax. Therefore *Cromwell* desired it.—Happily such reasoning from *within*, is not always conclusive. There have probably been some souls that were not the *full* measure of the mind of Cromwell.

The real opposition to his Lordship's commanding in this war, proceeded from the London Presbyterian Royalists, among whom the termagant wife of Fairfax was conspicuous. This Lady, grieved at the blow which Cromwell had given to covenanted exclusiveness and writhing under the splendor of the military reputation, by which he eclipsed her lord, had very *conscientiously* disturbed the solemnities of the late king's trial, by crying out at the top of her voice from the gallery of the Court-room: "Its a lie,"—"Oliver Cromwell is a traitor." Told by the London Presbyterian clergy backed by this *charming* "Vere of the fighting Veres," that he must not lead the army against "the covenanted king," is it wonderful that Fairfax, though a man of great courage, had too much dread of "a fire in his rear"—to go?

In the spirit of no vulgar hero, does the new Lord General enter upon the duties of his awful mission. Ever observant of the great things which "the Lord is doing in the earth," his mind, we know, is now soaring and glowing with thoughts cheering and sublime, awakened by his favorite hundred-and-tenth Psalm. From the world full of commotion, where ambitious rulers in Church and State, are striving to resist the progress of truth and freedom, and to fasten new chains upon the bodies and souls of men, his spirit, amid all the hurry of preparation, is glancing upward, ever and anon, to Him who sitteth at the right hand of the Infinite Majesty till His enemies shall be made His footstool, and from whose Throne have, in these days, been issuing lightnings and thunderings and voices announcing the opening of the seals of a NEW ORDER OF AGES marked with the up-rising and going-forth of the Kingdom of Light and Liberty, to embrace a multitude spread abroad on the earth, numerous and gladson'e as the spangles of the morning dew, and by the crumbling of thrones and sceptres at the bright coming of Him whose "right it is" to reign. High above the outcry of the selfish and deluded who are joining hands with their own destroyers, to put out the light of English freedom, and hoarsely vociferating "Regicide," "Sectary" and "Blasphemer," he hears the Prophetic Voice hailing the Eternal: "*The Lord at Thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath: He shall fill the places*

*with dead bodies ; He shall wound the heads over many countries.*" The leader of the Puritan Revolt, you perceive, deems it no sin, called and commissioned as he is, to aid in the fulfilment of this prediction. He has not learned from the Divine Word, that a people having the power to be free, must still bear the yoke of oppression, from mere horror of using their God-given might. FORCE has indeed got a bad name by frequent association with *wrong*. But has not INTELLIGENCE itself been not seldom in the same company ? And on the other hand, if Intelligence rising into Infinity is invested with a purity before which the heavens are not clean, is not Force too—ascending into Almightyness,—irradiated with the brightest splendors of Eternal Justice and Judgment ? Must Might, then, only because it *is* Might, be discarded even when ready to go forth, hand in hand, with Right ? Cromwell's answer was a speedy, startling entrance into the hostile land with some sixteen thousand of his invincibles. No commander ever better understood the value of time. Napoleon himself was never more anxious to open a campaign and close it at once "with a clap of thunder" that would confound the pride and crush the hopes of an enemy. Brief war and long peace was the desire of Cromwell. But the Scots under cautious David Lesley, took care, though greatly superior in number, not to meet the English in the open field. And the Scottish leaders, meanwhile, were at scarcely less pains to guard against Cromwell's attempts upon the minds of their deceived followers. Whilst with characteristic integrity and humanity, he enforced the practice of courtesy and fair dealing towards the unarmed inhabitants, he sought to undeceive them with respect to the points in controversy and the object of his coming. With righteous severity he rebuked those leaders for withholding his statements and appeals from the people. "And no marvel," he declared, "if you deal thus with us when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the papers we have sent you ; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially such among them as fear the Lord. SEND AS MANY OF YOUR PAPERS AS YOU PLEASE AMONGST OURS ; THEY HAVE A FREE PASSAGE. I FEAR THEM NOT. WHAT IS OF GOD IN THEM, WOULD IT MIGHT BE EMBRACED AND RECEIVED !"

Oliver Cromwell's gloomiest day, to be followed by his brightest, has come, Monday, September 2d, 1650. Six weeks with no battle, but with overmuch, wet, rough weather, unwholesome fare and wasting disease, have reduced his effective men, horse and foot, all told, to eleven thousand. The utter failure of his supplies elsewhere, has compelled him to take a position, near his ships, on the high rock-bound peninsula of Dunbar which extends in a northerly direction about a mile into the Frith of Forth near its opening into the German Ocean, and has a base or landside of nearly "a mile and a half from sea to sea." Along this side but gradually sloping down towards the east, stretches Doon-Hill ; and back of this, are the Lammermoor Heights



with one narrow pass at Copperspath "where ten men to hinder are better than forty men to make their way" but elsewhere hardly passable even for a single foot traveller amid the present wild war of sleety winds. On Doon-Hill and in possession of Copperspath, lies Lesley, twenty-three-thousand strong, invincible in his position, and prepared to prevent the egress of the English.

Close by the foot of Doon-Hill and rising in the Lammermoor, is a rivulet which runs through "a deep grassy glen" into the sea on the east. About a mile east of Copperspath this glen presents a crossing-place though with a pretty steep acclivity on the side opposite to Cromwell. It is along the Dunbar-side of this "deep ditch" or glen, that Cromwell's forces are ranged from "sea to sea" with their weather-beaten tents behind them. His tempest-rocked ships are rolling and groaning fearfully in the offing. To escape by sea with his army, especially the cavalry, is now well nigh impossible;—and if practicable, its effect on the Commonwealth, would be most disastrous.

This then is a time to try the soul of the man. The workings of his mind to-day are worthy the study of a Shakspeare—of a Shakspeare exalted by the faith and unearthly courage of the heroic Singer of Israel. If his soul knows ought to summon Remorse with its scorpion-stings or to arouse Superstitious Fear with its spectres dire, this is the hour to give them a terrible mastery. Say, thou who hast hitherto been so bold, do any dark doubts, any troublesome, upbraiding thoughts come forth from these threatening clouds, to harass thy spirit? Thou and those Covenanters have solemnly appealed to the God of Providence to judge and decide betwixt thee and them. Is He, then, smiling on them and frowning on thee?—disowning the cause which thou hast declared to be His? Is He really in these clouds—rebuking the Regicide?—Ha, and does the beheaded king come from his long home in "the land of darkness and shadow of death" to "sit heavy on thy soul" and cry, *Overtaken at last—thou God-forsaken?*

See; the Puritan Hero is calm as a summer evening when all the stars are forth and

"Zephyrus on Flora breathes."

He is lifting up his eyes unto the Hills from whence cometh his help. Listen to him as to-day he writes to the Governor of Newcastle:

"DEAR SIR: We are upon an engagement very difficult. The enemy hath blocked up our way at the pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all good people. If your forces had

been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. ALL SHALL WORK FOR GOOD. OUR SPIRITS ARE COMFORTABLE, PRAISED BE THE LORD—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have MUCH HOPE IN THE LORD ; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you."

How brave, trustful, and sublimely serene is the spirit that thus hopes against hope, and with calm, unclouded wisdom, is devising all and doing all, within the limits of possibility, to extricate the army and guard the Commonwealth !

The noble letter has been sent away by sea ; and the hour of deliverance is at hand. The cloud that has covered the *way* of escape, is suddenly parted asunder.

Between four and five o'clock as the Lord General is walking in the garden or park of a house on his extreme left, at the mouth of the rivulet, near the eastern pass of the glen, he perceives that Lesley is changing his position, coming down with his whole army, upon the sloping harvest fields near the edge of the "deep ditch," bringing up his cavalry from his left to his other wing and moving his whole line more and more to his right.

The Covenanters are afraid that Oliver will, perchance, escape by sea unless they hasten to overwhelm and crush him with his enfeebled, dispirited remnant of an army, where he is. The English lion, so terrible half a month ago, may, yea, must now, they opine, be assailed in his sea-girt lair and slain or taken.

Their aim is to take possession of the pass and the house at Cromwell's left and thus be ready to attack him at any moment. But, O Lesley preparing to assail, thou art now in a position to be assailed ! At a glance the Lord General's eagle eye penetrates the design of this movement and sees the chance it gives him of escape—of glorious victory.

The plan instantly suggested by Cromwell and eagerly received by his most trusted officers, is, to be before-hand with Lesley,—to send over before to-morrow's dawn, the flower of the English army and at the break of day to attack, in front and flank, the enemy's right wing now exposed in the open space, and by driving it back, in confusion, upon the main body of the Scots crowded between the glen and Doon Hill and utterly unable to deploy and assist, to put to rout the whole host.

Thus has the dreadful cloud enveloping Oliver and his fortunes been rent—though not dispersed. Escape—victory—is not certain. But it is possible without literal miracle.

The darkness of a night windy and wet now shrouds the two armies—"the harvest moon wading deep among clouds of sleet and

hail." This is no time to sleep. Look to the Lord of Hosts, ye ever-victorious, and let a flame from the Right Hand that holds the thunders, fire your courage anew;—be wary too and in all things ready; for victory here waits on valor, skill, and effort the most strenuous. Is it strange that the great Commander seeks the Lord to night and bids others seek him? If to pray for Divine succor now be fanatical, let the wiser ones of a coming age remember the supplications of the gifted and mighty Gustavus Adolphus and of the great and good Washington on the eve of battle; and be charitable. Touching this *fault* of Cromwell it will not misbecome even the intelligent to be gentle. For no mortal hath been or shall be of the mountain-moving class of men—of the order imperial, by intellect and energy of will, towering where scarcely once in a thousand years any of all earth's millions can rise—without a soul inclined to associate success with *some* Agency more potent than MAN'S. This supernatural ground of trust may be different with different men—with Cæsar, Fortune; with Napoleon, Destiny; with Cromwell, the Father of Lights. But every truly profound and lofty mind, burdened with the fortunes of a great Nation suspended on its decisions, does naturally in a crisis like this at Dunbar, turn, for light and relief, to the all-knowing Governor of Futurity. A painful sense of finiteness—in an hour so trying—suggests resort to the Infinite.

Pray, then, ye Puritan heroes! But in asking help of the Almighty, expect not miracles. Implore blessing on your efforts; not the naked Arm Divine to give you victory for which you toil not. God helps those who help themselves.—Cromwell is neither a Godless man nor an enthusiast. His piety fervent and trustful has not abjured common sense. He intelligently confides in One who has so joined together means and ends that none but a madman will put them asunder. Fitting instrumentalities are the ladder on which the angels of God, sent aid to us, ascend and descend. Not even the lowest round in that ladder can be spared. And it marks the highest order of active greatness, not only to devise magnificent plans and comprehend them in all the grandeur of their outline but to superintend and direct them in all their subordinate and most minute details; thus achieving man's closest approximation to Him "who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven"; yet numbereth all the hairs of the head of the obscurest dweller upon earth. Let the knowing ones of the Nineteenth Century listen to their own terrible "Man of Destiny" as, in the very hour of victory at Wagram, he sternly rebukes inattention to things styled small. "Nothing! what do you call nothing? Sir, I tell you there are no trifling events in war."

Shall the sincerity of the Puritan Commander be questioned, then, because to-night as his mind glances downward from the Eternal, through the appointed medium of keenly inspected instrumentalities, to the coming victory, he gives the order "Put your trust in the Lord"; and does not forget—amid the roar of dripping winds—to

add: "and withal keep your powder dry?" It is positively stupid to ascribe this to hypocrisy.

Let any who are disposed, laugh at this association of trust in the Highest, with a precaution so essential to be used here by these men; but when at the rising of to-morrow's sun—symbol of the Father of Lights—Cromwell shall exclaim, "Arise, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered," Lesley will not laugh as he witnesses the awful results;—as he sees his strongest battalions broken through and through; while from English musketry and English artillery *charged with dry powder*, a terrible iron tempest bursts in deadly fury upon his doomed ranks. Oh, the power to smile shall be taken quite away from the strong man, when the Ironsides shouting the watchword of the day: "The Lord of Hosts" and deriving thence a courage which knows not the meaning of danger, move as on the wings of destroying cherubim, sending his discomfited forces all adrift like thistle-down before a whirlwind. Nor will he recover spirit to deride even while the victors, weary in the chase, pause at the foot of Doon-Hill, and sing the hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, "uplifting it to the tune of Bangor or some still higher score and rolling it strong and great against the sky." No, the time to laugh shall not be to-morrow amid the tremendous rout and disastrous flight, where three thousand shall fall and ten thousand whose voices—like the roar of the sea—have been sounding out their battle-cry—"The Covenant"—shall ask and receive mercy of the men who still shout: "The Lord of Hosts." That time will be some years hence, when the great Puritan—triumphant over all human foes—shall have lain down to sleep till the heavens be no more; and when his affrighted enemies reassured, can smile and smile without dread, feeling *sure* the terrible man *is* dead, because they have seen his lifeless clay—now deserted by his mighty spirit—hung up for the revengeful derision of grave-disturbing Royalists who had been wont to turn pale at the very name of Cromwell.

The battle of Dunbar is over. The confused noise of deadly conflict has died away; the star of Cromwell and the Commonwealth has risen higher: and brighter than ever; and the brow that yesterday, was lighted up with the appalling glow of preternatural excitement, has become pale and relaxed, and shines only with the gentler emotions of magnanimous pity, of conjugal and parental tenderness, of gratitude to the Almighty and of self-abasement before the Mercy-Seat.

With what humility and affection the victorious Lord General wrote to his wife the day after this splendid achievement, and with what earnestness he besought his brother-in-law and other friends to give God all the glory, we have already seen. It is delightful to observe too, that in his dispatch to Parliament on this occasion, he deplored the unhappy fate of those who had met their death by being



led, through ignorance and misinformation, to take part in this unnatural and suicidal war against British freedom.\*

Yet there was a man or a thing purporting to be a man—and he by profession a Covenanter—who secretly rejoiced at this defeat of the Covenanters. I refer of course to their Defender of the Faith, with demure clergymen at the one elbow and “scarlet women” at the other. The effort to wear the mask of Religion, had become intolerably irksome to the new convert; and he hoped that this tremendous overthrow of his covenanted brethren who had vexatiously cast the pearls of instruction and admonition before him, would so diminish their confidence in their own strength and make them feel their need of him, as to free him in some degree from a watch and fellowship so annoying. The loyal Clarendon who knew the real feelings of Charles on this occasion, says: “Never victory was attended with less lamentations—the king was glad of it as the greatest happiness which could befall him in the loss of so strong a body of *his enemies*.”

In the correspondence which ensued, the Lord General administered a wholesome rebuke to the Scotch Clergy, for the part which they had acted in this pernicious war. With great solemnity they had appealed to “the God of Battles” for His sanction of Charles Stuart’s claim to rule over the British Empire and to be the *jure divino* extirpator of Independency and other alleged heresies and schisms. But the Voice which answered this appeal, at the foot of Doon-Hill—though pretty distinct and decisive—was not quite clear to minds which could expect the God of Liberty and Purity to set his seal to pretensions so revolting to conscience and common sense. Another answer—if not to convince, yet to silence—was necessary. The terror of Dunbar gradually passed away; another though less numerous army of Royalists was collected; the covenanted Prince who hated the Covenanters was magnificently crowned their despised-venerated king; and the war, in a cautious, feeble way, lasted yet a whole year. The daring genius of Cromwell, at length, brought affairs to a crisis, by a movement which at once threatened destruction to the Royalists in their present position and left the way open for them to pass into England. Of this opportunity they soon availed themselves, and entered England on the 6th of August, 1651. Leaving Cromwell in their rear, they made all haste in the hope that thousands of loyal Englishmen would, in circumstances so favorable, rush to the king’s support. Indeed when it became known in London that the Scottish army was advancing and that Cromwell with a force numerically inferior was at least a three-days march behind,

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\* This was not a war between Independents and Presbyterians *as such*, but between the defenders of the Commonwealth on the one hand, and those on the other, who, from *various* motives, were seeking its destruction.

It was no part of Cromwell’s policy to employ Secular Force to set up this or that branch of the Church of Christ or to *propagate* his religious tenets. Such a means he most emphatically reprobates in the very dispatch above mentioned. He had indeed drawn the sword but for quite another purpose—to *protect* religious and civil *rights* to be enjoyed, in common, by *all* peaceable citizens.

the Parliament, though firm, felt some apprehension. This was the first time that the standard of the Stuarts had been unfurled in England since the execution of the late king; and it was certainly a most opportune occasion for the popular indignation *said* to have been produced by that famous transaction, to illustrate itself. Was not Cromwell insane to suffer the son of "the blessed martyr" thus to avail himself of the Ocean-flood of English sympathy moved in his favor by the *impolitic* violence of that *fanatical* deed?

If we may credit a hostile witness—to say nothing of Cromwell's own cheering letter to the Parliament—he felt no alarm. With all his marvellous keenness of observation, he seems not to have perceived the *tremendous reaction* in the Nation's mind in favor of royalism, of which certain writers, of recent date, make such emphatic mention. "He began his own march," Clarendon tells us, "with a wonderful cheerfulness and assurance to the officers and soldiers that he should obtain a full victory in England, over those who fled from him out of Scotland." Now mark the result,—let those especially mark it, who believe that "the spirit" of the decapitated Stuart "ranging for revenge," was moving men to wrath in those English "confines," and preparing, "with a monarch's voice," to "cry, Havoc." The Royalists, who had expected to flow through the northern counties of England like a river without obstruction and with the accession of a thousand tributary streams, met everywhere not the tokens of friendship, nor even the dubious signs of neutrality but the most unequivocal manifestations of a deadly hostility; and the reputed heir to England's sympathy, instead of being borne on an overwhelming tide of popular favor straightway to London, was compelled, while Cromwell was still at a distance, to turn aside in dismay with the sixteen thousand brave troops with which he had left Scotland, and fortify himself in a strong defensive position at Worcester. "This enemy is heart-smitten of God" wrote Cromwell on hearing that the Royalists were marching into England; "and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear and the folly of it also,"—words singularly prophetic!—of which Clarendon afterwards narrated the literal fulfilment. The loyal historian mentions not only the opposition which the invaders encountered and the fact that their force "was very little increased by the accession of any English," but the mutual distrust which divided their counsels and the strange fatuity which marked their conduct as they awaited the attack of Cromwell.

The man who never fought a battle without annihilating the force opposed to him, was indeed coming and "at his right hand Victory sat eagle-winged." The small army with which he had left Scotland was swelled, by additions of horse and foot, to thirty thousand, and "many regiments," says the unfriendly writer just now quoted, "were drawing towards him of the militia of the several counties, under the command of the principal gentlemen of the country." Eighty

thousand, as some affirm, were rising in the distance and ready to move towards Worcester, not to defend but to drive out the prince in whose favor a great popular reaction is so often said to have been provoked!

The battle of Worcester was fought on both sides of the Severn, late in the afternoon of the 3d of September—the anniversary of the victory of Dunbar. The Royalists had a great advantage in the strength and peculiarity of their position. On both sides of the river they fought with the fierceness and desperation of a death-agony.

Throughout the struggle, Cromwell, as usual, was where his presence was most needed to stimulate victorious ardor and impart precision and overpowering energy to every important movement. The statement of an old writer is complimentary not only to his courage but to his humanity. "My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire; riding, *himself in person*, to the enemy's foot to offer them quarter whereto they returned no answer but shot." After leading the attack on the western side and making sure the victory there, he hastened across the river where now nearly all the enemy's forces were gathered for a last desperate effort and where there was but a moiety of his own troops to sustain the fierce encounter. His movements here, as elsewhere, were with the skilful order, amazing celerity and tremendous impetuosity which at once rendered discomfiture inevitable and utterly ruinous to the opposing army, and made success easy and almost bloodless to his own. If to win victory the most decisive, with the least possible loss to the winner, be the chief end of battle, Cromwell has had no equal as a General either in ancient or modern times. Indeed the smallness of his losses at Marston-Moor, Naseby, Preston, Drogheda, Dunbar and Worcester—when we consider the numbers, discipline and position of the armies overcome and the terrific decisiveness of their defeat—would scarcely be credited but for the concurrent testimony of friends and foes. Thus Clarendon declares that this last "victory cost the enemy no blood." Yet the slaughter of the Royalists was frightful and six or seven thousand were taken prisoners. Of their whole army, less than fifteen hundred, were all that escaped in a body.

Their own writers relate that David Lesley, their Commander "appeared dispirited and confounded" in the progress of the battle; that "without doubt, he was so amazed in that fatal day that he performed not the office of a General or of any competent officer;" and that towards the close of the conflict "there was paleness in every man's looks and jealousy and confusion in their faces."

Cromwell at the head of his Ironsides was doubtless the most formidable human foe that any commander was ever doomed to meet. The keenest sagacity in selecting the point, the time and the mode of attack, the most unhesitating readiness in every emergency, and a power of command enabling him intensely to stimulate and yet steadily to guide the ardor of the most intelligent, fearless, and independent



body of men ever disciplined for war, fitted him as no other general was ever fitted to lead these high-spirited God-fearing warriors to victory; whilst the most unerring precision in every movement, the most consummate skill in the use of every weapon, and a courage more enthusiastic than was, ever before or since, kept under due control, prepared them as no other army was ever prepared to follow such a commander. What Hume says respecting Cromwell's ignorance of the science of war, is entitled to almost as much respect as the criticism of those Austrian commanders who declared that Napoleon's victories over them, were not won according to the established rules of the military art. It was enough that the great farmer of Huntingdon achieved, with unparalleled success, all he undertook in war and that he often undertook what few men would have dared to attempt.

"It is for ought I know a crowning mercy," said Cromwell, in his dispatch to Parliament, expressing his gratitude to God for the victory of Worcester; and so it proved in the very sense intended. Here his list of battles ended. The "Defender of the Covenant" with a price set on his head, was glad to escape with his life into foreign parts to pass the next eight years and a half in obscurity and debauchery; and the Covenanters were compelled to spend the same period under a most enlightened and liberal government, in a state—as their own writers admit—of unusual prosperity;—yet murmuring about *heresy*, *regicide* and *usurpation*, until the return of their "covenanted prince" with his harlots, his pimps and his retinue of scoffers and persecuting bigots.

As putting a glorious end to the wars of the great English Revolution, the victory of Worcester was indeed "a crowning mercy." But the shrewd suspicion that Cromwell meant "a mercy that was to give him the crown of England," was a very stupid conclusion. Even if he had wished to be king, would he have been eager to tell such a secret to the whole world? If Hugh Peters or any other person at this time, fancied that he aimed to be king, his overshadowing greatness must have been the only ground which he furnished for such a suspicion. His *relative* position and the calumnies to which it exposed him, were truthfully described by Milton:

"Cromwell our chief of men who through a cloud  
Not of war only but of *detractions rude*  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed  
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies and his work pursued  
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots inbrued  
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud  
And Worcester's laureate wreath."——

Nor did the illustrious poet deem it safe that the services of the great Restorer of Order, and Defender of the rights of Conscience, should end with the acquisition of that "wreath." He adds,



“ Yet much remains  
 To conquer still ; peace hath her victories  
 No less renewed than war : new foes arise  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.”

Returning to London amid the rejoicings and thanksgivings which filled not the city only but all England, with the shouts, the music and volleying of national jubilation, the Lord General “carried himself with much affability” says a severe observer; “and now and afterwards, in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the action unto God.”\*

We have already observed how perfectly this modesty in public, harmonized with his most confidential whisperings not only now but during every part of his life since he professed Christianity.

Yet his vindicator will hardly fail, at this point, to hear from one and another the inquiry: Did he not refuse to act the part of a Washington?—did he not become a usurper?

The answer is, The drama of English affairs in his day, contained no “Washington’s part.” The age, the people, the circumstances of Washington were not yet. It is mere day-dreaming to suppose that Cromwell on his return from Worcester, could have established a Republic like ours. Not to speak of other obstacles, discord among those whose principles tended to republicanism, forbade such a consummation. Let the responsibility of failure, rest where it belongs. Why blame the great Englishman for not achieving an impossibility?

It should be observed, too, that the dissolution of the Long Parliament and the establishment of the Protectorate were no hasty or unnecessary acts. The period which intervened between the victory of Worcester and that dissolution, was as long as from the 3d of September 1651 to the 20th of April 1653. The assembly which to this last date, had continued to style itself the Parliament, was but a remnant of the House of Commons elected more than twelve years before; while the *necessity* which so long justified its retention of power without a new election, had ceased when Cromwell’s last victory restored internal peace to the realm.

Yet this rag-end of an obsolete Parliament, now in derision styled the Rump, had in various ways evinced a determination to perpetuate itself. Finding the army opposed to this determination, it had sought to remove this formidable force by disbanding it. Meanwhile not the army only but the English People loudly complained of the usurpation of the Rump, and clamored for the settlement of the government on some permanent basis.

Even the splendid success of the war against Holland, had not perceptibly diminished the odium resting upon this arrogating body; for the credit of that success was justly given to the men who fought

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\* Whitelocke.

the battles and to Cromwell from whose admirable military system, the Navy had derived the ability to conquer.

In short, the Lord General had waited till affairs were on the brink of a crisis like that which the year after his death brought back the Stuarts with twenty-eight years of tyranny, licentiousness and national degradation. He had waited till it would have been criminal to wait longer. Quietly to have permitted affairs now to take their own course, would have been to hazard all that the Nation had gained by the recent struggle and to expose himself and many others to imminent personal danger.

The question presented to him was this: Shall we lose all the fruits of our sacrifices and victories by suffering this odious remnant of a Parliament to try the experiment of disbanding the army and of attempting to rule, with the certainty of being soon overthrown and of paving the way for the speedy return of the Stuarts? Or shall such a combination of evils be postponed and mitigated, if not averted, by the timely intervention of the only power on earth which can interpose with effect? He saw the Ship of State ready to dash upon the breakers to the peril of himself and of all on board; and being in a situation to save her from such a calamity, he rescued her in obedience to the law of necessity.

The necessity which he obeyed in the awful hour when he thundered in the ears of that usurping oligarchy "You are no Parliament;—in the name of God, go"—was no such necessity as tyrants are wont to plead; but such as sometimes impels patriots to do acts which, though not technically legal, accord with the principles of a just self-preservation. It was a necessity which he had sought to prevent. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity in saying on that occasion to the Parliamentary chiefs, "It is you that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord day and night that he would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work."

His declaration, "You are no Parliament," was echoed by the Nation. Not only so; even his consequent exercise of the Protectoral power was virtually sanctioned by the People. For they not only acquiesced in it but assented to it by electing members of Parliament repeatedly under the writs which he issued. It is indeed true that some of the Parliaments thus originated, called in question his right to the station he held. But how truthfully did he remind them that in doing so, they called in question their own right to act as Parliaments! It was certainly difficult, at that time, to ascertain the true popular mind of England. To say nothing of the great multitude who were indifferent or were swayed to and fro as they happened to be moved at the moment, the people were divided into a great number of factions between no two of which was there any principle of lasting affinity. Thus there were Episcopalian Royalists, Papistic Royalists and Presbyterian Royalists. But Cromwell knew, what all men now know, that these different classes of Royalists were really separated from each other, by differences of senti-

ment and of interest which in that age were irreconcilable—that they would never cordially co-operate for a month in the support of any government.

There were many sorts, too, of Anti-Royalists. There were those who looked to the republics of Greece and Rome for their model of government. There were those who desired an oligarchy under the forms of a Parliament. There were those who would have fiercely opposed any government with a single chief magistrate though with powers the most limited—Levellers, Fifth-Monarchy Men, “Anabaptist Sans Culottes;” some of whom, however, did not scruple in their indignation at “the One-man-power” of Oliver, to enter into plots and conspiracies to restore the Stuarts. Deluded men! Little did they realize that that protective “one-man-power” was all that guarded them against being scattered and peeled, or hanged and quartered, by the revenge and bigotry of those very Stuarts!

Probably the Cromwellians were more numerous than any other *single* party in the Nation; and, what is more important, by their capacity, their discipline and especially the LIBERALITY OF THEIR PRINCIPLES, they were incomparably more worthy than any other to have the control. Indeed their sway at this time was essential not only to prevent their own ruin but to keep the various factions of exclusives from destroying one another.

The exigency which compelled Cromwell to undertake the Protectoral office, is acknowledged by writers of the most opposite religious and political views. Writers who insinuate the charge of ambition and usurpation, do, in the same sentence, declare it to have been impossible for him then to adopt with safety either to himself or to the Nation, any other than the course which he did pursue. His “usurpation” says Hume “was the effect of NECESSITY as well as of ambition; nor is it easy to see how the various factions could at that time, have been restrained without a mixture of military and arbitrary authority.”\*—It was doubtless to be regretted that Cromwell could not save his country and himself without doing acts which would expose his good name to the plausible attacks of ungenerous defamers—that the only alternative was the Protectorate or a train of evils at which humanity would shudder.

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\* “I do not mean to deny” says Guizot “that his personal interest, the gratification of his darling ambition, was his first care; but it is no LESS CERTAIN that *if he had abdicated his authority one day*, he would have been OBLIGED TO RESUME IT THE NEXT. Puritans or Royalists, Republicans or Officers, THERE WAS NO ONE BUT CROMWELL *who* was in a state at this time TO GOVERN WITH ANYTHING LIKE ORDER OR JUSTICE. The experiment had been made. *It seemed absurd to think of leaving to Parliaments*, that is to say, to the FACTION sitting in Parliament, a GOVERNMENT WHICH IT COULD NOT MAINTAIN.” Hist. of Civilization in Modern Europe, p. 314 —“His usurpation, if such it is to be called” says Keightley “was the greatest benefit that could befall the country in its present condition.”—“It secured the Nation” Hallam remarks “from the mischievous lunacy of the Anabaptists and from the more cold-blooded tyranny of that little oligarchy which arrogated to itself the name of Commonwealth’s men.”

Yet he chose wisely not for himself only but for England and the world. So thought one of the most high-souled haters of arbitrary power, whom any age has ever known. "The circumstances of the country which has been so convulsed by the storms of faction, which are yet hardly still, do not permit us" said Milton "to adopt a more perfect or desirable form of Government."\* Is the mere fact then of Cromwell's taking the helm to prevent utter shipwreck, proof conclusive of an ambitious motive?—May he not have been perfectly honest in testifying, as he often did with many tears, that "he would rather have taken a shepherd's staff than the Protectorship; but that he saw it was necessary at that time to keep the Nation from falling into extreme disorder and from becoming open to the common enemy;" and that "therefore he only stepped in between the living and the dead in that interval till God should direct them on what basis they ought to settle;" assuring those with whom he conversed, that "then he would surrender the heavy load lying upon him, with a joy equal to the sorrow with which he was affected while under that show of dignity."† What other Englishman was fitted by his boldness of heart, his influence with the army, his liberality of views and his pre-eminence of position, to guide and guard the tempest-driven Commonwealth on so troubled a sea?—Echo answers: "What other?"

It is idle to attempt as does the uncandid Forster, to disparage the unrivalled leader of the English Revolution by *exaggerating* the merits of "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England" who could not save that Commonwealth from ruin even for a twelve-month after the exit of the mighty Statesmen and General who had so long protected and exalted it.‡ Milton's splendid apostrophe to the Protector was no less truthful than laudatory. "In this state of desolation to which we were reduced" wrote the eloquent patriot, "you, O Cromwell, alone remained to conduct the Government and to save the country. We all willingly yield the palm of sovereignty to your unrivalled ability and virtue, except the few among us, who, either ambitious of honors which they have not the capacity to sustain or who envy those which are conferred on one more worthy than themselves or else who do not know that nothing in the world is more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, more politically just or more generally useful, than that the supreme power should be vested in the best and wisest of men. Such, O Cromwell, all

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\* Milton's Prose Works II 524.

† Bishop Burnet's Hist. of his own Times p. 44. Also Cromwell's Speech IV in Carlyle.

‡ Forster in quoting approvingly the remark of Godwin that the "Regicides [when they brought Charles I to the block] COULD NOT WITH ANY SECURITY CALCULATE ON THE IMPUNITY OF ELEVEN YEARS AND FOUR MONTHS WHICH THEY ULTIMATELY REAPED," pays an undesigned compliment to the energy and wisdom of the Protector in providing an "impunity" so lasting.—"Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England,"—p. 377.



acknowledge you to be; such are the services which you have rendered as leader of our councils, the general of our armies and the father of your country:—for this is the tender appellation by which all the good among us, salute you from the very soul.”\*

To put this heart-felt encomium in the same category with Cicero’s labored compliments to Julius Cæsar, or, with Horace and Virgil’s idolatrous praises of Augustus, is to do great injustice to the writer and to confound circumstances extremely diverse. Milton’s life and writings evince the unbending spirit of that other and truer Roman rather, who

—“ Would not flatter Neptune for his trident  
Or Jove for his power to thunder.”†

But his republican preferences did not blind him to the actual perils which environed the Commonwealth; nor his loftiness of soul, hinder his paying a cordial tribute to the surpassing abilities and well-meant endeavors of the great Protector.

It is important here to observe how limited were the powers which Cromwell reserved to himself when he undertook the Protectoral Office. These as Macaulay justly remarks “were scarcely so great as those of a Dutch Stadt-holder or an American President.”‡ In a speech to his first Protectorate Parliament he said: “The ‘Instrument’ of Government doth declare that you have a legislative power WITHOUT A NEGATIVE FROM ME. And I, for my part, shall be willing to be bound more than I am, in anything concerning which I can become convinced that it may be for the good of the People or tend to the preservation of the Cause and Interest so long contended for.”

Thus disclaiming even a veto upon the enactments of Parliament and giving this body a voice in the appointment of Ministers, he merely retained for himself that place in the Commonwealth, to which its endangered interests bound him. Nor did he require that the Protectorship should be hereditary in his family.

“Thus far we think” declares the brilliant writer just now quoted, “if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had of aggrandizing himself, be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington or Bolivar. Had his moderation been met by corresponding moderation, there is no reason to think

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\* Milton’s Prose Works II 520.

† Those who have received their impressions of Milton from Dr. Johnson’s “Life” of the great poet, should remember that the Doctor is not to be trusted in any case where his prejudices were concerned; and that in the case of Milton, his prejudices were envenomed to an extraordinary degree of virulence. He was as incapable of appreciating Milton’s Puritanism and especially Milton’s advocacy of the cause of English liberty as he was of doing justice to the noble resistance of our revolutionary patriots, to British tyranny; whom he wrathfully described as deserving to be hunted with fire and sword and as “multiplying with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes.” See Boswell’s Life of the Dr. and the Dr.’s. “Taxation no Tyranny.”

‡ Mis. Art. Milton.

that he would have over-stepped the line which he had traced for himself."

The misfortune of Cromwell and of England was that his moderation, instead of being reciprocated, was met by a spirit in Parliament, as absurdly inconsistent in its denial of the Protector's authority, as it was factiously blind to the obvious necessities and perils of the country. This fact is his ample apology for governing the country afterwards as he best could and not as he otherwise would. He is not to be stigmatized for obeying the law of necessity nor to be held responsible for the existence of a necessity which was created by the folly and wrong-doing of others.

Great injustice has often been done to the administration of the Protector by the mere omission of dates and circumstances. Thus the measure by which, in the latter part of the year 1655, the country was put under the supervision of "the Major-Generals," has often been condemned as both a needless and a permanent feature of his plan of Government; whereas it was in operation during only a small part of the Protectorate, having been forced into existence by dangerous insurrectionary movements and then discontinued so soon as tranquility was restored. Thus too the laying of the *Income Tax of Ten per cent.*, in the same year, upon insurgent and disaffected Royalists, has sometimes been censured as a wanton violation of the Act of Oblivion. Just as if said Act had been of force not only to cover the past offences of those Royalists but also to license them thenceforth to disturb the peace! When Cromwell by his forbearing kindness had endeavored, in vain, to render them safe and peaceable citizens, he thought it but just that they should be made to defray the expense of guarding the country against a danger of which their misconduct was the occasion. The unsettled state of the government, the violence of the contending factions, and the greatness of the peril to which the real interests of all were exposed, must be allowed to shed their light upon the acts of the Protector before we are prepared to do justice to his administration. Both just and felicitous is the remark of the distinguished reviewer of Hallam's *Constitutional History*, that "the '*res dura et regni novitas*,' is the great apology of Cromwell."

The prominent features of the Protector's Policy need no defence. They have extorted the commendation even of his most unscrupulous defamers. His vindicators may therefore be allowed on such a theme to express their admiration without reserve.

A prominent characteristic of the Protector's policy was, *MAGNANIMOUS PATRIOTISM*. This is seen in his manner of selecting men to fill the most important offices under his government. Had he merely chosen the ablest of his personal and political friends to aid him in his administration, he would have deserved such praise as we award to the sagacity of his great predecessor, Elizabeth. Had he only endeavored, by his clemency and the various arts of conciliation, to change influential opposers into efficient supporters

of his authority, he might have been compared with Julius Cæsar or with Napoleon. But the peculiar glory of Cromwell, is that he often bestowed places of high honor and trust upon men of virtue and capacity, in spite of their continued and evidently invincible aversion to his Protectorship; and sometimes in spite even of their refusal to acknowledge the legality of his government. As Bishop Burnet candidly remarks, "he studied to seek out able and honest men and to employ them." Although the father of Burnet was a decided Royalist, yet when Cromwell heard that he was a man of piety as well as capacity, he sent to him the urgent request that he would accept the office of Judge in Scotland where he resided, expressing the hope that he would not *oppose* his government though he did not insist on his "*subscribing or swearing to it.*" The illustrious Hale while refusing to "make any acknowledgment whatsoever" of Oliver's title, was appointed to a high place in the English Judiciary, being assured by the large-hearted Protector, that nothing more was required of him than "to administer in a manner agreeable to his pure sentiments and unspotted character, that justice without which human society cannot subsist."<sup>\*</sup>

The spirit of insurrection and dark conspiracy met, as was needful, his withering frown. But an honest difference of sentiment even when attended with undisguised yet peaceable repugnance to his Protectorship, was not allowed to deprive the Commonwealth of any capable and trusty man's services, in any station in which he could consistently act. Admiral Blake was by no means his warm friend; and yet this great commander was not only retained in his high office, but nobly and cordially aided and honored till his work as "Sea-King" was ended.

To say that in this virtue of magnanimous patriotism, Cromwell was in advance of his age, is but faint praise. How few are the rulers and heads of parties, even in the present boastful age, who are not rebuked by the example of the Puritan Protector! To impeach Cromwell's motives by alleging that this magnanimity was the best *policy*, is not very candid though exceedingly common. None but a mind prompted by a large, generous and fearless heart, would have been capable of such a policy—would have ascended to such an *artifice*. Besides, the Protector's course was marked throughout by the same spirit. When thousands of "swords ready to leap from their scabbards" made it easy for him to vindicate his personal honor, how meekly would he listen to the censures, the upbraidings and sometimes the railings of sincere but wrong-headed or mistaken men! When the good Richard Baxter in a sermon preached before him reflected

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<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Burke [in his "Reflections" on the French Revolution] speaking of Cromwell's selection of Hale, says "We are indebted to this act of his for the preservation of our laws, which some senseless asserters of the rights of men, were then on the point of entirely erasing as relics of feudality and barbarism. Besides, he gave in the appointment of that man, to that age and to all posterity, THE MOST BRILLIANT EXAMPLE OF SINCERE AND FERVENT PIETY, EXACT JUSTICE AND PROFOUND JURISPRUDENCE."



with an unjust because *erroneous* severity upon his policy towards the various sects, and when too he afterwards said in conversation with him: "We take our ancient monarchy to *be a blessing and not an evil* to the land; and I humbly crave your patience that I may ask you how England has ever *forfeited* that blessing and unto *whom* that forfeiture was made?" he was kindly allowed an impunity which he must have remembered with regretful wonder in after days when "the forfeited blessing" was enjoyed again with a vengeance.

Nor was this gentleness exercised towards the venerable only. At a time when the followers of George Fox bore little resemblance to those of the sect who now reside in the City of Brotherly Love—when not only their opinions contradicting Scripture and common sense, but their conduct outraging all decency, made them intensely odious to the whole Nation—when their women sometimes practiced what they styled bearing an "open testimony" against the sins of the people by haranguing in the streets in a manner which cannot be even described without bringing a blush upon the cheek of modesty—and when it was their common practice to go into the meetings of other sects, with the avowed purpose of disturbing and preventing their worship, usually crying out to the officiating clergyman: "Come down, thou deceiver, thou hireling, thou dog," it would rather have increased than diminished the popularity of the Protector, to have punished an affront from a Quaker. Nevertheless when one had publicly reviled him to his face, he resented the gross insult by inviting the offender to dine with him.

Yet the voice of this mighty Protector so nobly willing to let his personal dignity "take care of itself," was as when a lion roareth, to the enemies of England, whether foreign or domestic; and not the mightiest potentate on earth, could, with impunity, offer the slightest indignity to any British subject claiming his protection. On one occasion an injury done to an obscure English seaman, was, with his most hearty sanction, promptly and exemplarily punished though at the risk of war with a powerful nation.

The Protector's magnanimity was exhibited, too, in his REFUSAL TO PERSECUTE FOR OPINION'S SAKE, AND IN HIS SINGULAR LIBERALITY TO OPPOSING SECTS.

On this topic, several things need to be considered, in order to prevent misapprehension.

In this age and in this country it works no detriment to the popularity of a public man, to be thought indulgent or even indifferent to the views which people hold in respect to Religion. But in the age and country of Cromwell, it was far otherwise. Then to be tolerant, was to incur the charge of conniving at dangerous error or at least of being culpably remiss in defending the faith.

Hence on no one account did Cromwell bear so much reproach as for his tolerance. Papists, Episcopalians and not a few Presbyterians denounced as impiety, his indulgence to the Baptists, the Socinians, the Quakers and the Jews. Episcopalians generally as



well as the majority of the Puritans censured his lenity to the Roman Catholics. And there were not wanting Independents, Baptists and Presbyterians, who thought that his conduct towards the Episcopalians, was, in a number of particulars, too gracious. It is absurd, therefore, to ascribe the Protector's tolerance, to a desire to render himself popular. A liberality so far in advance of the spirit of the Nation generally, was obviously more likely to disaffect all the sects than strongly to conciliate any of them. As a policy it would have been fatal to any ruler of less capacity, energy and weight of character; for, in some respects, it was carried too far to be pleasing even to the mass of the army and to the majority of the Independents.

Another thing which should be kept in mind in judging of Cromwell's tolerance, is the great difficulty of discriminating always justly between acts *permissible by right of conscience* and acts which though professedly conscientious, are *so pernicious to society* as well as contradictory to the dictates of an enlightened moral sense, as to require prohibition under penal sanctions.

This is a subject fruitful of questions which even in this age and in the most enlightened communities, have exceedingly puzzled some of the most sagacious and liberal minds, and occasioned the charge of persecution in certain quarters. Under laws prohibiting blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking and certain other offences, men have sometimes been punished for acts which they affirmed to have been done in obedience to conscience. Some of the most intelligent and benevolent men of the age have censured the British authorities of Hindoostan, for permitting certain obscene and cruel Pagan ceremonies; and have commended those authorities for abolishing the horrid rites of the Suttee; and yet there are millions who put in the plea of *conscience* for the observance of those abominable ceremonies and those murderous rites.

The difficulty of discriminating between acts permissible and acts punishable by the magistrate, must have been much greater in England two hundred years ago than now. Then many questions which experience has since settled, were new and perplexing; then recent, cruel wrongs and outrages gave a hideous importance to errors which, in the abstract, and under the different light of this age, seem more like fooleries than enormities; and then, too, when in the minds of the millions, religion and politics were zealously blended, party spirit even while going forth into dangerous and treasonable acts, usually professed to be doing God service.

Hence persons of various sects, when punished for crimes overt and proved, would complain of being persecuted, some perhaps as Roman Catholics, some as Episcopalians, some as Quakers,—although Presbyterians or Independents would have suffered the same penalties for like offences. Hence, too, practical mistakes would arise in spite of high intelligence and large liberality. Under this head may be placed a distinction made by Cromwell during his

Campaign in Ireland. In correspondence with the Governor of Ross relative to the surrender of that place, he said: "As for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, *I meddle not with any man's conscience*. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a *liberty to exercise the Mass*, I judge it best to use plain dealing and to let you know, where the Parliament of England have power, *that will not be allowed of*."

Now here was no intended quibble or evasion. The celebration of the mass—involving as it does, Divine worship rendered to a piece of bread and the assumption of the *repeated* sacrifice of the Lord of Glory—was then deemed as it now is, by the whole Protestant world, essentially *idolatrous*. It is not strange, therefore, that in that age, the most liberal minds, viewing such a practice as not only anti-Christian and fraught with public insult to the Author of the Second Commandment, but demoralizing and pernicious in its tendency, should have fallen into the error of putting it in the category of offences (like profane swearing, blasphemy, and Sabbath-breaking,) needing to be restrained by the law of civil Society.\*

Such were the discouragements and perplexities amid which the Protector nobly endeavored to maintain the principles of religious liberty.

What claims special notice is that when his sway was the most unlimited and where he was personally present to direct affairs, then and there religious freedom was enjoyed the most fully. When he was at the gates of Ross, he was acting under the authority of the English Parliament. But when, in a public speech he declared: "Liberty of conscience is a NATURAL RIGHT; and the ruler "that would *have it*, ought to *give it*," he was Lord Protector.

To the first Parliament summoned by his authority he said: "If the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you—I say if any shall desire to lead a life of godliness and honesty, let him be protected."—Nor was he disposed to overlook the rights of unbelievers. In the same speech in which he put religious liberty on the ground not of toleration but of natural right, he said "The judgment of mercy and

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\* Macanlay speaking of a period some forty years later and of the impression left upon the public mind, by the conduct as well as the opinions of Papists, declares very justly that if there were in that age two persons inclined by their judgment and their temper to toleration, those persons were Archbishop Tillotson and John Locke. "Yet," he says "Tillotson whose indulgence for various kinds of schismatics and heretics, brought on him the reproach of heterodoxy, told the House of Commons from the pulpit that it was their duty to make effectual provision against the propagation of a religion more mischievous than irreligion itself,—of a religion which demanded from its followers services directly opposed to THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF MORALITY. His temper, he truly said, was prone to lenity; but his DUTY TO THE COMMUNITY, forced him to be, in this one instance, severe."—"Locke, in the celebrated treatise in which he labored to show that even the grossest forms of idolatry ought not to be prohibited under penal sanctions, contended that THE CHURCH WHICH TAUGHT MEN NOT TO KEEP FAITH WITH HERETICS HAD NO CLAIM TO TOLERATION."—Hist. of Eng. Chap. VI.

truth will teach you to be as just towards an unbeliever as towards a believer ; and it's our duty to do so."

"He began in his latter years," says Bishop Burnet, "to be gentler towards those of the Church of England. They had their meetings in several places about London without any disturbance from him."\* Even Clarendon's uncandid account of the marriages of the Protector's daughters, Frances and Mary, the one to the heir of the Earl of Warwick, and the other to Viscount Falconberg, discloses a fact illustrative of the great Puritan's indulgence to what he deemed the weakness of others in things unessential. "These marriages" he says "were celebrated at Whitehall with all imaginable pomp and lustre ; and it was observed that though the marriages were performed, in public view, according to the rites and ceremonies then in use, they were presently afterwards, in private, married by ministers ordained by Bishops and according to the form in the Book of Common Prayer ; and this with the privity of Cromwell ; who pretended to yield to it in compliance with the importunity and folly of his daughters."†

Dr. George Bates an eminent Royalist and sufficiently hostile to Cromwell, writes "that the Protector indulged the use of the Common Prayer in families and private conventicles ; and though the condition of the Church of England, was but melancholy" yet says the Doctor "it cannot be denied but they had a great deal more favor and indulgence than under the Parliament ; which would never have been interrupted, had they not insulted the Protector and forfeited their liberty by their seditious practices and plottings against his person and government."‡

Many Episcopal divines received "livings" as parish ministers under Cromwell's sway ; and although as beneficiaries of the Government, they were not permitted in public worship, to *read* the liturgy they were at full liberty to conform their prayers to it as much as they pleased.§

\* Burnet's Hist. of His own Time p. 44.

† Grand Rebellion VII 267.

‡ Quoted by Neal, History of the Puritans, II, 144, N. Y. ed. 1843. It is evident that the disabilities under which the adherents of that Church labored at this time, were due not to their *Episcopulianism* but to their *disturbance of the peace*. Neal quotes also the following remark of Bishop Kennet, bearing upon the same point. "It is certain that the Protector was for liberty and the utmost latitude to all parties so far as consisted with the peace and safety of his person and government and therefore he was *never jealous of any cause or sect on account of HERESY and FALSEHOOD* but on his wiser accounts of *POLITICAL PEACE and QUIET* ; and even the prejudice he had against the Episcopal party was more for *THEIR BEING ROYALISTS* than for *BEING OF THE GOOD OLD CHURCH*. Dr. Gunning, afterwards Bishop of Ely, kept a conventicle in London in as open a manner as dissenters did after the Toleration ; and so did several other Episcopal Divines."—Hist. of the Puritans, II 158

§ Bogue and Bennett's Hist. of the Dissenters, I, 69 Lond. ed. 1833 ; Calamy's Life of Howe ; Neal, II 144-'5.

It is, indeed, true that not a few Episcopal clergymen were ejected or debarred from parishes, as *incompetent* or *otherwise unworthy*. From Macaulay's History of England (Chap. III) as well as other authorities, it is evident that, in that



There was perhaps, in all England, no truer representative of the Protector's liberal mind, than the distinguished Independent divine, Dr. John Owen, for a time his Chaplain, afterwards the honored Dean of Christ-Church College and finally his Vice Chancellor of Oxford. This untiring advocate of religious liberty who imbued the mind of Locke with the principles of toleration, not only bestowed most of the livings at his disposal upon clergymen who were unfriendly both to the Independents and to Cromwell, but indulged the Episcopalians too, by permitting "an assembly of about three hundred of them almost over against his own doors."\*

Towards the Roman Catholics too, the Protector showed a lenity as noble as it was dangerous to his popularity. It should be kept in mind, that the public and formal toleration of the Papists, was what no English ruler whether protector or king could grant in that day without losing throne and sceptre. The state of the public feeling may be inferred from the fact that Charles the Second, at heart a Papist, never dared publicly to unmask, and from the influence which the avowed popery of James the Second and his indulgence to his Roman Catholic subjects, had in driving him into exile. English aversion to Romanism was certainly not less intense or less general in the days of Oliver than in the age of the restored Stuarts.

Yet in spite of all this aversion and in spite, too, of the subtle and ever busy hostility of the Jesuits plotting with various factions against his government, he treated the Papists as a body with an indulgence such as had never been shown them by the Parliament—"making a difference" between quiet and orderly Catholics on the one hand and those Romanists on the other who conspired against his life and his Protectoral authority. He not only "plucked" the former, in great numbers, out of "the fire" of persecution but labored with

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century, very many of the Clergy of the Church of England, especially in the rural districts, were poorly qualified indeed to preach the gospel or to do anything else requiring *piety, manliness, learning, and respectability of social position*. Verily Macaulay's *facts* fully justify all the Protector's complaints about persons in the gospel-ministry, who "were scandalous and the common scorn and contempt of that function," and show that his endeavors to bring into "that great employment," as he styled it, "men of *piety and ability*" were far from being needless.—See his I and II speeches in Carlyle.—Yet for such ejected ministers as had dependent families, provision was made with a liberality which the opposite party never saw fit to imitate.

\* Neal's Hist. of the Puritans. II, 306.

Since writing the above, I have observed that Sir James Mackintosh (in his Essay on the Philosophical Genius of Bacon and Locke) says: "By the Independent divines who were his instructors, our philosopher [Locke] was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world."

In a note he adds: "It is an important fact in the history of Toleration, that Dr. Owen the Independent, was Dean of Christ-Church (Oxford) in 1651 when Locke was admitted a member of that College."

Here Locke pursued his studies "*under a fanatical tutor*," as Antony Wood says; and he received the degree of A. B. in 1655 and the degree of A. M. in 1658—the year of the Protector's death.



strong purpose to "remove" as soon as he could "the impediments" and "weights that pressed him down" in his efforts to grant them a full and public toleration.\*

Nor was this his most difficult and heroic exercise of tolerance. An outcast people of a race expelled from England in the days of the crusading Plantagenets, and, if less feared yet far more detested and unfriended than the Romanists, enjoyed his favor. Craving for the Jews, re-admission with liberty of religion and of trade Manasseh Ben Israel, a distinguished Portuguese Rabbi of Amsterdam, encouraged by the growth of Christian liberality in the English Nation, had for several years been pressing his suit—still in vain. He had petitioned now the Long Parliament and now the Little Parliament but never until Oliver became Protector, could he get his request brought to a hearing.

Cromwell testified his respect for the Rabbi by directing two hundred pounds sterling to be paid him out of the treasury; and at a consultation of the leading divines, lawyers and merchants, he most earnestly and ably advocated the proposal to allow the Jews to reside and trade again in England. He argued that the measure would be beneficial not only to commerce but to Christianity, telling the divines that "since there was a promise in Holy Scripture of the conversion of the Jews, he did not know but the preaching of the Christian Religion as it was then in England, without idolatry or superstition, might conduce to it." A person of no mean rank wholistened to the Protector on this occasion, says "I never heard a man speak so well."† Nor was this all; when bigotry, legal pedantry, self-interest and vulgar prejudice prevailed against their petition thus advocated, those Jews who chose to incur the risk of an unlegalized residence in England, escaped no little molestation, through the private favor of the Protector.

How far this liberality was in advance of public sentiment in that age, needs no illustration. It was a mystery which some of the most enlightened men of the day, attempted very unsuccessfully to explain. They took it for granted that a thing so *unchristian*, must have proceeded from some bad motive—though it was not easy to say what.‡ This need not surprise us; for there are even now, in the English Church and State, many dignitaries in whose view, the grant of common liberty to the Jews is a very dark affair. Yet this liberality of Cromwell, was in perfect accordance with principles which he had long held and strenuously advocated. Indeed it had

\* See his letter [the 150th in Carlyle] to Cardinal Mazarin, dated Dec. 26th, 1656. Also Neal, II 158.

† Sir Paul Rycaut (quoted by Carlyle). See also Neal II 159; Whitlocke's Memorials p. 673;—as cited by the editor of Neal.

‡ Among the motives *imagined*, was that "the Protector designed the Jews for spies in the several nations of Europe."—*Bishop Burnet*.

Archdeacon Echard fancied that the Jews bribed the Protector!

been gravely argued by his opponents several years before he became Protector that his views respecting liberty of conscience, must lead to the monstrous absurdity of granting toleration even to the Jews!\* In endeavoring to make all religious sects feel at ease under his government, he was in truth but acting consistently.

It has never been proved nor is it probable that he, in any instance, authorized the persecution or molestation of any individual or sect for mere opinion's sake. He could not indeed, always and everywhere, enforce the principles of toleration so as to cause them to be universally practiced. He could not suddenly eradicate prejudices and customs to which a thousand years had been giving strength and inveteracy. With all his energy and vigilance, he could not always prevent acts of intolerance or severities proceeding, in part, from sectarian suspicion; and he must have been more or less than a man to have kept his own mind entirely free from the bias of partisan feeling. But to his honor be it recorded that he labored, in the cause of religious liberty, with a largeness of heart and a steadiness of principle, too sublime to be appreciated by most of his cotemporaries and too unselfish to be imitated by later English rulers.

He had for his chaplains, men of different ecclesiastical connections and various shades of belief; and in his Board of Triers—whose office it was to “approve” or else reject persons seeking the privileges of the Gospel Ministry—there were not only some Presbyterians and some Independents but two or three Baptists. It is a great mistake however to suppose that his liberality was the fruit of an unscrupulous latitudinarianism.† His letters, speeches and life show everywhere what were the points of his faith and how zealously he maintained them. The great truths of the Puritan Theology,

\* See e. g. “A Necessary Representation” by the Presbytery of Belfast, Feb. 15th 1649;—reviewed in Milton’s Prose Works I, 422-437.

† M. Villemain (in his “Life of Cromwell,” Paris 1819) says: “Cromwell’s neutrality for FORMS OF WORSHIP, compared with the fervor which he always affected, would of itself be enough to convict him of hypocrisy. In that fanatical age, FAITH WAS NEVER distinct from INTOLERANCE; and if Cromwell had been SINCERE, he would have chosen the sect he preferred to follow.”

Had this flippant “Professor of Modern History” never heard of the TOLERANT FAITH of Owen, of Vane, of Roger Williams and others who adorned “that fanatical age?” But he is as shallow in his philosophy as he is erroneous in his facts. Cromwell’s “NEUTRALITY for FORMS of worship” was so far from throwing just suspicion upon his fervor and his faith, that it was the direct and natural result of them. That faith which is an undoubting confidence of things hoped for and a vivid realization of things not seen and which, by raising the mind above earthly temples and ceremonial shadows, renders it fervent through direct contemplation of “the Brightness of the Eternal Glory,” tends strongly to produce INDIFFERENCE as to questions of FORM. Even Hume could have taught the superficial sceptic, that “all ENTHUSIASTS [and he refers to the Quakers, the Independents and the Presbyterians as examples though in different degrees] have expressed great independence in their devotion with a contempt of forms ceremonies and traditions.”

Vide Hume’s “Essays” II, 79, Edin. ed. 1793.

were to him no matters of doubt or of indifference. Irradiated by these, his mind glowed with the fervor of an unwavering confidence, and the zeal of a conscientious preference.\* Hence his tolerance is no great mystery. A conscientious ruler with intelligent, well settled convictions, is likely for that very reason to be tolerant. He is raised above the misgivings which so often cause the selfish to dread inquiry and to meet it, not with argument, but with violence; and a conscience active and enlightened inspires him with respect for the conscientious scruples of others. The "vice-gerent" of the Almighty reigning in his bosom, proclaims tolerance a duty; which, his faith gives him the boldness, to practice.

It is the ruler *without* faith in the great central and immutable truths of Christianity and *with* a facile conscience, who will be blind to the reasons for obeying God rather than men and who will impute guilt worthy of bonds and death, to scruples entertained against the behests of the magistrate or hierarch. Persecutors as a class have been wanting in faith and in sense of the right.

Cromwell's liberality was not another name for indifference to the true and right or for dissembled hostility to the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. Though prompt to recognize and encourage piety and worth under whatever sectarian name or form, and unwilling to persecute any person on account of his opinions, yet he would as soon have appointed a coward to command a regiment of the Ironsides as have chosen a man of unevangelical views or of doubtful piety, to be a chaplain or a "trier" of ministers. His Board of Triers, though of different denominations, included "the acknowledged flower of spiritual England at that time"—men of the highest reputation for Christian zeal, ability and learning; and the Commissioners, appointed in the several counties, to inquire concerning "scandalous, ignorant, insufficient" or otherwise unworthy ministers and eject them, were selected in manifest consideration of their intelligence and known desire to have the gospel ably and faithfully preached, some of them—for example Richard Baxter and Thomas Scot—being his political enemies. These triers and expurgators deemed credible piety indispensable in a preacher of the gospel. Without this qualification, the highest honors of Oxford and Cambridge were considered, by them, an insufficient recommendation. Yet it is a great error to suppose that they or the Protector undervalued the advantages of a liberal education for the ministry. In a speech to Parliament (in 1656) he thus commended them: "I can say too, they have a great esteem for learning; and look at grace as most useful when it falls unto men *with* rather than without that addition; and wish, with all their hearts, the flourishing of all those institutions of learning as much as any."†

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\* The slander (not *often* repeated now) that he used to pretend to some of his chaplains that he was a Presbyterian, to others that he was an Independent, &c., is both stupid and malicious. Cromwell was certainly too *shrewd* to attempt to play such a game with the sagacious men whom he had chosen for chaplains.

† The men who preached the gospel in England during the latter half of Crom-



In selecting his chaplains, he paid a like respect to high qualifications both spiritual and intellectual. The office of religious teacher in his court, was no sinecure and no agency of solemn farce. It required the strongest head, the warmest heart, the most untiring energy. Those whom he appointed to perform its duties, were all ripe scholars, some of them bearing the honors of both the great Universities. Two of them had, for several years, been sharers in the toils and dangers of planting Christian institutions in New-England, the one\* as pastor of the church in Salem, the other† as an associate of the wise and fearless John Davenport in the ministry at New-Haven. Another whose services he was at no small pains to secure not long after he received the title of Protector, and was pleased to retain until his Protectorate was ended, and who continued in the same office during the brief sway of Richard, was JOHN HOWE. Do any ask who was John Howe? Let Robert Hall, himself the admired of all admirers, answer. Being asked what writers he would most recom-

well's Protectorate, will as a body compare to advantage for ability and learning as well as piety, with any other set of preachers ever employed in that country. The triers doubtless made some mistakes in "approbating" preachers; and it was exceedingly difficult to obtain a full supply of men possessing all the qualifications deemed desirable. But the sneer of Dr. Bates about the admission of "ignorant laics, mechanics and pedlers," to livings, is well met, by Neal, with the remark, "that ignorant as they were, not one of the mechanics or pedlers who *conformed* at the Restoration, was ejected for *insufficiency*." Mr. Locke styles the two thousand ministers who *were* ejected at that time, LEARNED, PIOUS, ORTHODOX DIVINES.—Does not the *sudden extinction of so many lights*, (taken in connection with the character of Charles II and the example of his court), better account for the deterioration of morals in England after the Restoration, than all that Macaulay has said about REACTION *against Puritan austerity*?—Let the great body of ministers in any Christian country and *such* a body, be at once all silenced, and let their places be dishonored, not filled, by such a set of triflers and menials as Macaulay himself reports the mass of the clergy of England to have been in the days of Charles II, and it would require no prophet to predict that piety would soon be a by-word and that vice and iniquity would come in like a flood.

\* Hugh Peters.

† Wm. Hooke. He had been pastor of the church in Taunton a short time before removing to New Haven. He had received the degree of A. M. at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1623, and "was esteemed," says the Puritan-hating Wood, "a close student and a religious person." He married a sister of Edward Whalley one of the "King's Judges" who fled to this country after the Restoration. See note p. 56.

Hugh Peters an ardent and bold friend of civil liberty, was tried after the Restoration, for some expressions which he had uttered as to the justice and necessity of calling Charles I to account for his crimes, and was put to death under sentence to be "drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution and there to be hanged by the neck, and being alive, to be cut down and mutilated and his bowels to be taken out of his body and (he living) the same to be burnt before his eyes and his head to be cut off and his body to be divided into four quarters." Like John Cook, Esq., Gen. Harrison and others who on that occasion were mangled, mutilated, burnt and quartered under the same savage and brutal sentence, he met death made thus hideous, not with resignation and peace only but with joy and triumph. When the time for his execution had arrived he exclaimed "Oh this is a good day! He is come that I have longed for and I shall be with him in glory." Mather's *Magnalia*, I, 356. Eng. State Trials—of the "29 Regicides." Bacon's *Hist. Discourses* p. 62 seq.



mend to a young minister, this richly endowed and splendid preacher replied: "I can only say that I have learned far more from John Howe than from any other author I ever read. There is an astonishing magnificence in his conceptions." Nor was Robert Hall at all singular in his estimate of the mental wealth, "the calmness, self-possession, majesty and comprehensiveness" which "distinguished" the great divine whom Oliver delighted to hear.\* Other luminaries of our day, have not blushed to acknowledge themselves the brighter for being shone upon by the same great light. It has been usual to decry Cromwell's preachers as contemptible fanatics; but the well informed will be the slowest to dissent from the opinion that "none of the rulers of the House of Tudor, of the House of Stuart or of the House of Hanover ever had a chaplain superior to John Howe."

The Protector's policy was marked with zeal for the ENLIGHTENMENT AND MORAL ELEVATION OF THE PEOPLE.

He saw distinctly the dependence of the cause of freedom upon the virtue and intelligence of the masses; and he appreciated Christianity with its open Bible, its earnest and capable ministry and its various impressive ordinances, as the power of God, not for salvation merely but for civilization also—as bringing light as well as life to the millions sitting in darkness and forgetful of what they were and might be. In a speech to Parliament (in 1656) he said: "I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon reformation. Truly these things do respect the souls of men and the spirits—which are the men. **THE MIND IS THE MAN.** If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief." In this and in several other speeches he brought clearly to view the leading ideas of a policy which Puritanism, with ampler and freer scope, has more fully developed in our own happy country: a policy which recognizes a nation's collective Mind as its Temple of Liberty; which rejoices in churches that, like the golden candlesticks in the Apocalypse, receive and dispense a light whose life-giving rays are shed not only upon the eminences but through all the valleys and nooks and corners of the human field; which wisely trains up and brings into the service of the Gospel, a full supply of religious teachers illumined and aglow like stars in the Lord's right hand; and which honors the Sabbath—not as an occasion for forget-

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\* If (as Calamy seems to *insinuate*) Howe, very soon after becoming chaplain, preached a sermon against a doctrine known to be held by CROMWELL as well as by members of his court, certainly the whole affair could not have been more creditable to the courage and faithfulness of the PREACHER than to the candor and magnanimity of the potent HEARER who not only never uttered a word of censure but continued to hear and honor the gifted divine so long afterwards. Calamy's story, however, touching that matter ought evidently to be received with some allowance for misapprehension and coloring. If Cromwell held the doctrine alluded to ("the notion of a *particular* faith in prayer"—so called), he verily must have held it far more *wisely* than its abettors generally hold it. See note p. 85.

ting, in low and demoralizing sports, all that is adorable and thrilling in Deity and all that is great and momentous in Humanity—but as a day on which are shed the blended glories of Creation and Redemption and on which, as in grand panorama, Heaven resplendent with the perfections of the Exemplar-Mind, passes in *celestializing* review before a Nation's entire millions reverently looking upward and becoming purer, greater, freer, happier.

Those who sneer at the reign of English Puritanism as if it had been a reign of Vandalism, seem not to be aware of certain facts which such confident critics should be expected to know. The times were indeed unpropitious to literary pursuits and to the munificent patronage of learning. It was a period of agitating and alarming commotion and of unhumanizing civil strife. Yet even in circumstances so unfavorable, the educational genius of Puritanism nobly illustrated itself. The Parliament did not grudge a liberal donation to Trinity College, Dublin; and zealously patronized learning in Scotland. Cromwell himself, though his finances were not in the best condition, endowed a College at Durham. This he did in order to promote liberal education in the north of England, by saving young men the expense of going to Oxford and Cambridge and by shedding on the surrounding region the enlightening influence of such an institution. He gave, too, about five hundred dollars a year to sustain a divinity professor at Oxford; presented some rare manuscripts to the Bodleian library; and permitted the paper for Walton's Polyglot Bible to be imported free of duty.\*

Meanwhile what was there in his proceedings towards Oxford and Cambridge to remind any reasonable man of Genseric or of Alaric with his book-hating and muse-affrighting hordes—unless by the association of contrast? Owen, the fame of whose erudition drew scholars from afar to his conversations and lectures, Cudworth,† to whose "Intellectual System of the Universe," the cultivated minds of all preceding ages contributed their treasures of proof, illustration, and ornament, Goodwin, for his multifarious attainments and acumen, styled "the famous," and Lightfoot whose profound lore is the source whence, even to this day, renowned commentators and philologists deem it honorable to derive no small portion of their learning, were of the teachers then employed in those Universities. And who were the scholars trained there under the *barbarizing* tuition of the professors whom Oliver delighted to honor? Omitting other illustrious names, it is sufficient to mention Locke, Stillingfleet, Tillotson, Whitby and Barrow—the worthy mathematical teacher of Newton and afterwards, by his writings, the prompter and guide of

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\* Whitelocke p. 588; Bennett & Bogue's Hist. of the Dissenters I, 70: and Neal II, 152.

† That celebrated sceptic, the Earl of Shaftesbury, styles Cudworth "an excellent and learned divine, of highest authority at home and fame abroad." Characteristics, vol. III, chap. 2, p. 64.

the oratorical genius of the elder Pitt,—all but the first, distinguished ornaments of the Church of England and he the pride of the Commonwealth of letters.

If to stimulate yet direct aright the spirit of inquiry, if to bring the mind into communion with the great and good of the past and present and especially with the Greatest and Best, if to develop the soul's noblest energies and prepare it, with high conscientiousness, fraternal magnanimity and far-seeing intelligence to fulfil all the offices of Religion, Humanity, Patriotism, Literature and Science,—if this be the true end of a liberal education—an education for a gifted man seeking the loftiest mental stature and the richest spiritual furniture attainable under the amplest and best instruction and with duty and eternal life in full view,—then Oxford and Cambridge had never before been in a state of equal efficiency. The spirit which now hallowed, also illumined those seats of learning. It was the life-giving spirit of a new era in the history of the human mind, incomparably rich in productions which awaken profound thought and noble endeavor, and take hold on the things of that approaching age of purity, knowledge and liberty, for the coming of which their heaven-prompted authors prayed and toiled.

“Yet a spirit averse to the humanizing arts—hostile to the muses”—do you say? Consider, I beseech you, the circumstances of those in Old England, on whom this spirit was breathed. From the age of Wickliff to the close of Oliver's Protectorate, their history is a sad though inspiring tale of magnanimous struggle, first and long, against high-handed tyranny and insolent bigotry armed with the scorpion stings of power, and then and briefly, against foes malignant or mistaken, seeking to restore the dynasty of persecutors—the history of a spirit fraught with life and hope to free thought, to literature and all the arts which truly adorn and elevate humanity, yet forced by circumstances to be too martyr-like, too militant, too constantly strained to high and perilous exertion to go forth in the gentleness and beauty of those graces and embellishments which Puritanism enjoying liberty with peace, affluence and leisure in the New World, has long since begun to exhibit as all its own. It was not for them to pass away their lives in patrimonial grandeur under the encouraging smiles of kings and prelates, fostering a sweet-toned but servile and licentious literature, collating the curiosities of art, and sitting with their faces turned to the past, while garnishing structures reared in times by-gone and already adorned, it may be, with ancestral memorials of Hastings, Cressy, and Agincourt. Mostly new men and glorying—not in a lineage traceable to the knights and barons who fought under the banner of the Norman Conqueror—but in sonship and heirship to Heaven's King, they were doubtless more distinguished for high thinking than for sumptuous living; for heroic fortitude in suffering than for tasteful display in rejoicing; for doing deeds worthy to be commemorated than for graceful adulation to living patrons or for elegant panegyrics on departed dignitaries.



HE who evolves and controls the AGES—making some peaceful and congenial to all the gentler spirits that wait on refinement, melody, and beauty; and some revolutionary and sadly trying or grandly stirring with struggles and eventful crises illustrated by the blood of martyrs and by the self-devotion, courage and labor of the strong men who rejoice and grow stronger amid the convulsions which appall feebler souls—made it not THEIR special mission to cultivate the lighter graces or to woo the less sober and sublime of the muses. It was theirs to go forth and to lead others forth, from the house of spiritual and civil bondage;—and he who reproaches them for not turning aside from their high calling, to do what their death-struggle and their life-battle left them no time nor means to accomplish, and especially to do what was forbidden alike by the principles of their Religion and by true refinement, might as well reproach the Children of Israel because, while yet in their exodus and when the dust of Egyptian brick-kilns was hardly shaken off, they did not then—as they afterwards did in the “goodly land”—shine “as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold;” or because not possessing yet the Psalms of “the sweet singer” they did not ape the fashionable Egyptian or Syrian taste and chant impure strains to Isis or to Tammuz instead of hymning Jehovah’s praises in the divine minstrelsy of Moses and Miriam.

Men devoted to literature and the fine arts, are too apt to assume that it is in their own pursuits alone, that GENIUS can or will manifest itself. But such an assumption betrays more of the narrowness of professional partiality than of the enlarged vision of true philosophy. There is a time for every great and beautiful work, and for every honorable pursuit under the sun:—a time when men of grand views and great hearts, are called to “ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm” of revolution, or to introduce new systems of civilizing agencies and usher in eventful and glorious eras:—a time when they feel invoked to perform great acts, and to make noble sacrifices, and thus furnish inspiring subjects for the historic and the poetic muse; as well as a time when their appropriate work is to mould and vivify the themes of history, of poetry and the other fine arts and give them forms which Truth and Beauty shall own evermore.

The narrowmindedness of authors and artists who disparage the genius of those whom circumstances have compelled to shine only in other spheres, is quite as contemptible as the illiberality of those men of action, who despise literature and the fine arts. Mental excellence of the highest order, is not always permitted to manifest itself in the sublimities and beauties of eloquence and poetry or to impress itself on marble and canvass. It not seldom goes forth in the grandeur and light of great and significant deeds; which—like the luminaries in the firmament—may not, indeed, speak to the nations in articulate sounds, yet “their line is gone out through all the earth and their words to the end of the world;” and when the mighty actors are gone from the scene of their labors, their spirits seem to “return” as Napoleon hoped his “soul” would, “and dwell in the hearts of



the people, like thunder in the clouds of Heaven and throb with ceaseless life in new revolutions."

Cromwell and his active associates did not indeed *write* poetry, but their *lives* were replete with the very things in which poetry deals—with sublimities which excited the admiration of the greatest of poets. What was the need of their "building the lofty rhyme," when they were causing things so grand and affecting to be *seen* and *heard* of all men? They obeyed the divine call rather, to do a work then more essential; and it was well. Even the muse of Milton, which had been so tuneful in "the golden days" of *L'Alegro, Il Penseroso* and the *Mask of Comus*, was almost mute while the Cromwellian drama was acting. Then the poet became merged in the reformer and patriot; and he whose numbers had flowed so sweetly, lifted up that "voice whose sound was like the sea;" whose soul-stirring utterances in prose, shook Britain and moved Europe "from side to side." Nor was it until the hero of that drama had been summoned away and littleness most diminutive had begun to occupy the public attention, that

"In darkness and with dangers compassed round  
And solitude"—

he renewed, though in spheres more sublime, his poetic flights. Yet *his* muse was unalarmed and unabashed, in the presence of Puritanism. Nor need we wonder at this. For her divine power to "illumine" what "in him was dark" and to "raise and support" what "was low" and by which

———"riding sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,  
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time  
Where angels tremble while they gaze."

was but the poetic fire imparted by the same spirit which impelled him to become a Puritan—a defender of "free conscience" and of scriptural simplicity in the Church, and a bold vindicator of equal rights in the State, who could not forget that his was a day calling for strenuous and instant action; and would not sit and sing as if those were but uneventful "piping times of peace."

It is worth our while, therefore, to inquire here, what was the moral character of those "muses" who, at this time, as some writers tell us, were driven in terror from their old haunts. Were they true daughters of the Author of the Flowers, of the Garnisher of the Heavens, of the Attuner of the Soul to Harmony, who delights to behold Truth and Virtue robed in celestial beauty and giving utterance to joy and praise in elevating song?—or daughters of Belial rather, whose inspiration was of irreligion, impurity and servility? To poetry and to music as such we know the Puritans, as a body, were no foes. Never perhaps either before or since was there so much singing in "merry England" as there was during their ascendancy. Then the people neither praised nor prayed by proxy. On the Sabbath and during the week, in the church and in the private dwelling,

in the camp and in the pursuit of routed enemies, in the obscure hut and in the Protector's palace, did devout minds express their heaven-derived confidence and joy, soaring on the wings and inspired with the breath of music and poetry. Cromwell who always knew how to be and to do as the occasion required, who now laughed at "an innocent jest;" and now listened with tearful sympathy to the beatings of some agonized heart disclosing the troubles of its "warfare;" and anon

———"into terror changed  
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on" the Nation's foes,

loved to illumine his cloud of care by shedding upon it, the rainbow tints of the Sun of Righteousness shining through the Psalms of David. At the sound of the lyre of the Shepherd-king, the Protector smiled at plots and conspiracies, calumnies and assassins' knives; whilst he beheld Him who "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, is round about his people," spreading His "wings" over the Commonwealth.

In the newspapers and journals of the day, it is related that on the 20th of February 1657, which was set apart for Thanksgiving on account of recent deliverances and successes, "the Honorable House (of Parliament) after hearing two sermons at Margaret's, Westminster, partook of a princely entertainment" by invitation of his Highness at Whitehall; and "that after dinner his Highness withdrew to the Cockpit and there entertained them with rare MUSIC both of VOICES and INSTRUMENTS till evening."\*

The objection to the taste of Cromwell and the Puritans, is not, however, so much that they did not sing—for it is sometimes more than insinuated that they sung too much—as that when "merry," they "sung Psalms" instead of the songs more in fashion at the Court of the Stuarts and more congenial to the spirit of Prince Rupert and of "the elixir of the blackguardism of the three kingdoms." Yet we need not be careful to answer a reviler of the Puritans, in this matter. Such an objection may well remind us that the taste of the primitive Christians too, was sometimes ridiculed by people who delighted more in Anacreontic and idolatrous songs than in the "*carmen Christo quasi deo*," which was then so much sung by the faithful.

The question returns: What was the character of those *affrighted* muses? "They were the inspirers of the famous old English Dramatists"—do you say?

I rejoice in being compelled to admit that the Puritans did not deem the THEATRE a school of WHOLESOME MORALS,—that they were so far *before* and *behind* their age as to entertain, upon this subject, the same opinion which had been avowed by some of the wisest of

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\* Carlyle—referring to Newspapers (in Burton I, 377) and Commons Journals VII, 493.

the Greeks and Romans and which is now held by at least nineteen twentieths of the people in every community blessed with flourishing churches and free schools; and that it is for such a reason they have often been stigmatized as devoid of refinement.

But were not the theatrical entertainments which delighted the fashionable circles in the days of James I and Charles I, entitled on account of their superior moral purity, to be viewed as exceptions to the general rule?—EXCEPTIONS in one sense they doubtless were, though not in the sense intended. About on par with those which transported with merriment, the licentious court of Charles II, yet reeking with a moral putridity from which the more decent of the very gods of the Heathen would have turned away in disgust, they may doubtless be viewed as standing apart from most of their kind, towering in “bad eminence” The Puritans only anticipated the sentence of reprobation which the literary world, with increasing unanimity, has passed upon those portions of the English drama which were the most popular in that age. Listen to Prof. Wilson, a graduate and prize-poet of Oxford—recreating “Christopher North” and the earnest editor of a leading High-Tory Magazine. Having spoken of certain violations of poetic propriety to be found in the plays of Webster, Ford, Massinger and others, he discourses thus: “But the monstrosities we have mentioned are not the worst to be found in the old English Drama. Others there are that, till civilized Christendom fall back into barbarous Heathendom, must forever be unendurable to human ears whether long or short—we mean the obscenities. That sin is banished forever from our literature. The poet who might dare to commit it, would be immediately hooted out of society and sent to roost in barns among the owls. But the old English Drama is stuffed with ineffable pollutions; and full of passages that the street-walker would be ashamed to read in the stews.”

Even Shakspeare’s warmest admirers—and who is not ready with Milton to extol that

“Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
Who in our wonder and astonishment  
Has built himself a live-long monument?”—

—are constrained to admit that, in his very best plays, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet and Othello, there are passages and sometimes whole scenes which no Christian gentleman would now read to his mother, sister or daughter. We lament that this “myriad-minded” Genius who was so wondrously at home in

“The brightest heaven of invention”

stooped as he sometimes did; but we remember too, that he wrote for the STAGE even in a day of abounding coarseness and obscenity in the theatre-going world, without making ribaldry his vocation;

—that he was almost blamelessly pure when compared with most of the old English Dramatists.\*

It could therefore have been nothing indelicate or really low in Puritanism, which terrified the “muses” who inspired Massinger and Ford, and did their best to seduce the genius of Shakspeare. No: it was Christianity frowning upon unendurable coarseness and impurity, which alarmed them; and we ought to honor rather than censure the uncompromising earnestness with which the Puritans confronted and rebuked so corrupt and impudent a rage for indecency. The voice of their indignant protest and the light of their unswerving example during the twenty years of their ascendancy, prepared the way for a wonderful reformation in morals and manners. It is, indeed, true that at the Restoration, the aforesaid inspirers of the “old English Dramatists” returned with the Stuarts and other “unclean spirits;” and as if in revenge for the terror

\*It has been alleged (though not often in this age) that the Independents deemed it a *crime* to read Shakspeare and that this was actually made the ground of one of their “CHARGES” against Charles I.

Such an allegation is simply ridiculous. By turning to the record of Charles’ trial, it will be seen that the list of Charges against him was full of far graver matters. John Cook, Solicitor for the People in that trial, did, indeed, remark in his *speech* that if Charles had devoted more of his time to studies comporting with his high official responsibilities and less to the reading of the plays of Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, he would probably have better understood certain momentous duties of his station. But this does not necessarily imply that, even in Cook’s opinion, it is *always* wrong to read those plays. An act which is very proper in some circumstances, may be highly improper in others. To censure Nero for fiddling *when Rome was on fire*, is not precisely the same thing as to pronounce it sinful in all cases, to play on a violin.

It is true too that Milton—while exposing the attempt made soon after Charles’ death, to impose upon the credulity of the superstitious, by falsely ascribing certain prayers and other saintly exercises to the “royal martyr”—alludes sarcastically to the well known fact that “William Shakspeare (rather than David or Paul) was the closet companion of these his solitudes.” Of course MILTON did not intend to depreciate the great Dramatist whom he delighted to commend as

———‘ sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy’s child  
Warbling his native woodnotes wild.”—*L’Alegro*.

No: he was merely doing justice to the memory of the “sainted king” who at the time of his execution, when, as some suppose, he was about to die a MARTYR TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, spoke at great length (*without a prompter*) on the subject of his KINGLY PREROGATIVE and on the DANGER OF THE PEOPLE’S HAVING ANY SHARE IN THE GOVERNMENT, and yet needed to have his attention *recalled* (by Bishop Juxon,) from these *minor matters* to the grand RELIGIOUS INTERESTS for which he was so *zealously* ready to suffer MARTYRDOM! See note † at the bottom of p. 42 near the end.

It is quite probable moreover that in that age—when the “English Drama was full of passages that the street-walker would be ashamed to read in the stews”—the Puritans—turning away in disgust and indignation from a department of literature so “stuffed with ineffable pollutions” and devoting their energies to those high concerns of Religion and Patriotism which it would have been treason against the Most High, to neglect or postpone, did—like most of our fathers in the days of the Revolution—study the Bible and Constitutional History and exhort others to study them, rather than the plays even of Shakspeare. Can the gentle reader pardon such “Vandalism?”



and ignominy which they had suffered, made an effort—for the time apparently successful—to render the last state of England worse than the first. Ribaldry and demoniac spite against religious restraint, knew no bounds. But these outrages upon decency and good morals, were committed at a time when such things were better understood in England than they had been before the Puritans taught the Nation to condemn them; and the reaction in favor of ribaldry and profaneness—like the reaction in favor of the Stuarts—was succeeded by a glorious series of counter-reactions;—so that now, there is no well bred Englishman who would not hiss at such “ineffable pollutions” as delighted the Beau-Monde in days prior to the Puritan Age.\* Foul-mouthed Profligacy, in the very fury of its endeavor to

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\* Macaulay (in the Edin. Review, Jan. 1841, as well as more recently in his History of England) ascribes the licentiousness of the Drama and the horrid state of morals after the return of the Stuarts, mainly to a supposed REACTION produced by excessive Puritan rigor; with how little justice may be seen from the following considerations.

1st. The Drama and the morals of England had been dreadfully corrupt BEFORE Puritanism called men to repentance. If Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquar were ribald, so had been the old Dramatists, the defamers of the Puritans, themselves being judges. If the Lord’s Day was profanely desecrated *after*, so had it been *before* the ascendancy of the Presbyterians and the Independents. If profanity, obscenity and lewdness were audaciously open and common in the days of Charles II, so had they been before Puritanism imposed its checks. Doubtless the dissoluteness of the Age of Charles II and James II, has been the more noticeable and the more hateful to every generation since, from the very fact of its being viewed in such direct contrast with the scrupulous morality of the preceding twenty years. But it is incredible that the state of morals in England became *really* worse and especially that it became *permanently* worse than it would have been had Puritanism never reprov’d the vices of the rulers and people.

2d. OTHER AND MORE OBVIOUS causes operated to open the floodgates of iniquity and indecency in the age of Charles II.

(1) The shameless and impious patronage of licentiousness and profaneness by that prince and his profligate court.

(2) The silencing of so large a number of the ablest and most faithful preachers of the gospel. See note † p. 116.

(3) The withdrawalment of the Divine Influence to which Puritanism owed its life and true glory, consequent, at first and in part, on the alarm and distraction of so long a period of civil war, of revolution and uncertainty as to the continuance of the Commonwealth, and then and especially, on the sudden and general substitution of the means of demoralization in place of the means of grace.

Macaulay’s comparison of the effects produced by the reformatory measures of the Puritans, with the effects produced by the sanctimonious zeal of Louis XIV in his old age, is unworthy of so intelligent a writer.

He cannot be ignorant that those measures (consisting primarily and chiefly in the reading and exposition of the Word of God, with earnest and faithful preaching throughout the realm; in the multiplication and distribution of copies of the Bible; in household consecration and the various appliances of Christian education) differed exceedingly from the methods of *reform* adopted by the superannuated and impenitent lover of Madame Maintenon!

The Puritans doubtless erred (yet much less during the Protectorate than during the previous sway of the Parliament) in the *extent* to which they imposed *legal* restraints upon vice and irreligion. But legal intermeddling in matters not properly within the cognizance of civil law, was no *peculiarity* of the Puritans. What distinguished them from James I and some others in that century, was that *they*

murder Puritanism, committed suicide ;—at least burnt itself black and hideous in its attempt, without a fig-leaf for covering, to out-face and put to shame the Sun of Righteousness.

Blessed be the memory, then, of the reviled people who would not quaff poison though presented in golden cups ; not prefer to “angels’ food” the garbage served up in coarser ware, albeit commended by Royalty and applauded by Fashion. Literature itself is their debtor as well for productions of genius and talent, not a few, which remind us of the dew-bespangled fruitage of the Tree of Life, as for a moral atmosphere in which alone such productions can abound—an atmosphere like the breath of God breathed on the heights of mental freedom and imparting energy of thought, breadth of vision, purity of sentiment and elevation of taste.\* Of them were authors whose names, revolving ages are only brightening, and whose writings, circulating with an ever growing influence and with the power of an immortal life, throughout the wide domain of the English tongue and passing into all the written languages of the earth, are the delight of all classes from the peasant to the prince. The author of the *Areopagitica* and of *Paradise Lost*, the portrayer of the Saint’s Rest, the hierophant of the Living Temple, and the Bedfordshire allegorist, were all their own—and yet not all they could boast. “The wits” of their day who sneered at them and claimed for themselves and their party, all the genius and talent of England, have now little more than a traditional fame. Their works are dead or dying ; and no one but the all-devouring student and the writer of literary history, reads them. How few know even the names of most of those once vaunted geniuses ? Nay, of the works of the two greatest of them—Butler and Dryden—how few now read more than here and there a short piece—such as the Ode for St. Cecilia’s Day—and an occasional brief quotation—taken perhaps at second hand—from *Hudibras* ? Dr. Johnson himself, though delighted

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employed the power of the law not to promote but to restrain Sabbath-breaking and other demoralizing practices.

If Macaulay were to look seriously into the writings of Baxter, Owen, Howe or Bunyan, to see what the Puritans did actually insist upon as evidences of Christian Character, he would find that his own account of their “tests” of “godliness”—such as naming one’s children “Assurance,” “Tribulation,” &c. &c.—is too far from truth to be even a clever caricature. Not one of the “tests” mentioned by him was ever recognized as such by leading Puritans. Take as an example that of naming children as he indicates. Cromwell was a Puritan and even his enemies assure us that he was very anxious to be *thought* a “godly” man ; yet the names of his sons were Robert, James, Oliver, Richard and Henry, and of his daughters, Bridget, Frances, Mary, and Elizabeth ! Any one who will take the trouble to consult Neal’s *History of the Puritans* and examine the names—(sometimes occurring in long lists)—there given, will see that the practice adverted to was far less common among that people than Hume and others who drew their conclusions from a few individual cases and from one or two localities have represented.

\* Hume condemns even more severely the perverse and groveling *taste*, than he does the immoral spirit of some of the least exceptionable of the very writers whom the Puritans were ridiculed for not admiring. See Hume’s “Appendix to the Reign of James I.”

with the scope of *Hudibras*, mentions its "grossly familiar diction" and "the vulgarity of the words and the levity of the sentiments;" and acknowledges the decline of its popularity by attempting to account for it. The warmest encomiasts of Dryden, blushing for nearly all he ever wrote, boast rather of what he might have done than of what he did; and their apology for his servility, obscenity and numerous literary crudities and abortions, is, in effect, that the very princes and dignitaries under whose patronizing smiles, the muses, with the graces in their train, returned at "the blessed Restoration," would not reserve enough from the vast sums which they spent in their debaucheries, to relieve him from the necessity of "sacrificing his genius to the spur of want,"—that in the age of RESTORED REFINEMENT, he was compelled to obtain a livelihood by pandering to THE PREVAILING TASTE FOR THE EXTRAVAGANT, THE COARSE, THE PROFANE AND THE LASCIVIOUS !\*

It is time that sneerers at the fancied illiterateness of the Puritans, had begun to inquire: Who, in the period beginning with the reign of the First Charles and ending with the reign of the Second James, wrote the most that the millions of the Anglo-Saxon world now delight to read; and who wrote the most that nearly all count it a weariness or a shame to read? Indeed the lofty and exclusive pretensions of nearly all those "wits," bring to mind the boasts of surpassing talent, so often made by idle and dissipated young men *shining* at the hinder-end of their College class, who sometimes mistake indolence for genius, profanity or obscenity for wit, vinous stimulation for poetic inspiration and the disregard of Christian morality for gentility and refinement.

When the difficulties under which Cromwell and the Puritans struggled, are all duly considered, we may well regard their labors, expenditures, and success in the cause of Liberal Education and of Popular Instruction, as most remarkable. They sought not only to render the mental discipline of the Universities more thorough and invigorating but to widen the circle of intelligence and bring the whole People to a sense of their rights and to a knowledge of their capabilities and duties. Hence their efforts to instruct the masses; and hence too their opposition to Sabbath-day sports and to other

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\* Macaulay, who is not apt to be prudish in his criticisms, says of Dryden that during "a literary life of near thirty years" "his rare powers of diction and versification had [in 1686-7] been systematically employed in spreading moral corruption;" that "what was innocent contracted a taint from passing through his mind;" and that "he made the grossest satires of Juvenal more gross; interpolated loose descriptions in the tales of Boccaccio, and polluted the sweet and limpid poetry of the Georgics with filth which would have moved the loathing of Virgil." —*Hist. of Eng. Chap. VII.*

Having in former days looked, a little, into the works of Dryden (under the impression that they were worthy of his fame) I am prepared to adopt the opinion of the accomplished President of a leading New England College, "that the most of them are not fit to be touched with tongs"—with the amendment perhaps, that *they are just fit.*



practices tending to keep the lower classes ignorant, thoughtless, sensual and degraded.

In regard to amusements, Cromwell's views were remarkably discriminating. In that age some things which in themselves would have been deemed innocent were so associated with others which were immoral and hurtful, that it was indeed often difficult to denounce the latter without condemning the former. But between recreations harmless, seasonable and *renovating* (as the name indicates), and "sports"—like bear-baiting or like Sabbath-day dancing, archery and leaping—sports which were an affront to God and a degradation to men,—he recognized a vast difference. He knew when to weep and when to laugh; when to gird himself for heroic effort or for arduous labor, and when to unbend "and rest awhile." Those who know how easy and playful he often was in his intercourse with his own family; who remember the occasional jocularity with which his over-worked mind would relax its tension and cheer the drooping spirits of those who were wont to take new courage from the brightness of his hope; and who recall his musical entertainments and mark how he discriminated between different kinds of dramatic exhibitions, tolerating or "conniving at" some and prohibiting others, will not easily believe that he and others of like faith denounced those profane and cruel sports, from a morose desire to prevent innocent enjoyment.\*

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\* Yet Macaulay (in his History of England) declares that: "The Puritan hated bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear but because it gave *pleasure to the spectators*;" and that "he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of *tormenting* both spectators and bear."

Now on what does he base this charge?—Why, simply on the fact that when "some of Col. Cromwell's forces" once found a portion of the people in a certain town on the the Lord's Day, engaged with "a company of bears" in the barbarous sport above named, they caused the bears to "be tied to a tree and shot," and that Col. Pride once caused some bears to "be shot" for a like reason.—These bears had been imported recently and were kept in large numbers in some of the country towns to be worried for sport especially on the Sabbath-day. They were kept for nothing else.

Macaulay seems to admit the barbarity of bear-baiting, but he impugns the motives of the Puritans in putting a check upon it, because, in the cases referred to, they "shot the bears," i. e., put them out of the way in a mode not only the most convenient but less fitted than perhaps any other, to give pain to the animals themselves.

This, forsooth, was **TORMENTING** the bears!—What would the great Historian himself have done with them?—turned them out to pasture?—or sent them forth to be companions and play-fellows of those "muses" that fled, in such fright, from England in those days?—or (as Maynooth College was not yet under way) donated them, in trust, to Queen Henrietta's Romish Chaplains?—or given them a retreat in some old monastery?—

The "Colonels" knew, as all Christian men now know, that to put down bear-baiting was to do God service. To have left the bears alive in the places where they were kept for that savage sport, would have been to let the practice go on unchecked; and to have taken them along in their marches and battles would have been rather inconvenient.—In short, the spiteful paragraph in question does no honor to the head or heart of the author of the splendid article on Milton, of the brilliant candidate for the highest place among English Historians, and suggests the idea of feelings embittered in consequence of rebuke and



The Protector's high appreciation of eminent scholarship as well as of practical talent, may perhaps surprise those who have not been familiar with the evidence that he had himself received no small tincture of learning. He was not indeed a professional scholar. Yet in the knowledge of letters, he was far superior to some of the most illustrious rulers and statesmen the world has ever known. The poet Waller, his cousin but a Royalist, who often conversed familiarly with him, used to remark that he was well read in Greek and Roman history. He sometimes answered foreign ambassadors, orally in Latin. His private library according to the critical judgment of Dr. Manton who enjoyed an opportunity to examine it, was "a noble collection." And Milton who thought "it did not become that hand to wax soft in literary ease, which was to be inured to the use of arms and hardened with asperity; that right hand to be wrapped up in down among the nocturnal birds of Athens, by which thunderbolts were soon after to be hurled among the eagles which emulate the sun," declared that "he had garnished his understanding with those arts which become a liberal nature; had rubbed off the rust of his mind; had sharpened the edge of his wit; had gained such a character as not to be reckoned an ill scholar" and given proof, "if he were disposed to go on in the pursuit of learning, how very able he was to equal the greatest masters."

His respect for learning is placed beyond a reasonable doubt, by the facts which have been stated. Other facts if not more convincing yet more striking might easily be given. But I present the following only as a sample. Having received from his noble-hearted chaplain, John Howe, a highly favorable account of the attainments and virtues of Dr. Seth Ward, afterwards Bishop of Exeter and Sarum, with the request that he would grant to this eminent scholar, the vacant principalship of Jesus College, Oxford, the Protector manifested his regard even more strongly than he would have done by bestowing the favor in the form in which it was solicited. Unable to grant the principalship to Dr. Ward because it had been previously promised to another, Cromwell asked him how much he thought that place was worth, and granted him an annuity equal to the emoluments of the office as estimated by the doctor himself. It was not chiefly however by such beneficence, but by endowing and furnishing the great seats of learning, by multiplying and diffusing moralizing and elevating agencies and influences throughout the land, by encouraging every variety of mental excellence and studying to introduce gifted and good men, without regard to their religious or even their political preferences, into situations where they could make the most of their talents and do the best for their

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final rejection by an earnestly Protestant, Sabbath-keeping, Puritan-admiring constituency, who were unwilling to be first *misrepresented* in Parliament and *disregarded* too in their efforts to rescue the Lord's Day from desecration and then told that their latest remonstrance was "their last bray."

country and the world, that he labored for the enlightenment and true grandeur of the Nation.

Here a number of things promotive as well as indicative of progress in civilization, would claim particular notice in our review of the Protectorate, were it not, of necessity, so brief. A few only, of these, can now be barely mentioned.

A Postal system, with a weekly conveyance of letters into all parts of the country and with a regular intercourse by packets between England and Ireland, having been arranged by Edmund Prideaux, the Post-Master-General, was maintained on a scale of improvement highly beneficial to the people as well as advantageous to the Government.

The Protector also made a praise-worthy attempt to reform the Court of Chancery. This he did amidst great embarrassments, not being seconded as he should have been by the leading members of the legal profession; who though they knew that, to a great extent, the proceedings in that Court were a mockery of equity and of common sense, were slow to aid in applying the needful corrective. He certainly aimed, in this matter, to discriminate between the useful and the pernicious, between the true and the false, between the reasonable and the absurd. Those who censure this attempt at reform, should consider that it was hardly possible, things should become worse in a Court where *twenty-three thousand causes*, of from *five to thirty years'* continuance, remained undecided. It was very safe to remodel a Court which thus sickened the hearts of suitors in chancery by causing their hope of redress to be so ruinously deferred.

He sought to introduce a more speedy, certain and equitable administration of justice, and endeavored to impress on the leading minds in the Nation, the importance of adjusting the scale of penalties according to the real grade of the crimes for which they were to be inflicted. In a speech to Parliament (in 1656) he urged, with strong emphasis, the duty of amending the laws on this principle; and spoke of the iniquity of "hanging a man for Six-and-eight pence" and yet letting "murder" go sometimes unpunished, as "a thing God would reckon for."\*

Besides, under his sway punishments for treason and other crimes, though impartial and condign, were unaccompanied with the petty brutalities and savage barbarities which had been the disgrace of penal proceedings in former reigns and which were for a brief season resumed at "the ever Blessed Restoration."†

On assuming the Protectorship Cromwell "gave the country a constitution far more perfect" as Macaulay remarks "than any which had been before known in the world;" and "he reformed the

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\* See Speech V (in Carlyle).

† See p. 21 near the bottom; and note † on p. 117.

representative system in a manner which has extorted praise even from Lord Clarendon."\*

Thus did he labor as if he had been a Statesman of the Nineteenth rather than of the Seventeenth Century, to found Liberty on the basis of moral, intellectual and social improvement.

Cromwell at the head of his unequalled army turning the tide of battle and grasping the wreath of victory at Dunbar and Worcester, was great, admirable; but Cromwell at the head of a vast system of educational and reformatory agencies, proclaiming that "the MIND is the MAN;" employing, in conformity to this sentiment, such men as Milton, Thurloe and Lockhart; Hale, Whitelocke and St. John; Owen, Cudworth and Lightfoot; Howe, Peters and Hooke; Lambert, Goffe and Blake; fostering liberal learning; giving scope and stimulus to every species of useful talent and lighting up all the dark places in the Commonwealth with the means of religious and moral culture, was greater, far more admirable. What though the noble-born mental pygmies of the Restoration made bold to deride the deceased, exiled or retired giants of the Commonwealth? This jeering of the reinstated gentry of England, at the imputed foibles of the illustrious men before whom their fathers quailed in the halls of debate and fled in dismay on many a field of conflict where—in the beautiful language of Leonard Bacon—"proud banners rich with Norman heraldry and emblazoned with bearings that had been stars of victory at Cressy and Poitiers, were trailed in the dust," was in the worst possible taste. It was even less creditable than has been in later days, the merry-making of the restored French aristocrats—in relation to whose *nobility* a witty writer once said that the name is probably a contraction of the words, *no ability*,—over the *ungentility* of the men of might and genius who had made France so grandly another and borne her eagles from Lisbon to Moscow.

Let the minions of despotism and the small descendants of great ancestors, have their joy of making genteeler bows and of being more at home in the drawing-room than the men who, deriving their patent of nobility directly from God, have thundered in the high places of the earth and given a new and a glorious impulse and direction to human advancement. But never let the people of a land dedicated to freedom, bear them company in their folly and littleness.

THE PROTECTOR'S FOREIGN POLICY IS THE GLORY OF A MEMORABLE EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND'S GRANDEUR.

His reputation as the most sagacious statesman of the day, together with the fame of the distinguished men whom he had so nobly called to fill the various stations of honor and influence under his government, and his renown as the greatest general of the age, enhanced, in its effect, by the dread-inspiring charm of invincibility with which a long and unbroken series of victories had invested the army and navy of England, doubtless contributed not a little to

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\* Macaulay's *Mis. Art. Milton*.



diffuse through Europe the sentiment of awe with which his country was regarded during his Protectorate. Still, his measures themselves, tended greatly to deepen that sentiment and to produce with it, a feeling of confidence and respect.

His policy was distinguished for its simplicity, intelligence, magnanimity and boldness. Thoroughly informed of what was passing in all parts of the world with which he had to do; with keen eyes, listening ears and discreet tongues in every portion of Europe so that the very birds of the air and the wings of the wind, seemed to bring him the secrets of foreign courts; yet aloof from petty intrigue and seeking to be on terms of amity with all nations, he anticipated, by nearly a century and a half, the Washingtonian policy of avoiding entangling alliances with any, and practiced on the principle of neither committing wrong nor of submitting to it when attempted by others. It fills the mind with emotions of the sublime to read the great thoughts of the once obscure country-gentleman, expressed in the grand language of the blind but far-seeing Latin Secretary, and addressed in the tone of a conciliatory yet conscious superiority to monarchs of whom it might have been said

“ Their boasted ancestry so high extends  
That in the pagan gods their lineage ends ;”

and to observe how the mightiest potentates vied with each other in paying him deference. Neither the queen regnant of Sweden, the beautiful, accomplished and brilliant though eccentric Christina, daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus nor the young and haughty Louis XIV nor yet the prouder Mazarin the acting ruler of France, deemed it any condescension to express the highest admiration of the Protector's talents; to style him “the greatest and happiest prince in Europe;” and to illustrate these words by corresponding acts.

It has been fortunate for the fame of Cromwell that English national pride could not exult over the most splendid period of England's history without being compelled to celebrate the noble acts of the great Protector. Clarendon and Burnet, both keen-sighted and not very partial witnesses, bear the strongest testimony to the profound respect which all Europe paid to him.

The former remarks that “his greatness at home was but the shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain or the Low Countries where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it.”\*

Dunkirk, on being taken from the Spaniards, was yielded up to him by obsequious France; Spain was taught to abate her monopolizing arrogance on the American Seas and Holland compelled to bow to England's naval supremacy; the Pope was admonished to dread his displeasure, “nothing being more usual,” as Clarendon observes, than his saying that “his ships in the Mediterranean should visit Civita Vecchia and that the sound of his cannon should be heard in Rome;” the Barbary States were chastised and brought to better

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\* “Grand Rebellion,” VII 353.



terins and even the Sublime Porte, then far more "sublime" than now, was effectually addressed in the style of dignified remonstrance.

His ambassadors at Stockholm, at the Hague, at Paris and at the other capitals of Europe, were treated with a respect, with an awe, such as had never been shown to the foreign ministers even of Elizabeth—such as some of them remembered with sadness amid the humiliations of the following reign. Sir Wm. Lockhart "told me," says Bishop Burnet, "that when he was sent afterwards ambassador" to the French court "by king Charles, he found he had nothing of that regard that was paid him in Cromwell's time."\* At no other time in her history, whether after the victory of Cressy or of Agincourt, after the discomfiture of the Spanish Armada or after the overthrow of Napoleon, has England stood relatively so high and commanded such universal obeisance. In wealth, in population and other elements of national greatness, she has indeed made vast progress since the days of Cromwell. But so too have France, Austria, Prussia. Peter the Great had not then introduced Russia to the notice of the world as one of the leading powers of the earth nor had the mighty American Republic displayed on every sea and in every clime, her Stars and Stripes and soaring Eagle, to excite the admiration and jealousy of the transatlantic monarchies.

Nor should it be forgotten that it was when Cromwell's influence was paramount in the English government, the Navigation Act was adopted†; and that to him, more than to any other man, Great Britain is indebted for the introduction and especially for the energetic establishment of a policy which was the foundation of her commercial and naval grandeur.

What renders it peculiarly delightful to contemplate the vast influence of the Protector over the princes and rulers of Europe, is that it was exercised most beneficently. He sought not to make his, a name of terror with which mothers might frighten their wayward children or the agents of oppression crush the hearts of suffering millions, but a name rather that should be pronounced with affectionate veneration by the persecuted of all Christendom; and carry hope and joy to the hearts of afflicted Protestants in the remotest corners and the deepest recesses of Europe. It is less pleasing to learn that even the French used to say: "Cardinal Mazarin fears Cromwell more than he does the devil," than it is to know that this same Cardinal, against his pride and his sectarian zeal, was driven by his fear of the mighty Protector, to interpose, to good effect, for the protection of the Protestants in the valleys of Piedmont, then suffering persecution in its most frightful forms, at the hand of the Duke of Savoy. It was much that the Protector on hearing of the slaughter of so many of that suffering people and of the cruelties and privations to which the survivors were exposed,

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\* Burnet's *Hist. of his Own Times*, p. 50.

\* Clarendon's *Grand Rebellion*, VII 31; Hume's *Hist. of Eng.*

sent them two thousand pounds sterling from his own purse and appointed a day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer and a general Collection throughout England, in their behalf; it was more that the influence of his awe-inspiring name and the eloquent advocacy of his renowned Latin Secretary, were employed to arouse Protestant Europe and to constrain no small part of Papal Europe, for their defence and security.\* Yet in making himself the guardian of the Protestant cause, he became no armed propagandist. With him the sword might be rightfully used to protect Religion, but not to propagate it; to restrain wicked men from violence and crime but not to convert them to his faith. He desired to build up and extend Protestantism; yet not as a sectarianism but as the true Catholicism deriving its life and support from the word and Spirit of God and going forth with a charity towards all men, as expansive as the benevolence of Christ. At the very time when he was pressing Cardinal Mazarin to stay the persecution in Piedmont, he was doing his utmost, as we have seen, to secure a liberal toleration for the Roman Catholics of England.

Nothing now seemed wanting to ensure the prosperity of England  
**BUT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT ON SOME PERMANENT BASIS.**

Early in the year 1657 it was proposed by Parliament to make Cromwell king. A crown and especially the crown of so great an empire, is apt to be viewed as one of the most splendid prizes ever presented to a human mind; and it is very natural for men to suspect that almost any person however patriotic and humble in spirit, would be eager to obtain an object so alluring. Many have been inclined to accuse Cromwell of ambition because on this occasion, he did not instantly repel the suggestion, instead of declining the proposed honor after consultation and reflection.

In judging of his motives, however, it is but just to remember that, at this time, it would have been impossible for him to establish a republican government in England. This impossibility is often admitted directly or indirectly by the very writers who blame him for not setting up such a government! Besides, the safety of England required the settlement of her affairs on some enduring foundation. But the characteristic conservatism of the English mind—conspicuous even in times of revolution—was tenacious of the old system of laws. "*Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari*" was still an honored sentiment. The title of Protector was unknown to those laws; not so the title of King. Hence it was argued by Whitelocke and others that the adoption of the latter title would cause the Instrument or Constitution on which the Protectorship was based "to ground itself in all the ancient foundations of the laws of England." Not only so; soon after the termination of the wars between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster, the Nation,

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\* Milton's Prose Works II, 411-421; and Carlyle's Cromwell.

deeply impressed with the dangers of an unlegalized allegiance, had, by Act of Parliament, adopted the principle that "all persons who obey a king *de facto*, are to be held guiltless." But it was doubtful whether this principle would apply in the case of a ruler with the title of Protector. This consideration naturally had the more weight when it was considered that Oliver however energetic, wise and popular, could not live many years longer.

Bishop Burnet tells us that "all the lawyers—chiefly Glyn, Maynard, Fountain and St. John—were vehemently for" the proposition to make him king; and that "some have thought it would have brought on a general settlement."\* Clarendon too says that "this proposition found a marvellous concurrence;" and that "very many who used not to agree in anything else, were of one mind in this." This shrewd Royalist who looked with dread on whatever tended to hinder the restoration of the Stuarts, more than intimates the opinion that Cromwell had no great danger to apprehend from accepting the kingship. "It may be," says he, "there were more men scandalized at his usurping more than royal authority, than would have been at his assumption of the royal title too. And therefore they who at that time, exercised their thoughts with *most sagacity* looked upon that refusal of his"—of the crown—"as an IMMEDIATE ACT OF ALMIGHTY GOD TOWARDS THE KING'S RESTORATION; and many of the SOBEREST MEN in the Nation, confessed after the king's return, that their dejected spirits were wonderfully raised and their hopes revived by that INFATUATION of his" in declining the proffered honor.†

That in such circumstances Cromwell should have deliberated, that he should even have doubted, upon the question of acceptance, is certainly no very clear evidence of corrupt aspirations. The same facts which led so many of the most intelligent friends of civil liberty to request him, as things were, to accept the regal title as the best means of establishing a safe and good government, and which caused the Stuart faction to regard his refusal with such devout gladness, may reasonably be supposed to have had some influence upon *his* mind, without any bias from ambitious desire. He has never been accused of a fondness for personal display, for the pomp and parade and glitter usually attendant on royalty. He had always exhibited, as his defamers themselves admit, a plainness in his equipage and general style of living, as great as could at all consist with the stations which he was called to fill.‡ If, as touching things

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\* Burnet's Hist. of His Own Times, p. 45.

† Grand Rebellion VII 260.

‡ After he became Protector his style was less plain but even then as Hume remarks, though "some state was up-held" it was "with little expense and without any splendor."

Entirely apart from the consideration of personal display there were obvious political reasons for "the state and equipage" with which he left London for his campaign in Ireland in 1649. His going with a coach and six, is however suffi-



of this nature, it could ever be truly said of any man, it was truly said of Cromwell, that there was "no nonsense about him." Nor had he ever manifested any eagerness to obtain high-sounding titles. On the contrary, he had most cheerfully yielded the titular preeminence to others during a long series of great services, when, by universal consent, his genius, energy and influence were unrivalled. Even the highest military title came almost at the close of a career in arms in which he had won the admiration of all Europe, and it came at last unsought and against his earnest solicitations.

Such a man could not fail to command respect. But no ruler was ever less solicitous in regard to his personal dignity. Deference, awe, waited upon him but out of respect to the man and not to his titles. He would often unbend and be as playful as a boy. Thus, while consulting with Lord Broghil, Pierrepont—brother of the Earl of Kingston, an old Long-Parliament man—Whitelocke, Sir Charles Wolseley and Thurloe, about this very subject of the kingship as well as other great affairs, "he would sometimes be very cheerful with them; and laying aside his greatness, he would be exceeding familiar; and by way of diversion, would make verses, play at crambo with them and every one must try his fancy. He commonly called for tobacco, pipes and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself. Then he would fall to his serious and great business and advise with them in those affairs; and this he did often with them."\*

It requires, in short, no great stretch of credulity to believe that when he spoke of royalty as "a mere feather in a man's cap," he expressed his real sense of its unimportance.

Nor is there reason to believe that his parental affection savored of an ambition to bequeath an inheritance of royalty or the splendors of princely rank. A most tender and devoted father, he certainly was. But there is no evidence that he ever sought to raise his children to the possession or to fire them with the hope of wordly greatness. There is abundant proof in letters intended not for the public eye, that his solicitude for their welfare took a very different direction. Writing to his daughter, married to the able, pious and patriotic Ireton, whose merit was fast raising him to distinction and commanding influence, he said: "Dear heart, press on; let not husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he will be an occasion to inflame them [*i. e.* Christian affections]. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband, is *that*

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ciently explained by what Macaulay says of the roads and modes of travelling in England in that century. "A coach and six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a VERY DISAGREEABLE NECESSITY. People in the time of Charles II [and of course in the time of Cromwell too] travelled with six horses because with a smaller number, there was GREAT DANGER OF STICKING FAST IN THE MIRE. NOR WERE EVEN SIX HORSES ALWAYS SUFFICIENT."—*Hist. of England*.

\* Whitelocke as quoted by Carlyle.



of the image of Christ he bears. Look on THAT and love IT best and all the rest FOR THAT.\*

In the choice of a wife for his eldest surviving son, Richard, he had shown a like appreciation of Christian excellence. A lady of moderate portion and of middling rank, was preferred, on account of her superior piety, to many an heiress of more distinguished name and more ample fortune.†

Here his rejection of the proposal of Charles Stuart to wed his daughter Frances, will occur to the minds of all who are familiar with his history. This descendent of so many princes, this son of him who had worn the crown of the British Empire and then perished as a felon amid the ruins of the monarchy, this heir of the name and principles and alleged wrongs of "the martyr-king," even when the sound of his proclamation denouncing the execution of his father as murder, parricide and treason, had not died away on the ear of Europe, is said to have been willing, for the sake of regaining the lost throne, to become reconciled as a son-in-law to the proclaimed murderer and traitor! Lady Frances and her mother are reported to have looked favorably upon this proposal of Charles, made through Lord Broghil. Not so, the sagacious, high-minded Protector.

\* See letter XXIII (in Carlyle) dated Oct. 25th 1646; also the quotation from a letter to his daughter-in-law, given on p. 60.

† Obvious as is this fact both from Cromwell's letters and from the circumstances themselves, and uniform as is the testimony of enemies as well as of friends, to his freedom from sordidness, the attempt *has* been made to convict him of impropriety in relation to this marriage. It has been objected 1st that before the marriage took place a *pecuniary arrangement* or bargain was made in which the amount of property which Cromwell was to bestow upon Richard and the amount which Mr. Mayor, the lady's father, was to give her were stipulated in legal form; 2dly that Cromwell betrayed a covetous spirit in refusing to accede to some of the terms which for a time were insisted on by Mr. M. These objections are easily answered, so easily indeed, that the wonder is, they should ever have been made by any person who had ever read the whole of Cromwell's letters relating to the subject. I observe 1st that however strange such an "arrangement" between two fathers, may seem to *us*, it was in strict accordance WITH AN ESTABLISHED AND REPUTABLE CUSTOM AMONG ENGLISHMEN in the time of Cromwell; 2dly that Cromwell could not accede to Mr. Mayor's terms without submitting to what would have been considered derogatory to the standing of his family, nor without manifest injustice to his younger children. Writing to Mr. Mayor he said "I have two young daughters to bestow if God give them life and opportunity. According to YOUR OFFER I have NOTHING FOR THEM, NOTHING AT ALL IN HAND." The *whole* correspondence makes it evident that Mr. Mayor, knowing Cromwell's indifference in money-matters, attempted to impose upon him. But generous as he was, he was not the man to submit to an imposition which would work gross injustice to others.

Shakspeare makes one of his most chivalrous and generous characters say,

"I do not care; I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

Cromwell's firmness and frankness on this occasion, followed as they were by great liberality and kindness to Mr. Mayor and his family, evidently did not lower him at all in that gentleman's esteem.

"If" exclaimed he—adverting to the *nature* and *the motives* of this proposed RECONCILIATION—"Charles Stuart can forgive me all that I have done against him and his family, he does not deserve to wear the crown of England."\* He justly thought that the man who could thus falsify all his professed principles and thus outrage his real and often published feelings for the sake even of a crown, was too mean, though the descendent of a long line of kings, to become his son-in-law.

The sentiment which he had, on all occasions, sought to impress upon the minds of his sons and daughters, was the very same which he uttered so feelingly when his family stood weeping around him just before his death: "Love not this world. I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world.—Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Although the power to appoint his successor, was given him soon after his refusal of the kingship, he was, to the last, less desirous to make his children heirs to temporal estates, lordships and thrones than to interest them in crowns and glories which should never fade. The paper in which he is supposed to have named the inheritor of his Protectorship, could never be found; and it is not certain, if indeed probable, that he appointed Richard. He seems to have really felt that the cares of his high office, were "a burden too heavy for any creature;" and to have been sincere in declaring, as he did, on the occasion of dissolving his last Parliament: "I can say in the presence of God—in comparison with whom we are but like poor, creeping ants upon the earth—I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep rather than undertaken such a government as this." Why, then, did he not abdicate—do you ask? In reply I will not insist on the obvious fact that for him there was no safe retreat earthward—that descent from the eminence to which the Providence of God and his overshadowing greatness had raised him, would have been swift destruction to him and to those who had acted with him. Self-preservation, when consistent with the public good, is, indeed, no despicable consideration. But a higher reason for continuing to bear his burden was most clear and urgent. Behold England as she then was, great, pros-

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\* If Cromwell used the language here attributed to him (see *Encyc. Americana*, Art. Cromwell) the term *forgive* is of course to be interpreted by the light of the subject and the connection i. e. in the *political* and not the *evangelical* sense.

In *Orrery's State Papers*, however, as quoted by Count Grammont in his "Memoirs of the Court of Charles II" p. 430, he is said to have answered, "No! the king would never forgive me the death of his father; besides he is so damnable debauched, he cannot be trusted."

Bishop Burnet gives the answer in nearly the same words; "The king can never forgive his father's blood."—And when it was replied that in bringing Charles I to the block, he had acted in conjunction with *many others*, while he would have the entire credit of restoring Charles Stuart, Cromwell concluded the conversation by saying "He is so damnable debauched he would undo us all."—*Burnet's History of His Own Times*.

perous, the admiration of the world. How changed from the England of Charles I! how glorious above the England of Charles II! Who—under the All-wise—has directed her counsels and wielded her energies till she stands thus in the brightness of an epoch such as has not been nor shall soon be again—an Oasis beautiful and cheering to contemplate amid the political Sahara of the Seventeenth Century? And whose death is to be the forerunner of the returning Genius of Desolation, heralded by confusion and threatened anarchy, and followed by frightful executions, the exhumation and gibbeting of the bodies of deceased patriots, the frantic depravation of morals and the degradation of England so low, that of all the nations which now hearken to her word, awe-struck, scarcely one shall be

“So poor (as) to do her reverence?”

I can find it in my heart to forgive the man whose wisdom and courage had smitten down a malignant and ruinous system of oppression and demoralization; who, standing amid the ruins of the fallen monarchy, had so rebuked the fierce elements of disorder that

“Confusion heard his voice and wild uproar stood ruled;”

who had given England the glories and blessings which clustered around the Protectorate; and who with an eye that glanced over Great Britain and over Christendom, saw with a patriot's concern and with a Christian's care, the dangers which no human hand but his could avert—I can forgive him though he did continue, for the sake of his country and of Christianity, to sustain the tremendous burden a while longer. Even the sincere but narrow-minded and vindictive Fifth-Monarchy-Men, Levellers and Oligarchical Republicans, so suicidally bent on the impracticable, might well have looked less fiercely on the “ONE MAN” whose continuance in power was so necessary to keep their necks from the hangman's halter and their heads from unseemly exposure on Temple-Bar. The dreadful day was near enough, without the use of the assassin's knife or pistol, when the great arm which shielded them, would be powerless in the grave and when Oliver's warnings so long disregarded would be seen to have been friendly prophecies.

Permit me here to remark that it is an error to assert, as some do, that during his last year, the Protectorate was ALREADY TOTTERING TO ITS FALL in spite even of HIS EFFORTS TO UPHOLD IT.

True it is that, in the course of that year, certain violent Royalists in correspondence with Charles Stuart attempted (not however for the first time) to excite an uprising of the Cavaliers, having planned an insurrection to take place in concert with a projected invasion from the continent; true it is that at this very crisis, a clique of Republican Oligarchs, in Parliament, blindly resolute to rule or ruin, succeeded, as they had sometimes done before, in defeating measures important to the financial prosperity of the government



and in stirring up to new fury and clamor, the miscellany of Levelers, Fifth-Monarchy-Men and other spirits of disorder and anarchy; and true it is that some anonymous ruffian wrote so truculently about assassinating him as to shew very clearly that there was, at least, one who desired to have him put out of the way. But what of all this? The very down-sitting and up-rising of the instigators and agents of violence were watched by eyes devoted to the Protector. The moment they were ready to act, they were arrested and held at his mercy. The plans of the Royalists were all revealed to him, they knew not by whom. "Thus" remarks Bishop Burnet "Cromwell had all the king's party in a net." How little terrified the Protector was, may be seen from his easy magnanimity in disposing of a high dignitary who had come over in disguise to consult with the Royalists in regard to the insurrection and invasion. It was early in the month of March, 1653, that he said very quietly to Lord Broghil: "An old friend of yours is in town, the Duke of Ormond, now lodged in Drury Lane, at the Papist Surgeon's there: You had better tell him to be gone" "Whereat" says Carlyle, "his Lordship stared; found it a fact, however;—his Grace of Ormond did go with exemplary speed and got again to Bruges and the Sacred Majesty with report that Cromwell had many enemies but that THE RISE OF THE ROYALISTS WAS MOONSHINE." More than two months before the Protector was called away, the fires of insurrection—or perhaps I ought rather to say, the hopes of insurrection—had all been quenched; and the High Court of Justice which tried the enkindlers thereof, had dissolved itself, its work of protecting the public peace by punishing its disturbers, being done.\*

Meanwhile from the Mayor and Common Council of London, from various parts of the Nation, responses and declarations had been made, indicating that the strength of England was with him; and now the news of victories abroad and of the acquisition of Dunkirk, and the arrival of splendid, ducal envoys bearing the high congratulations of Cardinal Mazarin and Louis XIV, began to illumine him with a new blaze of glory in the eyes of all true Englishmen, causing their hearts to beat higher and to feel kindlier towards the matchless ruler, saluted from across the Channel as "the most invincible of sovereigns."

In fact Stuart-royalism had been so smitten to the earth that for months after the arm that dealt the blow, ceased to guard the Commonwealth, it did not raise its head or speak above the lowest whisper in England. Those poet-trimmers, Dryden, Waller, and Spratt, so heedful of the signs of change in the political heavens, desisted nothing to deter them from panegyizing the departed herostatesman or from paying court to his son who, as Clarendon admits, succeeded him as quietly as if he had been heir to a long establish-

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\* A few of the more prominent and incorrigible only, were put to death, the majority being pardoned by the Protector.

ed hereditary throne. In the Parliament elected soon after Richard's accession, the Protectorists not only outnumbered the Republican Oligarchs, the Royalists and the Neuters taken singly, but were fully equal to them all united. Meantime the leading courts of Europe had gone into mourning at the decease of the great Protector; and several months later, Cardinal Mazarin "sent his coaches and guards a day's journey to meet Lockhart the Commonwealth Ambassador," but refused to see Charles Stuart at all, and contrived to tell the Duke of Ormond, without granting him the honor of a formal interview, that there was no hope for his king. Even the Spanish minister would give Charles no encouragement of aid to obtain the crown of England.

Thus did the Protectorate stand, in the view of Europe, imposing and grand through the strength and majesty which Oliver's victorious efforts and mighty name had given it, even after his energy and genius had ceased to guard it;—and had Richard—greeted with loyal addresses from the army, the navy, the churches, the cities, the boroughs, from thousands who had been committed against his father but were glad to make amends for their error by welcoming *him*—brought to the discharge of his high duties, a boldness, tact, and personal influence at all resembling the great Protector's, we should never have heard of the reign of Charles II, king of England.

From this survey of the facts which demonstrate Cromwell's triumph over all attempts to subvert his government, we return to contemplate him in those days when "the last enemy" was at hand "to undo his heavy burden."

When he declined England's splendid regalia, he was near to the crown and throne which his eye of faith had first gazed upon with joy, almost forty years before. His sudden exchange of rural habits and peaceful pursuits, at the age of forty-three, for a career so strongly contrasted, had doubtless been sufficient to unloose the firmest hold on life. Labors, struggles, and trials of intellect and heart, enough to task the endurance of an ordinary commander and ruler for a whole life-time, had been thrown upon him and sustained by him, within the short space of sixteen years. No wonder that at the age of fifty-nine and under the glowing ardor of such intense, rapid, and almost unintermitted mental action, the springs of life were fast drying up. His last year whilst a year of public triumphs, was a year of great domestic griefs. One who knew him intimately,\* testifies that "he was naturally *compassionate* towards objects in distress *even to an effeminate measure*; though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for *any fear* but what was due to Himself—of which there was a large proportion—yet did he

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\* I quote from "A sketch of the Civil Wars to the Protectorate of Richard Cromwell, in a letter from Maidstone, of Oliver's Household, to John Winthrop, Esq., Governor of the Colony of Connecticut in New England;" dated Westminster, March 24, 1659.

EXCEED IN TENDERNESS TOWARDS SUFFERERS." This was true of him in respect to all sufferers. How then must his affectionate paternal heart have been pained at the distresses which befell his family circle in such rapid succession !

In February 1658, he wept with his youngest daughter Frances, so hopefully married, three months before to the excellent Robert Rich, grandson and heir of the Earl of Warwick. The youthful bride was so soon a widow ; and he whose voice shook realms, was tenderly laboring, in accents of sweet peace and hope, to assuage the grief of her deeply stricken heart ;—and not of hers only. He consoled with the venerable grandfather also, in a series of letters so full of timely consolation that the Earl said in reply : " I cannot enough confess my obligation, much less discharge it, for your seasonable and sympathizing letters ; which, besides the value they derive from so worthy a hand, express such faithful affections and administer such Christian advices as render them beyond measure dear to me."

It happens to be susceptible of the clearest proof that these letters were written just after the dissolution of his last Parliament, in those very days when, as certain writers would have us believe, he was in a mood of disappointed ambition and despairing rage bordering on madness ! How little do such writers know respecting the vast and heaven-lighted interior of a mind like his !

Time passes on ; Royalist insurrections and invasions, have become a by-word ; the instigators of assassination have found that they are in greater danger than the Protector ; the magnificent embassy of congratulation on victories abroad, has paid the courtesies of France to the great Englishman, but still remains to attract ever and anon the gaze of the Londoners and mingle its splendor with the pomp of England's ovation ; and now a little past midsummer, an affliction is at hand such as he has not felt since the death of his eldest son, Oliver, who at the age of twenty, having become a cornet in the cavalry, fell in the cause of his country soon after, lamented with a grief which the father's own simple language best expresses. Speaking near the time of his own death, of the consolation he received from Phil. IV, 11-13, he said : " This scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son died ; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." On the 6th of August after a long and terrible series of " great sufferings " and " great exercises of spirit " died his favorite daughter, the universally beloved Lady Elizabeth Claypole. " For the last fourteen days," says Secretary Thurloe, " his Highness had remained by her bed-side at Hampton Court, giving attention the while to no " public business whatever." Think of the great commander and potent ruler during those two weeks, lost in the father ! Mark how

—" that same eye whose bend doth awe the world,"

loses its lustre as he leans, pale from deep sympathy and long watching, over that darling daughter and groans while she is racked with



the pains of those frequent convulsion-fits! See how that hand, which at Marston-Moor and Naseby brandished the lightnings of battle so terribly in the face of the vaunted chivalry of England, and which at Worcester wielded the sword that gleamed in the van of those resistless charges which made even the veteran Lesley turn pale, trembles while it wipes away, now the tears from his own eyes, and now the perspiration from her brow! Yet see too how from time to time, as the Angel of the Covenant whispering peace, and pointing to the opening gate of Paradise, lights up her countenance with the radiance of triumphant hope, he smiles through his tears, rejoicing in her joy.\*

When at last the mourners retired from the death-scene to weep, one by one, apart, the warfare of the wearied Protector was well nigh ended. In a letter of the 17th of August, Thurloe, after mentioning "how sad a family she left behind her" says, this "sadness was truly very much increased by the sickness of his Highness who" at the time of her funeral "lay very ill of the gout and other distempers contracted by the long sickness of my Lady Elizabeth which made a great impression upon him; and since that, he hath been very dangerously sick, the violence whereof lasted four or five days; but blessed be God he is now reasonably well recovered and this day he went abroad for an hour and finds himself much refreshed by it, so that this recovery of his Highness, doth much allay the sorrow for my Lady Elizabeth's death."

The alarm occasioned by his illness had been very great; many earnest prayers from hearts not unused to wait upon the Almighty Giver and Sustainer of Life, ascended on his behalf or rather on England's behalf; and now the joy for his apparent convalescence, was deep indeed. It is barely possible that at this joyous juncture, that excellent divine, Dr. Thomas Goodwin with his eye directed to the facts then visible, may have exclaimed, "O Lord we pray not for

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\* The story about this dying daughter's reproaching him on account of the punishment recently inflicted upon Dr. Hewit, a prominent instigator of the late insurrectionary movements, now asks (as Carlyle would say) for Christian burial. It certainly has no vitality of truth or probability or decency in it to entitle it to continue in the atmosphere which good men breathe. A letter written by Mrs. Claypole to the wife of her brother Henry, only four days after the execution of Dr. Hewit, shows that she did not entertain the sentiments attributed to her in that miserable fabrication.

It is evident too that the oft-repeated tale respecting Cromwell's dread of assassination during the last few months of his life, is a gross perversion of the facts and a misrepresentation of his state of mind. During that year he doubtless had occasion, sometimes, to be guarded and wary in respect to his personal safety. This however is no very strong evidence either of great unpopularity or of peculiar dread of assassination,—as the history of some of the most esteemed and fearless rulers of Europe, whether in that century or in the present age, sufficiently shows. A very few miscreants—with whom the millions of a Nation have no sympathy—may endanger the personal safety of a Henry IV, (of France), of a Napoleon, or even of a Victoria; and render it highly proper for a very popular and dauntless ruler to be circumspect. That Oliver's heart was not then or at any time greatly moved with fear of any human foe, is what we happen to know not only from Maidstone who belonged to his household, but from many admitted facts.

his recovery—that thou hast granted already ; what we now beg is his speedy recovery.”\* The report, however, comes on such suspicious authority and mingles itself with so many proved falsehoods relative to Cromwell and his chaplains during his last sickness, that it is entitled to little credit. A thorough examination of this subject, verifies the conclusion of Bennett and Bogue. “Cromwell’s chaplains” they observe, “are said to have declared that God had *promised* them he should not die in that which proved his last sickness ; but this, and the story of his comforting himself on his death-bed with the assurance of heaven because he was *once converted*, are as void of probability as of proof.”†

Thurloe’s letter was written on Tuesday. As late as the following Friday Oliver was seen riding into Hampton-Court Park at the head of his guards looking again “every inch a”—Protector ; but appearances were illusive. He was then riding thus for the last time. The next day he was alarmingly sick with a kind of tertian ague, which continued so violent that on the following Tuesday, by order of his physicians, he was removed from Hampton Court which he was never to see again, to the more favorable air of Whitehall.

“His time was come” says Maidstone “and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and continue him longer to us. Prayers incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many a secret sigh—secret and unheard by men yet like the cry of Moses more loud and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which—the hearts of God’s People being thus mightily stirred up—did seem to beget confidence in some and hopes

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\* If Tillotson or any one else heard Goodwin say afterwards in reference to the Protector’s unexpected death : “Lord thou hast deceived us and we were deceived,” it should be observed that the words were not now used for the first time ; (See Jer. XX, 7.) nor could they have been employed by that learned man who was neither a fanatic nor a blasphemer in any other than the sense which they have in the idiom of the Hebrew ; according to which God is often said to *do* that which he merely *permits* or *suffers* to be done ; or to *bring events* to pass which he merely *does not prevent* and which he *overrules*. E. G. compare II Sam. XXIV, 1 with I Chron. XXI, 1. Even in the New Testament we have : “Lead us not into temptation” for, *Suffer* us not to be led into temptation. See James I, 13.

† History of Dissenters I, 74.

Language like that ascribed to Goodwin and Sterry, was ascribed also to Dr. John Owen who pronounced the report *a most impudent falsehood*. “Mentitur impudentissime” said he “for I saw him not in his sickness nor in some long time before.” Quoted in a note by the Am. Editor of Neal, II, 181.

Cromwell’s “assurance of hope” near the end of life, was not founded merely nor mainly upon his belief that he was “once converted,” but rather on his *subsequent experience* amid various trials, evincing to his mind the *reality of his conversion* and the *genuineness of his faith* in Christ. That he was guilty of no such inversion and perversion of the doctrine of the Saint’s *Perseverance in a life of obedience*, as are ascribed to him in the slander adverted to, is manifest not only from his letters, speeches and conversations during the preceding thirty years but from his known declarations during his last sickness.

in all, yea some thoughts in himself"—how different from a boastful assurance!—"that God would restore him."

His remarks, ejaculations and prayers during the remaining ten days, were reported more or less fully by several persons, and especially by two most reliable witnesses, Maidstone, Steward of the Household, and Thurloe, Secretary of State. On what did his mind at this crisis, seem to dwell?—what were his hopes and his fears?—and about what did his "ruling passion strong in death" busy itself? In his wakeful hours, in his feverish dreams or even in his momentary flights of delirium, did his soul babble any heart-secrets about a crown long sought through hypocrisy, violence and blood—but at last eluding his grasp?—did he in the rage of disappointed ambition, mutter curses on any as if they had been bafflers of his aspiring aim?—did "the burial places of Memory" under the revivifying light of eternity drawing near, give up anything to trouble his conscience and force him to exclaim through chattering teeth and and colorless lips,

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!"

"Hence, horrible shadow?"

Or, with palsied moral sense and with martial fire burning in the depths of his heart, did he, like a common hero, fancy himself fighting his battles over again?—and did the by-standers over-hear him uttering his old war-cry "The Lord of Hosts" or "The Sword of the Lord and Gideon," and animating his steed as if he were moving once more at the head of a hurricane charge of cavalry and pikemen? No, no; nothing of all this. Hear him: "Lord thou knowest if I do desire to live, it is to shew forth Thy praise and declare Thy works." It was nearly four years since his mother, dying at the age of ninety-four, bestowed upon him that sublime and affecting benediction so worthy of her Puritan faith, "The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for your Most High God and to be a relief unto his people. My dear Son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night." In the spirit of that benediction he now blessed his children commending them to the Angel of the Covenant.

His mind, indeed, dwelt much upon the Covenants, which the Almighty has condescended to make with man; the one conditioned on perfection of works and denouncing a fearful penalty for any short coming therein; the other granting eternal life to all who receive Christ as their Mediator. His sense of the purity of God's Law and of the ill-desert incurred by breaking the Covenant of Works, was intensely vivid. He was heard to say with his characteristic emphasis of a three-fold repetition: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God." The Covenants "were two," he ejaculated; "two, but put into one before the foundation of the world." And again "The Covenant is but one. Faith in the Covenant is my only support. And if I believe not, He"—the Mediator of the Covenant—"abides faithful." "All the promises of God are in



*Him*; yes and in Him Amen to the glory of God by us—by *us* in Jesus Christ.” “The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon and His love as my soul can hold.” “I think I am the poorest wretch that lives: but I love God; or rather, am beloved of God.” “I am a conqueror and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!”

On Thursday night, the 2d of September (1653), roared around the Palace of the dying Protector, that terrible storm which, sweeping across Europe even to the coasts of the Mediterranean, so beat upon London, that houses were unroofed, chimneys blown down and trees torn from their roots in the Park.\* If, as his superstitious enemies imagined, the Divine wrath was thus intimated, it is evident that its terrors were not addressed to *him*. To him “the Lord was not in the wind” any more than he had been to good King Duncan, in the blasts of that “unruly night” when

—“chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i’ the air, strange screams of death  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatched to the woful time.”

Whilst the whole land, from Caithness to Cornwall, seemed to tremble and rock beneath the tempest, Oliver heard Jehovah speaking to him in the still small voice of peace; and calmly he breathed forth the prayer: “Lord though I am a miserable wretched creature I am in covenant with thee through grace. And I may, I will come to thee for thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord however thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer: even for Jesus Christ’s sake. And give us a good night if it be thy pleasure. Amen.”

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\* I have given the date of this storm in accordance with the generally received accounts. Vide Neal and Forster. It would seem however from a statement of Ludlow as quoted by Carlyle, that there was a violent storm of wind, three days earlier. It was the stormy season, being near the middle of September by *our* calendar, and there may have been boisterous winds on Monday and blasts still more terrible on Thursday night.

† In determining the night on which this prayer was offered, compare Carlyle with Forster and especially with Thurloe as cited by the Am. Editor of Neal, II, 181.

In sentiment and spirit the prayer accords so entirely with his sayings and supplications during several days and nights before his death, that it is not unreasonable to suppose that, in substance, it may have been offered and overheard more than once.

"His heart" says Maidstone "was so carried out for God and His people—yea, indeed, for some who had added no little sorrow to him," among others the Anabaptist Republicans as they were styled "that at this time he seems to forget his own family and nearest relations."

"That very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest," Maidstone heard him with difficult utterance saying. "Truly God is good; indeed he is; he will not——." Then his speech failed him but as I apprehend, it was "He will not leave me." This saying "God is good" he frequently used all along, and would speak it with cheerfulness and fervor of spirit in the midst of his pains. Again he said "I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and his people: but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people."

"He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same and endeavor to sleep. Unto which he answered: "It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." Afterwards towards morning he used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace; among the rest he spoke some exceeding self-debasing words, *annihilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed, that a public spirit to God's Cause did breathe in him—as in his lifetime so now to his very last."

When the morning dawned, he was insensible. It was the 3d of September, always kept as a Thanksgiving Day since the victories of Dunbar and Worcester. The eye that just eight years before, flashed with such terrible glow when, over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, the first gleam of the morning sun fell upon the resistless column of the charging Ironsides, was now glazing in sightless stupor. At four o'clock in the afternoon his mighty spirit had passed away. The whirlwind chariot had come and waited; and lo, he was gone. The voice that just seven years before was sounding out so cheerfully yet so appallingly the word of onset at Worcester, was now hushed in breathless silence forever. Yet who can say that September 3d, 1658, was not also a day of victory to Oliver Cromwell?

"He is gone to heaven" said the sagacious Thurloe, "embalmed with the tears of his people and upon the wings of the prayers of the Saints. He lived desired and died lamented, everybody bemoaning themselves and saying, 'A great man is fallen in Israel.'"

In estimating the character of the extraordinary man whose life has passed in review, it is but just to consider the age in which he lived and the part which he had to act. Although the great principles of morality are immutable, yet the special duties of men and the qualifications which they need, vary with the times, the circumstances, the relations in which they are called to act. Many Americans seem to suppose that all leaders of revolutions should be precisely like our venerated Washington and do exactly what he did.

But how different were his circumstances and his duties from the circumstances and duties of Cromwell! Qualifications and excellences are, to no small extent, relative; and those who speak of model patriots and model revolutionists sometimes speak inconsiderately. England in 1642 and in 1653 needed a Cromwell rather than a Washington; and it is unjust to condemn the Englishman of the Seventeenth Century for not exhibiting the same qualities and adopting the same measures as the American of the Eighteenth. Two great revolutions, two grand eras, two political reformers precisely alike were never admitted into the scheme of Divine Providence and can never appear in this world. Why should they? Along the everlasting ways of that Providence, are no mere repetitions. Affairs move onward without ever recurring in exactly the same combinations or reproducing just the same results. The English Revolution, pioneering the American, had peculiarities and exigences eminently its own. The work of Cromwell was preparatory to the work of Washington and tended to the same great end, but was exceedingly different in form and in degree of arduousness.

His long sway over the British Empire and the blessings which came and departed with it, are certainly proof of a union of great and shining qualities. To say that he had a powerful army at his command, does not diminish the weight of this proof. That fact, in the circumstances, is itself one of the wonders of his history. He was the only man in the world who could have collected and so disciplined and controlled that army. It is a very superficial view of this matter to class the Ironsides with such specimens of humanity as composed the legions of Cæsar or the grand army of Napoleon. "The worse the man, the better the soldier" was no maxim of Cromwell. Rigid as was his discipline and obedient as were his soldiers on drill, on march or in battle they never lost their individuality or parted with their self-respect. Nowhere else in England was there more activity of thought and freedom of opinion and of speech upon all the great questions of Religion, Politics and Social Reform than in his camp. Bishop Burnet speaking of some regiments which he saw at Aberdeen, says, "There was an order and discipline and a face of gravity and piety among them that amazed all people. Most of them were Independents and Anabaptists; they were all gifted men and preached as they were moved." They doubtless erred in some of their opinions—for there was a great diversity of views among them—but they were freemen and drew sword neither as mercenaries nor as man-worshippers. It was the soldiers of Napoleon who especially delighted to cry, "Vive L'Empereur;" it was the soldiers of Cromwell, on the contrary, who were least inclined to make him king.

The age of Cromwell was an age bright with a host of great names and marked with an extraordinary uprising and advancement of the popular mind—an age presenting to a military and political leader a vast number of most difficult and appalling emergencies.



and a fearful succession of rugged and awful crises. Yet the mightiest intellects of that age were the most willing to acknowledge his matchless powers and not one of those emergencies or crises came without finding him fully prepared to meet it. The attempt to explain his ascendancy by a reference to the "fanaticism" or religious zeal of the times, is absurd. Did this zeal impel people—the Covenanters, the Independents, the Baptists, the Quakers and other sects—all in the same direction? Far from it. The truth is that no person can fully appreciate the very greatest of all the difficulties which beset Cromwell's path, who is not thoroughly familiar with the ecclesiastical and theological disputes of the day and with their potent bearings upon the politics of the times. Never was a man's success more directly and legitimately the result of capacity, character and conduct than his. He overcame obstacles which would probably have been insuperable to any other man described on the page of history. Less grasp of intellect, less promptitude of decision and tenacity of purpose, less courage, energy and tact, less justice, magnanimity and sensibility of heart, less sublimity of motive and strenuousness of endeavor, or less reputation and influence founded on Christian character, would have made a marked difference in the result.

There was in his mind a remarkable variety and compass of power and susceptibility. This has led some writers to ascribe mystery and self-contradiction to his character. Qualities really belonging to the human mind and increasing its capacity for usefulness and enjoyment, are not, however, to be deemed incompatible with each other or destructive of mental harmony and soundness, merely because they are rarely found largely developed in the same individual. Their union is, on the contrary, essential to true mental greatness of the highest order and an evidence, wherever it exists, of the best development of the soul. That Cromwell should have been sometimes terribly stern and sometimes gentle as a dove, that he should have been now deeply moved in contemplation of things on which the seraphim gaze with trembling ecstasy and now have laughed aloud in view of things ludicrous, that he should have frowned with awful severity upon armed traitors and insurgent murderers and yet have wept in sympathy with the persecuted Waldenses, that he should on some occasions have appeared like majesty impersonated and on others have been as careless of his dignity as a child, may, perhaps, shock persons with narrow views of mental greatness or with tastes formed on some model of prim, official propriety or of studied, heartless sanctimony, but there is really no mystery in all this, save the mystery of a large, noble mind alive and active in all its faculties and exhibiting emotions and putting forth exercises appropriate to the objects and circumstances with which it was conversant. His vast variety of endowments so conspicuous in each particular, fully justifies the remark that "A LARGER SOUL HATH SELDOM DWELT IN A HOUSE OF CLAY THAN HIS WAS."

"The house of clay" in which he dwelt was very suitable for such an inhabitant. Carlyle's description of his person as it was in 1653 is well authenticated and just. The Protector "stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him, valor and devout intelligence—ENERGY and DELICACY on a basis of SIMPLICITY. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; brown hair and moustache are getting gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness;—not lovely to the man-milliner species nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigors; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labor and endeavor: on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough."

The prominent evidences of Cromwell's patriotism have been adduced and need not be repeated. Against all the facts demonstrating his sincerity and magnanimity, shall it be sufficient merely to say that he became Protector?—that in a revolutionary period he obeyed the law of a momentous public necessity, and, for the sake of a higher good, sometimes disregarded legal forms? True, a good end cannot sanctify a means which, in itself, is morally wrong. But who will say that the setting aside of legal forms *is* in all circumstances wrong? Were not the life and body of England more than her tattered raiment of regal and parliamentary habits? There are cases in which the circumstances, the end, the motive ought to be allowed great weight in estimating the character of means. It is, for example, absurd to put the technically illegal measures of Cromwell in the same category with the arbitrary acts of Charles I. The one sought to make his country free, and to found her liberties on virtue and intelligence quickened and irradiated by Religion; and, amid difficulties the most discouraging, actually gave her a better constitution than any nation had then ever known. The other labored to change the government into an unlimited monarchy and perpetrated illegal acts and inflicted cruel wrongs for the sake of breaking down the spirit of the Nation and of establishing a despotism on popular ignorance and degradation. The one, by his acts as well as his words, proclaimed his purpose, while taking no thought for his personal dignity, to "make the name of an Englishman as great with foreign countries as ever that of Roman had been." The other, indifferent to England's glory abroad and her prosperity at home, betrayed, in all his conduct, a tyrant's littleness of soul and a despot's desire merely to exalt himself.

Let the use which Cromwell made of his power, shed its light upon his motives in assuming it. In his policy whether domestic or foreign, could he have been more beneficently patriotic? Even

in affairs less public, he exhibited the same noble, unselfish spirit. With the most tempting opportunities to enrich himself he did not increase his private wealth during his Protectorate. His income was scarcely adequate, notwithstanding the temperance of his habits and the simplicity of his style of living, to meet the draughts of his philanthropic munificence. It has been computed that he distributed for charitable uses not less than forty thousand pounds a year from his private purse.

His self-control though not perfect, was most admirable. "His temper was exceeding fiery as I have known," says Maidstone, "but the flame of it (was) *kept down for the most part* or soon *allayed with those moral endowments he had.*" In such men as Cromwell, Luther and Paul, not only possessed of vast intellectual might but moved by a grand impulsive power, there is much to control. The great river swollen by a thousand streams and marching with all its force of waters ocean-ward, requires high and strong embankments to keep it from breaking forth from its channel.

One grand source of the greatness of Cromwell was the moral power which regulated and directed his energies. I refer to the enlightening and motive influence which Christianity had over his mind. As a religious and political reformer he took the Bible for his standard and measure of improvement. As a statesman he learned wisdom by studying the great principles of that righteousness which exalteth a nation. As a revolutionist, he kept his eye steadily upon the course of God's providence contemplating it from the lofty observatory of History and Prophecy. Hence his great advance before his age. Hence the loftiness of his aims and the grandeur of his views. Hence his strength for perilous, arduous service in the "good old cause," so that "in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field," and amid the tremendous labors and trials of the Protectorate, "hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all the others." His grandest resolves, his most wonderful exhibitions of intuitive genius, and his greatest deeds followed his profoundest humiliations and went hand in hand with his intensest emotions in waiting on the Eternal. This has been a stumbling-block to those who strangely imagine that to be habitually awed yet delighted in supplicatory communion with Infinite Intelligence, is incompatible with the highest practical wisdom.

As an intended disparagement, it has sometimes been said that he was "a Christian of the Old Testament rather than of the New;" and that he resembled "David rather than the Apostle John." This criticism has been uttered by some who might well afford to sit at the feet of such a man, to learn the design and import of both the Testaments. Was not religion essentially and generically the same in the king-after-God's-own-heart as in the beloved disciple?—in Joshua as in Peter?—in Hezekiah as in James?—We should repudiate the idea that any servant of God is to be imitated not only in the spirit of his whole life but also in all his specific



acts and special pursuits. In this sense there can no more be a model saint than a model patriot. The duties of Cromwell more nearly resembled those of David than they did those of John; and whatever the spirit of monachism, of sentimentalism or of formalism may assert to the contrary, the Spirit which first produced and then portrayed the characteristic virtues both of the king of Israel and of the lovely apostle teaches us that religion without changing its nature or assuming anything not its own, is the power of a holy and befitting life, whether in the faithful preacher of the gospel or in the Christian revolutionist turning a kingdom upside down and rightside up; whether in the pious mother training her little ones for usefulness and heaven, or in the God-fearing commander leading forth his armed hosts to defend the threatened rights and lives of his countrymen; whether in the righteous upholder of law and order in some obscure and narrow locality or in the mighty Protector hushing the raging elements of anarchy wherewith a realm is shaken and endangered.

The remark that Cromwell though admirably fitted for his times and for his peculiar duties, would, with the same developments of character and the same specific aims, have been unadapted to the present or some other age, is impertinent. For whose times and whose duties ought a man to be fitted if not for his own? That in which Cromwell has had few equals and no superior, was the power of adaptation. Many are wont to view him as a mere warrior. Yet forty-three years of his life had passed away before he performed his first service in war; and he spent fewer days in such service than our serene and peaceful Washington.

Some have asked, "WHAT DID ENGLAND GAIN BY THE PURITAN REVOLT?"

She gained the wide diffusion and triumph of an earnest, scriptural and genial Protestantism; and the most luminous proof that her true grandeur depends on a spirit among her people, such as only the Christianity of the Bible produces.

She gained deliverance from the ecclesiastical and political despotism which the Stuarts sought to fasten upon her.

She gained a view, such as she could never forget, of a better representative system and a better constitution than she or any other nation had ever known before; and the foundation of her naval supremacy and of her commercial greatness.

She gained a profounder conviction of the dignity and rights of Man, apart from all adventitious distinctions; and a far clearer conception of the true end of civil government.

She gained a salutary sense of the power and majesty of the People and of the practicability of holding rulers to a just accountability.

She gained an accession to her literature and to her historic examples, fraught with the motive and directive power of ceaseless reform and perpetual progress.

The Revolt was productive of immense good, and its failure was merely formal and temporary. It greatly facilitated subsequent revolutions and improvements. It created a moral atmosphere in which the trial by jury and other safeguards of liberty became living, effectual realities; and in which a thousand abuses and disabilities died away and soon disappeared. THE HABEAS CORPUS, a century earlier, would have fared like an orange-tree in Greenland. "*Quid vanæ, sine moribus, leges proficiunt?*" The darkness of the Restoration was but a cloud passing over the march of Revolution. The Puritan Age looks all the brighter for its proximity to those succeeding years of false and stupid conservatism, when bigots and sensualists and men of no God, tried to roll back the brightening day from the effulgence of a glorious morning, to the thick night from which it had emerged, and hooting at the risen sun, sought to cover its rebuking face with the winding-sheet of the Past. During those very years when the fiercest contempt was poured upon the Revolution, and the head of the great Protector was spitefully exposed to the gaze of the people whom he had labored to elevate, thousands could not help remembering his sublime endeavor to establish liberty on the basis of popular improvement; his large-hearted tolerance; his high-souled patriotism, which only asked respecting a man to fill an office—Is he honest and capable?—and his noble and far-sighted domestic and foreign policy by which England had risen to the pinnacle of greatness.

Doubtless some evils attended that Revolt and some errors were committed by its leaders. To err is human; and to "tear and rend the body which it leaves" is characteristic of "the devil of tyranny," whensoever and by whomsoever cast out. Unquestionably, the mistakes even of patriots should be noted and shunned; and care should be taken not needlessly to increase the convulsions attendant on such an exorcism. But it is time that all Americans and Englishmen had learned, if not to "*pardon* something to the spirit of liberty," at least to look with candor on the actions and motives of men who have struggled under great disadvantages, to be free; and to hold despotism itself responsible for the popular ignorance and excesses and shortcomings which have resulted from its darkening and maddening influence. The attempt to throw off the burden of oppression ought not indeed to be made rashly. But to assert that a nation ought never to undertake a revolution until prepared to pass through all its excitements and perils, without any risk of failure or mistake, is as wise as to tell men not to go into the water until they have learned to swim, or to expect that the eaglet shall not go forth from the nest which has been "stirred up," until he is inured to sky-hunting and has become a veteran "lightning-glint," "cloud-cleaver" and "sun-starer." When Providence stirreth up the resting place of a nation with the talons of tyranny, and spreadeth the Divine wings for their support and protection, let them arise though they be not able at first to cleave every cloud or to soar, all at once,

without blinking or faltering, into the pure ether and the dazzling light of midheaven.

The very things which constituted the peculiar excellence of Cromwell as a man and a political reformer, have tended to prevent his character from being understood. I refer to the loftiness of his motives, the vast compass and versatility of his genius, and the great number of respects in which he was practically in advance of his age. Yet he cheerfully encountered misconstruction and obloquy, confiding in the Controller of Events, to guard his reputation. What moral sublimity is displayed in that letter to Col. Michael Jones, (1647) in which he said, "Though, it may be, for the present, a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them; yet we doubt not but God will clear our integrity and innocency from any other ends we aim at but His glory and the public good." Words of trust, how prophetic! Proofs of his "integrity and innocency," though in a great measure long concealed, have begun to shed their radiance upon his actions; and the "cloud" which had rested upon them for two centuries, is now almost dispersed. The day is fast coming when the whole world will acknowledge that he was the greatest, most magnanimous and illustrious of all the rulers who have ever wielded the sceptre of the British Empire.

When the millions of this Republic, shall have learned to trace aright the lineage of Civil Liberty; when the epitaph of Emmet shall have been written in a day of Irish Emancipation thorough and glorious beyond even his highest anticipations; when Scotland shall have become illumined throughout by the light of her Free Church and her Free Schools and shall be prouder of the men who have made her name great and venerable than of the princes that would have demoralized and degraded her; and when England shall have cast off the burden of institutions and usages which she has outgrown and ought to despise, and it shall be her boast, not that the sun never sets on her dominions, but that the light of her free principles circles the whole earth, and that the voices of her Christian missionaries, and philanthropists, and eloquent writers pleading for Human Rights, are sounding in the four quarters of the globe, as resurrection trumpets to tribes and nations spiritually dead, then will mankind begin to render a due tribute to the memory of Oliver Cromwell.

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NOTE. Several corrigenda have been detected in the foregoing sheets; especially the following:

Page 7,	4th line from the top,	for " <i>Charles Fox</i> ,"	read " <i>Charles James Fox</i> ."
" 25,	1st " "	for " <i>to the throne</i> ,"	read " <i>of the throne</i> ."
" 42,	4th " "	for " <i>unwakened</i> ,"	read " <i>awakened</i> ."
" 53,	3rd " "	note for " <i>the pass</i> ,"	read " <i>they pass</i> ."
" 79,	8th " "	top for " <i>an of enlarged</i> ,"	read " <i>of an enlarged</i> ."
" 91,	1st " "	for " <i>Gwinn</i> ,"	read " <i>Gwynn</i> ."
" 105,	13th " "	note for " <i>Statesmen</i> ,"	read " <i>Statesman</i> ."



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